













# THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

<sup>1</sup>THE meeting of the British Association this year at Belfast, under the presidency of Professor Dewar, has not been productive of ideas of much general interest, and has contrasted strangely with the preceding one twenty-eight years before, in the capital of Orange-ism, when Professor Tyndall so electrified the ecclesiastical world. The only connecting link between then and now lay in the suggestiveness as to the properties of matter in the presidential address. More and more these properties are vanishing, as the supposed "absolute zero" is approached, and matter bids fair to be left with only the quality of extension, denuded of all else as heat is reduced. However, Professor Dewar reasserts "the inscrutable mystery of matter," while showing an impatience of metaphysics which his greater predecessor did not share. His devotion to detail seems to have paralysed his power to grasp the wider problems which science will yet face and help to solve.

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A VERY interesting article appears in the *Academy* of September

13th, by Mr. F. Legge, on a new hieroglyphic script. After alluding to the Babylonian and Egyptian scripts, and the fact that States as highly organised as the Roman Empire were flourishing on the Euphrates seven thousand years before the Christian Era, Mr. Legge goes on to speak of the "Hittites," Kheta or Khatti, who held their own for a long time even against Babylonia. These people, it seemed, possessed a script of their own, found to be of "conventional character and debased execution," so that the users thereof had received it "from remote antiquity." The cuneiform characters were in use beyond 5,000 B.C. This new script is "on the face of it older than the cuneiform," and the language has "no affinity with either Babylonian or Egyptian." Mr. Legge concludes :

We have, therefore, to look for a civilisation older than that of Babylonia, sufficiently developed to have acquired a system of writing at least as good as that of Egypt, and which sent no emigrants into the West until the fourteenth century B.C. Where can this civilisation have developed ? For my part, I cannot even hazard a guess.

As one civilisation after another looms up out of the mists of antiquity, each ancient State proving itself by its broken fragments to be the possessor of a high and complex civilisation, the teachings of *The Secret Doctrine* become ever more and more justified. Truly is H. P. Blavatsky's prophecy being constantly confirmed that the buried, but to be unburied, civilisations would prove the truth of her words.

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A NEW excitement was enjoyed by London during September, no less than the claim by the pastor of a Clapton place of worship to be the Messiah, Christ returned to earth.

Children of the Resurrection This gentleman, the Rev. J. H. Smyth Pigott, is the successor of the Rev. H. J. Prince, who founded a sect called "Children of the Resurrection." He was to have been translated to heaven with his followers, but he died in 1899, and in the disappointment caused by his death Mr. Pigott stepped forward and kept the sect together. The curious may read in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's volume on strange religious sects the story of "Brother Prince" and his Agapemone. They

formed, in 1849, a family, living in the luxurious "Abode of Love" in Somersetshire, and were apparently all wealthy people, chiefly drawn from the Established Church. They objected to asceticism, and led a merry, easy life. There still appears to be a predominance of wealthy members in the sect, and the "Abode of Love" remains a well-appointed and luxurious country house. Mr. Pigott on September 7th, speaking in his Clapton chapel, "The Ark of the Covenant," quietly announced :

I who speak to you to-night, I am that Lord Jesus Christ who died and rose again and ascended into heaven ; I am that Lord Jesus come again in my own body to save those who come to me from death and judgment. Yes, I am He that liveth, and behold I am alive for evermore—the Lord from heaven and life-giving Spirit to those who know me and come to me. I am come again for the second time as the Bridegroom of the Church and the Judge of all men, for the Father has committed all judgment unto me because I am the Son of Man. And you, each of you, must be judged by me.

He is accepted in this character by a number of believers, who profess unbounded delight. The public is sceptical, and so mobbed Mr. Pigott when he appeared a few days later that the police had some difficulty in saving him from personal violence, and similar scenes have since been repeated, over a hundred policemen being required to maintain order. The whole thing is ridiculous or pathetic, according to one's point of view, but why should Mr. Pigott be mobbed ? The Jews have been hated for many centuries because they were reputed to have mobbed the Jesus of the Christian Church, but the followers of that Jesus are animated by just the same spirit to-day, when they mob a man who makes a divine claim. Every such claimant in the West is a fraud or a fool to his own generation, and this attitude of mind is likely to stand in the way of any high manifestation of divine Manhood in our time. The treatment accorded to this harmless, however deluded, person would be equally accorded to a divine "Son of Man" should such a One appear among us, and yet people ask : "Why do not the Masters reveal Themselves ?" A Messiah police-surrounded and with a defensive pugilist on the coach-box is a sorry spectacle enough ; but the popular feeling which makes such protection necessary to save from ill-usage one who cannot defend by inner power his exalted claims is a spectacle far more pitiable. Surely all claims may

be left to the sure arbitrament of time, which covers the small with its dust and leaves the great erect amid its ruins.

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CLAPTON does not stand alone in possessing a modern Messiah. Another has appeared in Russia, who also calls himself the new Messiah. He preaches in the streets, lives as  
 Also in Russia  
 and elsewhere does the poorest peasant, and seeks nothing from any man. His doctrine is purely one of love, and he entreats all to be gentle to each other. Let us hope that he may not be as obnoxious to the Russian Government as his co-claimant is to the English mob. Another Messiah appeared in Paris, and he was quietly put into a lunatic asylum—whether justly or unjustly does not appear. America also possesses a Messiah, more than one, I believe. And she had a man apparently of some power, whom she hunted to death—the Healer Slatter.

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THE Rev. J. Tyssul Davis, in *The Christian Life*, writes an interesting article on Christianity and Theosophy. He puts very clearly the theosophical position with regard to the unity of all the world-faiths :

The Defence of  
 Theosophy

For one of the results of the science of comparative religion, one of the results of patient and laborious research into the sacred books of the world, into the religious philosophies of the nations, into the underlying belief of races, is the discovery of the fact that, amid manifold diversities, there is a common teaching concerning the soul of man, the nature of God, and His Fatherhood of mankind. Only, whereas the comparative mythologist asserts that this common religion is due to the fact that religious ideas have sprung from savage superstition, from fear of the powers of Nature, from reverence for dead ancestors, the Theosophist, on the contrary, asserts that it is due to the fact that all religions have had a common origin in the divine world, that the various teachers of religion all belong to one band of love, one great Brotherhood, from whom the great founders of religion have come among men to guide and uplift them.

Mr. Davis then states the doctrine of Re-birth, and, alluding to its acceptance among the Jews, remarks that the Council of Constantinople, A.D. 538, anathematised it because it was destructive of the doctrines of total depravity, of original sin. After

touching on karma, and on the compassion that grows out of these ideas, Mr. Davis says :

I can find no other than a feeling of profound admiration for a band of truth-seekers joined in comradeship in a holy cause whose aim is to convince the world that all men are brothers, that the purpose of life is to develop the spiritual nature of man, and the only use of this development to serve humanity the better. They bid the Christian put aside his bigotry and exclusiveness, and to live the life of Christ. They bid the social Reformer to be the thing he wants others to become, and influence his fellows to the godlike ideal by embodying the godlike life. It not only calls upon men to be true to their ideals, but gives reasons why they should be so, not generally known.

May many other ministers follow the generous example of Mr. Davis. His outspokenness is the more remarkable that he writes from that centre of intolerance and religious bigotry, the town of Cardiff. We earnestly hope he may not suffer for his boldness.

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SOME time since it was stated by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, in one of the Transactions of the London Lodge—and the statement is repeated in *Man's Place in the Universe*—that there are two planets beyond Neptune, the outer one moving in an orbit over ten thousand million miles from the Sun. *The Times*, of September 15th, reports a paper by Dr. W. E. Wilson, in which the author referred to

In the Far  
Skies

The search for a planet situated beyond the orbit of Neptune undertaken at the instance of Professor Forbes, who had pointed out that as Jupiter and Neptune each had a distinct group of comets whose aphelia lay close to their orbits, so in the same way there were two cometary groups, which indicated that there were two planets beyond Neptune, one of which was about 100 times the earth's distance from the sun.

The planets have not yet been found, and the immense distance makes the discovery a matter of great difficulty ; still their existence is recognised, and confirms the statements of the theosophical writers.

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A SURPRISING novelty, Nonconformist friars, is announced. They are going to assume a famous name, " Brothers of the

Common Life," a name rendered illustrious by Puritan Friars Thomas à Kempis and others. The rule of S. Francis of Assisi is to be taken as a model, and a black gown and cape are to form the habit. The vows are to be terminable, in this resembling the Buddhist Bhikshus. Canon Gore, now Bishop of Worcester, and Mr. Howard Frere founded a similar confraternity in connection with the Church of England some twelve years ago, but it breathed only to die. What will ordinary Nonconformists say to this revival of the much-abused friar? The reaction of Puritanism seems to be over, and the pendulum is swinging again towards Catholicism.

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THE following passage from an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, by Maurice Maeterlinck, will repay study:

A singular infirmity, a curious limitation of our

The Future      intellect causes us not to know what is going to happen to us, when we are fully aware of what has befallen us.

From the absolute point of view to which our imagination succeeds in rising, although it cannot live there, there is no reason why we should not see that which does not yet exist, considering that that which does not yet exist in its relation to us must necessarily have its being already and manifest itself somewhere. If not, it would have to be said that, where Time is concerned, we form the centre of the world, that we are the only witnesses for whom events wait so that they may have the right to appear and to count in the eternal history of causes and effects. It would be as absurd to assert this for Time as it would be for Space, that other not quite so incomprehensible form of the two-fold infinite mystery in which our whole life floats.

Space is more familiar to us, because the accidents of our organism place us more directly in relation with it and make it more concrete. We can move in it pretty freely, in a certain number of directions, before and behind us. That is why no traveller would take it into his head to maintain that the towns which he has not yet visited will become real only at the moment when he sets his foot within their walls. Yet this is very nearly what we do when we persuade ourselves that an event which has not yet happened does not yet exist. . . . Realities are what will happen to us, having already happened in the history that overhangs our own, the motionless and superhuman history of the universe. Illusion is the opaque veil woven with the ephemeral threads called Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow, which we embroider on those realities. But it is not indispensable that our existence should continue the eternal dupe of that illusion.

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MORE journeyings by land and sea, for the sake of the blessed work which Theosophy gives to its servants. The 25th of August

For  
Theosophy

saw me in the steamer on the way to Holland, bound for Amsterdam, the home of the devoted band of Dutch Theosophists, and on the morning of the 26th the hospitable house on Amsteldijk was reached. That night a lecture was delivered to the Amsterdam Lodge and its visitors, a goodly gathering. Next day brought the Lotus circle together, a promising set of boys and girls, who sang a very kind and pleasant welcome, the fresh young voices ringing sweetly out. This function was followed by a reception, and after some general chat we settled down to questions, a favourite pastime when eager Theosophists can encircle an older student. In the evening came another lecture, the opening ceremony in the new large room of the second Lodge in Amsterdam. Mr. van Manen translated admirably at all these meetings. The 28th saw us at the Hague, where there was a lecture to a meeting of members in the beautiful rooms opened by the President-Founder last year, and a second lecture to the general public in the evening. The next day had but one lecture, open to the public, and the 30th was given to interviews and a private meeting. Two more meetings on the 31st closed the Dutch work, and I took train in the afternoon to Brussels, leaving on the platform at Amsterdam many kind faces and loving hearts. No-where is there a band of workers more devoted and loyal than those who gather round Mme. Meulemann, Mrs. Windust and Mr. Fricke.

We began work in Brussels on the morning of September 1st, and managed three meetings, one a lecture, on that day; the morning of the next day went in interviews, and in a visit to the studio of one of our members, M. Delville, to see a fine picture he is painting for the Palais de Justice; Theosophy has given him some fine conceptions, and his colouring is very beautiful. Then came a brief interview with the Golden Chain children, and a question meeting for the elders, followed by a private meeting; and then a drive to the station to catch the night mail for London, where I arrived on September 3rd.

On the 5th, Mrs. Mead and I started on a northern tour, which began with a lecture to the Harrogate Lodge and many visitors, on the evening of that day. The Federation meeting



occupied the afternoon of the 6th ; it adjourned for tea, and came back, as eager as ever, for the evening meeting. It grows steadily, and has a good record of work. Two meetings in the morning and public lectures in the afternoon and evening filled the Sunday, and on Monday morning was yet another gathering. The evening saw us at Leeds, where a public lecture was given, and public lectures followed at Bradford on the 9th and 10th. On the 11th we took train to Middlesbrough, where a public lecture was given in the evening, and Lodge and question meetings were held on the 12th. On again next day, to stop at Whitley Bay for a meeting of the Tyneside Lodge in the afternoon, and a public lecture at Newcastle in the evening. Sunday, the 14th, had three meetings, the third a public lecture, and Monday saw us on our way to Glasgow. Here there was a public lecture in the evening, and on the following day a Lodge meeting and a question meeting. Southwards again to York, and a public lecture on the 17th, and on the 18th across to Hull in time for an evening lecture. The work at Hull was completed on the 19th with Lodge and question meetings, and on the 20th we went on to Sheffield, where a public lecture was delivered that evening. On the 21st there was a public lecture in the morning and a question meeting in the afternoon, followed by a Lodge gathering, and that same evening we returned to London.

On the 23rd I went to Southampton, a town very backward in religious matters, and lectured in the evening. There was a crowded audience, and many were turned away. A question meeting was held in the afternoon of the 24th, and was also well attended. After this I returned to town to preside at the Blavatsky Lodge annual meeting.

While this is in the press, the month's work will be finished by a lecture to the London Lodges on the 25th, and lectures and meetings at Sale, Manchester, Didsbury, and Liverpool, on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th. Work in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh will occupy my time in October, till I leave for Berlin on October 18th. After taking part in the formal inauguration of the German Section, I visit the French, Swiss, and Italian Lodges, reaching Brindisi on November 23rd, and setting sail for India.

## THE BOOK OF EPIPHANY

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 19)

THE contents of the *Book of Epiphany* may be roughly divided into seven classes, but these seven classes are not as a rule separated into any hard and fast divisions recognised by the Egyptian compilers. These divisions may be characterised in the following manner :

1. Hymns.
2. Chapters dealing with or referring to the initiatory ceremonial.
3. Simple meditations to be used probably while in a state of partial trance, or perhaps I should more correctly describe it with the aid of an induced condition of clairvoyance.
4. More complex meditations to be used while in a physically active condition aided by certain ceremonial practices.
5. Clairvoyant meditations upon some particular symbol.
6. Apocalyptic expressions of the Soul's triumph.
7. The chapters of the knowledge of the names of Osiris and other Gods.

The hymns, of which there are about a dozen, are found in two groups, one at the beginning of the book as a sort of introduction—one or more of these was in all probability recited or sung as a fitting beginning for all and every religious exercise; the other group of hymns is that now known as chapter xv.

These two sets of hymns and the clairvoyant meditations upon particular symbols are apparently the only parts of the book recognised by the compilers as being actual separate parts; the latter of these two exceptions to the general rule received the title of the *Book of Transformations* and is referred to by that title in another part of the book.

The hymns present a difficulty entirely their own ; it is, how-

ever, simply the difficulty which the poetry of any language must always present to any other language; it arises from the fact that the ordinary rules of grammar are frequently stretched a little under the necessities of rhythm and the flow of syllables in metrical or semi-metrical cadence. These hymns are of great interest to us as giving us a more vivid conception of the thoughts of the Egyptians about God and the divine symbols than we can find elsewhere. We find in them some very beautiful expressions of the attributes of divinity.

For example, of Osiris Onnophris we are told: "He is crowned as Lord of the Pillars," *i.e.*, "as Lord of the Place of Revelation," and "as Ruler in the Shrine of the Unmanifest," or as we should put it nowadays: "He is able to reveal and to hold back from revelation." Again, we find: "He is the mover of the future and constrains the Upper and the Lower World by Truth." Of Ra, we read: "Thou beholdest the innumerable worlds; man cannot measure thy separation of them, but the measure is with thy heart."

Again, in another place, after the elements have given Him praise, we read: "The earth utters a voice, overflowed with silence (saying): O Unity, existing in Heaven before plains and mountains were formed. Protector! Lord of Unity! Maker of beings! whose speech hath moulded the substance of the Gods"—a sentence thoroughly akin to that mystic idea so widespread among the ancients of the calling into being of the substance of creation by the utterance of a word.

The chapters of simple meditation of the second group were probably used very much as in India to-day the various sects use the various names in meditation; that is, by assuming an attitude of repose, withdrawing the imagination from all thought of the body and of mundane affairs, and then hypnotising the mind by the continual repetition of the name of Râma or some other. In Egypt the special chapter chosen for meditation would be repeated over and over again until the ideas underlying the symbolism would appear to become as the very essence of the being of the meditator, when, losing all sense of time or place, he would be carried away in a vision in which the symbols would unfold themselves and explain their own mysteries.

Chapter iv. is a good example of these sentences to be repeated in trance. In the mystical language of Egypt it is called "Chapter of the Passage of the Upper Path of the Gate of Paths." Put in plain English this means, "passing from the Entrance Gate along the Higher Path." The Entrance Gate, or Gate of Paths, is this our present life which opens to our feet the paths of Good and Evil.

The words to be recited are these: "I am he that crosses the torrent, separating the contending forces. I have come, I have subdued the fields on account of Osiris."

The Initiate having realised that these words form a riddle of the "Way of the Midst" of the Gnostic writers, that is to say, the path between the pairs of opposites, he throws himself into a state of trance and mentally repeats these words until, by means of the suggestion produced by the repetition he subdues the fields, *i.e.*, the lower and animal nature, on account of Osiris. The word used for "fields" here is *AHeTU*; it refers to the feeding grounds of the domestic animals, mystically symbolising the subdued lower or animal nature. It has, in fact, somewhat the same signification as the stable and manger in Christian symbolism.

A good example of the more ceremonial chapters is that called "Chapter of the Four Torches," now numbered 137A. The rubric informs us that it was to be recited over four torches made of some material, the nature of which is not known, but is probably some woven stuff rolled into the shape of a torch, and dipped in some oil of an equally unknown nature, called "*oil of Thehennu*." These torches were to be held in the hands of four men, upon whose shoulders were written the names of the four pillars of Horus; this ceremony seems also to have been performed in a room set apart and ceremonially prepared by recitations over images or tablets built into the walls, which stood foursquare to the cardinal points.

Without going into details, for the chapter is of considerable length, I will merely point out that this ceremony seems to have a modern parallel in a ceremony described by Éliphas Lévi in his *Dogma and Ritual of Magic*. He calls it, "the conjuration of the four," and the underlying idea seems to be to build up a sort of mental barrier against the attacks of evil influences among the

spirits of the four elements, the earth, air, fire and water, the names of which the old philosophers used as the symbols of those finer essences which have analogies in human temperament, when a person is said to be in character fiery, watery, airy or earthy.

The fifth division of the *Book of Epiphany* is perhaps the most interesting of any in many ways. It appears probable that it consists of twelve meditations on twelve symbolic transformations of Isis on her mystic progress in search of the hidden Osiris.

Here again, contemplating the symbol until he fell into a partial trance, the Initiate would recite the chapter until the adventures of Isis seemed to be his adventures and he himself the seeker for Osiris. In Christian symbol it is the Church's search after Christ.

I will give as an example one of these chapters which has been less comprehended than the others, I know not why, for it hangs together very well and presents very little real difficulty, if one keeps the symbol in one's mind while reading it.

It is now numbered lxxxvi., and its title is "Chapter of making Transformation as a Swallow." In reading this chapter it is necessary to keep before one's mental vision the idea that the words are intended to be read as the recitation of Isis in the form of a swallow, the principal characteristics of this bird being its migratory habits and its peculiar low flight as if searching for something. The words are:

"I am a Swallow, I am a Swallow. I am, O Scorpion, that daughter of Ra. Hail, Gods of Delight! Hail, Gods of Delight! perfume ye the Flame that manifests on the Horizon.

"Hail, Dweller in the City! I have brought the Warden of his Moat.

"Stretch out to me thy hand, for I have made my contemplation in the Pool of the two Flames.

"I went forth as a messenger and I have come with a message; open unto me that I may say what I have seen—even Horus as the master of the ship, having mounted the throne of his Father Osiris, and Suti, son of Nut, beneath the net which he had made for me.

"I have learned what is in the Place of Forgetfulness, I have stretched out my hands when Osiris desired me.

"I went forth to learn, I have returned to speak. Let me pass, that I may tell my message, for I am she that entereth in to learn and cometh forth to declare at the door of *NeBRcZeR*.

"I am purified upon that great Path, I have wiped away my impurities, I have done away my uncleanness; I have destroyed the impurities that pertained unto my flesh on earth.

"O ye great Doorkeepers, who make for me a Path, I am even as ye, I have come forth into the Day, I walk upright, I am the Ruler of my footsteps.

"O God of Light, I, even I, know the mysterious Gates of the Paths of the Fields of Elysium. Lo, I come, I have overthrown my opposers upon earth, and my body rests in its trance."

It will be noticed that the first half of this chapter is distinctly reminiscent of the migratory character of the swallow, the bird that comes and goes; but as the chapter unfolds itself, one finds a gradual elevation of the symbolism until the bird character is lost in the aspirations of a human soul, before which the gates of the Mysteries are flung open, that it may pass through in triumph, and ascend to the highest pinnacle of spiritual exaltation.

I have translated the word *QeReSTU* as "trance," for I believe that in Egypt trance was looked upon as temporary death, and that many of these meditations were prepared for by the Initiate first surrounding himself with the symbols of death and of ceremonial burial, in order that he might render the trance condition deeper by means of suggestion, as well also as to remind him that the *real* tomb of Osiris is the human body; for Osiris may be defined as some principle in man which is latent, or symbolically speaking, dead and embalmed while the man lives, but rises again from the dead at the man's death; a principle that is, which is slain at every man's birth, and buried in that man's body in order that that man may exist. This, I should say, is the case of the ordinary man, but there is another condition possible, an ideal condition attained to by but few, and in Egypt the symbol of this ideal condition is the God *TeMU*, the Sun in the West; this is the symbol of the manifest appearance of the Christ upon Earth, visible to all men—the man in whom, though still alive as to the flesh, Osiris lives, and in whom Osiris

in union with the human Soul is recognised and realised as the Very and Only Self, the primal Source and Reason of all things.

To attain to that ideal, the Initiate must be willing to pass through the mystic death while yet his body lives. This mystic death is the great Gate through which the Initiate could pass into "the shrine of the unmanifest," represented in geographical symbol by the city of Abydos, the greatest of the symbolic earthly burying-places of Osiris.

The Egyptian Initiate's greatest longing was to enter this, the inmost shrine of Being, and the triumph song of his attainment is found in the xviith chapter, and portions of the lxivth chapter. In the opening of chapter xvii. he says: "I am *TeMU* in Being, I am made One.

"I have become in the primeval waters, I am Ra in his coronation."

In the lxivth chapter, he says: "I have come to see Ra in his coronation chamber, face to face, and eye to eye."

The Egyptian of old recognised no easy and royal road to this great consummation; the path of aspiration then, as now, was one long battle, though aided and encouraged by the mystic processes of Initiation which are indicated in the *Book of Epiphany*. In these days it is hard to realise the terrible earnestness that could produce such a prayer and such an answer as that in the lxivth chapter, where the Initiate cries out:

"Give unto me the Bolts of the twice mighty Doors, lest my weeping burst forth from me, for I cannot see, and I wander round about in the chamber of Separation from the Shrine of the Unmanifest."

And he is answered:

"Lo the Bolts which fasten the Four Gates, their Heads are as the possessions of thy Hand, yea! they are within thee! Let thy Face be as that of the Hound whose nostril sniffs the scent of his Home."

M. W. BLACKDEN.

## THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 61)

### PHYSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS

It is on the physical plane that Consciousness must first evolve into Self-Consciousness, must become aware of an external world that makes impacts upon it, and must learn to refer those impacts to an external world, and to realise as its own the changes which it undergoes in consequence of those impacts. By prolonged experiences it will learn to identify with itself the feeling of pleasure or pain that follows the impact, and to regard as not itself that which touches its external surface. It will thus make its first rough distinction of "I" and "Not-I." As experience increases, the "I" will retreat ever inwards, and one veil of matter after another will be relegated outwards as belonging to the "Not-I"; but while its connotations change, this fundamental distinction between subject and object will ever remain. "I" is the willing, thinking, acting Consciousness; while the "Not-I" is all as to which it wills, about which it thinks, and on which it acts. We shall have to consider later the way in which Consciousness becomes Self-Consciousness, but at present we are concerned only with its expression in forms, and the part played by the forms.

This Consciousness awakens on the physical plane, and its expression is the permanent atom. In this it lies sleeping: "It sleeps in the mineral," and therein some awakening into lighter slumber must take place, so that it may be roused out of this deep dreamless sleep, and become sufficiently active to pass on into the next stage: "It dreams in the vegetable."

Now the Logos, acting in the Group-Souls, energises the permanent physical atoms and by the mediation of the Shining Ones, as we have seen, plunges them into the various conditions offered



by the mineral kingdom, where each attaches to itself many mineral particles. At once here we see a large variety of possible impacts, leading to a variety of experiences, and so presently to lines of cleavage in a Group-Soul. Some will be whirled high in air, to fall in torrents of burning lava; some will be exposed to arctic cold, others to tropic heat; some will be crushed and sheathed in molten metal in the bowels of the earth; some will be in the sand tossed roughly by rushing billows. Infinite variety of external impacts will shake and strike and burn and freeze, and in vague answers of sympathetic vibrations will the deep-slumbering Consciousness respond. When any permanent atom has reached a certain responsiveness, or when a mineral form, *i.e.*, the particles to which a permanent atom has attached itself, is broken up, the Group-Soul draws that atom from its encasement. All the experiences acquired by that atom—and that means the vibrations it has been forced to execute—remain as powers of vibrating in particular ways, or as “vibratory powers.” That is the outcome of its life in a form. The permanent atom, losing its embodiment and remaining for awhile naked, as it were, in its Group-Soul, and continuing to repeat these vibrations, to go over within itself its life-experiences, sets up pulses which run through the envelope of the Group-Soul and are thus conveyed to other permanent atoms; thus each affects and helps all the others while remaining itself. The permanent atoms which have had experiences similar in character will be more strongly affected by each other than will be those whose experiences have been very different, and thus there will be a certain segregation going on within the Group-Soul, and presently a filmy separating wall will grow inwards from the envelope, and divide these segregated groups from each other; and so there will be an ever-increasing number of Group-Souls with contents showing an ever-increasing distinction of Consciousness, while sharing fundamental characteristics.

Now the responses of Consciousness to external stimuli in the mineral kingdom are far greater than many quite realise, and some of them are of a nature which shows that there is a dawning of Consciousness also in the astral permanent atom. For chemical elements exhibit distinct mutual attractions, and chemical marital

relationships are continually disorganised by the intrusion of couples, one or other of which has a stronger affinity for one of the partners in the earlier marriage than the original mate. Thus a hitherto mutually faithful couple, forming a silver salt, will suddenly prove faithless to each other if another couple, hydrochloric acid, enters their peaceful household ; and the silver will pounce upon the chlorine and take her to wife, preferring her to his former mate, and set up a new household as silver chloride, leaving the deserted hydrogen to mate with his own forsaken partner. Wherever these active interchanges go on there is a slight stir in the astral atom, in consequence of the violent physical vibrations set up by the violent wrenching apart, and formation, of intimate ties, and vague internal thrillings appear. The astral must be roused from the physical, and Consciousness on the physical plane will long take the lead in evolution. Still a little cloud of astral matter is drawn round the permanent astral atom by these slight thrillings, but it is very loosely held, and seems to be quite unorganised. There does not seem to be any vibration in the mental atom at this stage.

After ages of experience in the mineral kingdom, some of the permanent atoms will be ready to pass into the vegetable kingdom, and will be distributed by the agency of the Shining Ones over the vegetable world. It is not to be supposed that every blade of grass, every plant, has a permanent atom within it, evolving to humanity during the life of this system. Just as in the mineral kingdom, so here ; the vegetable kingdom forms the field of evolution for these permanent atoms, and the Shining Ones guide them to habitat after habitat, so that they may experience the vibrations that affect the vegetable world, and again store up these as vibratory powers in the same fashion as before. The principles of interchange and of consequent segregation work out as before, and the Group-Souls in each stream of evolution become more numerous, and more different in their leading characteristics.

There is more activity perceptible in the astral permanent atom during the course of the accumulation of vegetable experiences by the physical, and it attracts round it astral matter which is arranged by the Shining Ones in a rather more definite way.

In the long life of a forest tree, this growing aggregation of astral matter develops itself in all directions as the astral form of the tree, the Consciousness experiencing in that astral form the vibrations causing massive pleasure and discomfort, these vibrations being the result of those set up in the physical tree by sunshine and storm, wind and rain, cold and heat. With the perishing of such a tree, the permanent astral atom retreats to its Group-Soul, now established on the astral plane, with a rich store of experiences, shared in the manner before described.

Further, as the Consciousness becomes more responsive in the astral, it sends little thrills downwards to the physical plane, and these give rise to feelings felt as though in the physical, but really derived from the astral. Where there has been a long separate life, as in a tree, the permanent mental unit will also begin to attract round itself a little cloud of mental matter, and on this the recurrence of seasons will slowly impress itself as a faint memory, which becomes inevitably a faint anticipation.\*

At last some of the permanent physical atoms are ready to pass on into the animal kingdom, and once more the agency of the Shining Ones guides them into animal forms. During the later stages of their evolution in the vegetable world, it appears to be the rule that each triad—physical and astral atoms and mental unit—shall have a prolonged experience in a single form, so that some thrills of mental life may be experienced, and the triad may thus be prepared to profit by the wandering life of the animal. But it also appears that in some cases the passage into the animal kingdom is made at an earlier stage, and that the first thrill in the mental unit occurs in some of the stationary forms of animal life, and in very lowly animal organisms.

In the animal kingdom, the permanent atoms receive far more varied vibrations, and differentiate more quickly, the number of triads in the Group-Souls diminishing rapidly as this differentiation proceeds, and the multiplication of Group-Souls consequently goes on with increasing rapidity. As the period of individuality approaches, each triad becomes possessed of its own

\* See *Thought Power, its Control and Culture*, pp. 59-61

envelope, obtained from the Group-Soul, and takes on successive embodiments as a separate entity, though still within the enveloping case of protecting and nourishing monadic essence.

### UNITY OF PHYSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS

Amid the immense varieties of the mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms, the underlying unity of physical consciousness has been lost sight of, and broad lines of cleavage have been set up which do not, in reality, exist. Life has been wholly denied to the mineral, grudged to the vegetable, and H. P. Blavatsky was ridiculed when she declared that one Life, one Consciousness vivified and informed all.

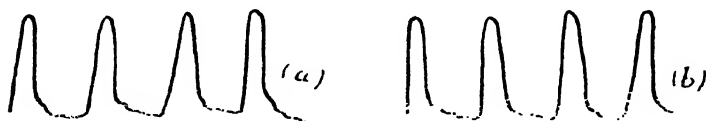
"With every day, the identity between the animal and the physical man, between the plant and man, and even between the reptile and, its nest the rock and man, is more and more clearly shown, the physical and chemical constituents of all being found to be identical. Chemical Science may well say that there is no difference between the matter which composes the ox, and that which forms man. But the Occult doctrine is far more explicit. It says: Not only the chemical compounds are the same, but the same infinitesimal invisible Lives compose the atoms of the bodies of the mountain and the daisy, of man and the ant, of the elephant and of the tree which shelters it from the sun. Each particle—whether you call it organic or inorganic—is a Life."

If this be true, it should be possible to obtain from such living minerals, vegetables, animals and men evidence of an identity of life, of sentiency, of response to stimuli; and while we may freely admit that we should expect to find gradations of sentiency, that as we ascend the ladder of life we should expect the manifestations to become fuller and more complex, yet some definite manifestations of sentiency should be found in all who have one life. The evidence for this was lacking when H. P. Blavatsky wrote; it is available now, and it is from an Eastern source whose rare ability has ensured his welcome in the West, whose evidence comes.

Dr. Jagadish Chandra Bose, M.A., D.Sc., of Calcutta, has recently proved that so-called "inorganic matter" is responsive to stimulus, and that the response is identical from metals,

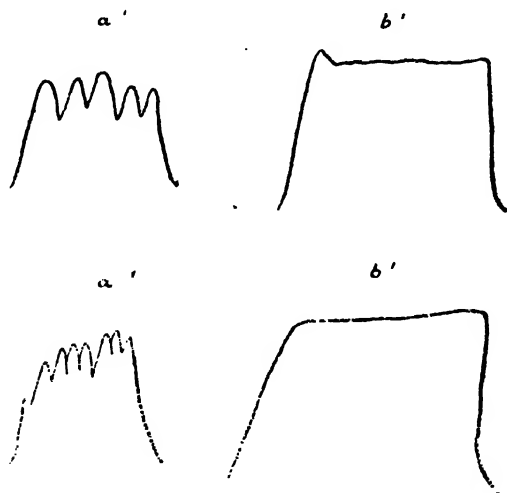
vegetables, animal, and—so far as experiment can be made—man.

He arranged apparatus to measure the stimulus applied, and to show in curves, traced on a revolving cylinder, the response from the body receiving the stimulus. He then compared the curves obtained from tin and other metals with those obtained from muscle, and found that the curves from tin were identical with those from muscle, and that other metals gave curves of like nature but varied in the period of recovery.



(a) SERIES OF ELECTRIC RESPONSES TO SUCCESSIVE MECHANICAL STIMULI AT INTERVALS OF HALF A MINUTE, IN TIN. (b) MECHANICAL RESPONSES IN MUSCLE.

Tetanus, both complete and incomplete, due to repeated shocks, was caused and similar results accrued in mineral as in muscle.



EFFECTS ANALOGOUS TO (a) INCOMPLETE AND (b) COMPLETE TETANUS, IN TIN.  
(a') INCOMPLETE AND (b') COMPLETE TETANUS IN MUSCLE

Fatigue was shown by metals, least of all by tin. Chemical re-agents, such as drugs, produced similar results with metals to those known to result with animals—exciting, depressing, and deadly. (By deadly is meant resulting in the destruction of the power of response.)

A poison will kill a metal, inducing a condition of immobility, so that no response is obtainable. If the poisoned metal be taken in time, an antidote may save its life.



(a) NORMAL RESPONSE; (b) EFFECT OF POISON; (c) REVIVAL BY ANTIDOTE.

A stimulant will increase response, and as large and small doses of a drug have been found to kill and stimulate respectively, so have they been found to act on metals. "Among such phenomena," asks Professor Bose, "how can we draw a line of demarcation and say, 'here the physical process ends, and there the physiological begins'? No such barriers exist."\*

Professor Bose has carried on a similar series of experiments on plants, and has obtained similar results. A fresh piece of cabbage stalk, a fresh leaf or other vegetable body, can be stimulated and will show similar curves; it can be fatigued, excited, depressed, poisoned. There is something rather pathetic in seeing the way in which the tiny spot of light, which records the pulses in the plant, travels in ever weaker and weaker curves, when the plant is under the influence of poison, falls into a final despairing straight line and—stops. The plant is dead. One feels as though a murder had been committed—as indeed it has.<sup>†</sup>

These admirable series of experiments have established, on a definite basis of physical facts, the teaching of occult science on the universality of life.

\* These details are taken from a paper given by Prof. Bose at the Royal Institution, May 10th, 1901, entitled "The Response of Inorganic Matter to Stimulus."

† So far as I know, the Professor has not yet published this lecture, but I had the good fortune to hear it, and later to see the experiments repeated at his own house, where one could watch them closely.

Mr. Marcus Reed has made microscopical observations which show the presence of Consciousness in the vegetable kingdom. He has observed symptoms as of fright when tissue is injured and further he has seen that male and female cells, floating in the sap, become aware of each other's presence without contact ; the circulation quickens, and they put out processes towards each other.\*

We may thus allege that Consciousness, working in physical matter, responds to various kinds of stimulation, and that the response is the same, whether it be obtained from mineral, vegetable or animal. The Consciousness shews the same characteristic workings, is the same. The differences which, as already said, we observe as we ascend, lie in the improvement of the physical apparatus, an apparatus which enables astral and mental—not physical—activities of Consciousness to manifest themselves on the physical plane. Men and animals feel and think better than minerals and vegetables, because their more highly evolved Consciousness has shaped for itself on the physical plane this much improved apparatus ; but even so, our bodies answer as the lower bodies answer to the same stimuli, and this purely physical Consciousness is the same in all.

Physical Consciousness is Consciousness working in the cells and tissues of the body, receiving and responding to physical impacts, unaffected by any transmission of impulses onward to the higher planes, or by any impulses sent to the physical body from those planes. The response of this Consciousness in the tin and in the animal will be the same, the pulse indicated by the curves ; the animal will *feel* it while the tin will not—that is the additional working of the Consciousness through astral matter. This working of Consciousness on the physical plane has sunk below the "threshold of Consciousness" in the higher animals and man ; it is shewn in "the memory of the cell," in secretion, assimilation, and other vital functions. As Consciousness functions actively on the higher planes, its lower workings no longer attract its attention, and these slip below the threshold and become what we call automatic.

Now in the mineral, the astral matter connected with the

\* "Consciousness in Vegetable Matter," *Fall Mall Magazine*, May, 1902.

permanent astral atom is so little active, and Consciousness is sleeping so deeply therein, that there is no perceptible working from the astral to the physical. In the higher plants there seems to be a sort of forthshadowing of a nervous system, but it is too little developed and organised to serve anything but the simplest purposes. The added activity on the astral plane improves the astral sheath in connection with the plant, and the vibrations of the astral sheath affect the etheric portion of the plant, and thus its denser matter. Hence the forthshadowing of a nervous system above alluded to.

When we come to the animal stage, the much greater activity of the Consciousness on the astral plane causes more powerful vibrations, which pass to the etheric double of the animal, and by the etheric vibrations thus caused, the nervous system is builded. The shaping of it is due to the Logos through the Group-Soul, and to the active assistance of the Shining Ones of the Third Elemental Kingdom, directing the work of the ethereal Nature-Spirits. But the impulse comes from the Consciousness on the astral plane working in the permanent atom and the sheath of astral matter attracted by it, roused to activity by the Group-Soul. As the first very simple apparatus is formed, more delicate impacts from without can be perceived, and these impacts also help in the evolution. Action and reaction succeed each other, and the mechanism continually improves in receptive and transmitting ability.

Consciousness does not do much building on the astral plane at this stage, and works there in an unorganised sheath; the organising is done on the physical plane by the efforts of Consciousness to express itself—dim and vaguely groping as these efforts are—aided and directed by the Group-Soul and the Shining Ones. This work has to be completed to a great extent before the Third Life-Wave pours down, for animal man has evolved, with his brain and nervous systems, before that great outpouring comes which gives the Jīvātmā a working body and makes possible the higher evolution of man.

ANNIE BESANT.



## THE PREACHER

Two men sat in a carpetless room, the windows of which looked on a quiet, unfashionable London square. There were only a few rush-bottomed chairs in the room, a writing-desk, a coverless deal table, a shelf of books, and a large wooden cross nailed to the whitewashed wall.

The elder of the two men sat at the desk; he had been writing, and his fingers played still with the pen. The younger sat opposite; his eyes were fixed eagerly on his companion's face, for the power of the elder man compelled his soul, and showed him a great light shining in the world's darkness; whereupon he vowed his life, his youth, his powers of body and mind, his great wealth and influence, for he was rich and of high rank, to the service whereunto his elder was pledged; the elder man was hailed by many as one of much spiritual power, a teacher of high and heavenly matters, and a great saint to boot. He was speaking slowly and impressively, as he played with the pen.

"To you, who sat in darkness, has come light," he said. "It is no wonder if your eyes are dazzled. But I would rather have eyes undazzled by light, unbewildered by darkness. Will you ask yourself this question: If you should cease to delight in the work which you undertake, what would you do?"

"Work on. I should work for the love of God, and for love of you; that would give me joy."

"But if it ceased to give you joy?"

"It must give me joy to work for any whom I love."

"You have a great capacity for love. It is a tremendous force. But if you ceased to feel you loved God—or me, what then?"

"I! Cease to love God! Cease to love you to whom I owe my love to Him!"

The other smiled.

"I did not say that. I said: If you ceased to *feel* you loved God or me, what then?"

"One cannot love, if one does not feel love."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

The younger man looked at the speaker aghast. The elder gazed smilingly upon him; and the youth noted for the first time that the peaceful face had tired lines about the smiling eyes.

"How do you account for one who has proved practically that he can love greatly suddenly losing that capacity so far as he knows it?"

"Can such a thing be?"

"It can. I know it. To love and to feel love are two different matters. It is not possible, perhaps, to feel love without loving; but it is possible to love without feeling what has been called 'sensible love.' When you can bear to feel as though your love were dead, your enthusiasm vanished, and feel it without lamenting, without crying for help with tongue, or mind, or heart, without wavering in your work, without suffering any to know that which has come to pass within your soul, then —. But wait till the hour comes. Perhaps it may never come. I do not think it comes to all."

His listener went away in silence; he supposed such an hour must have come to the teacher he loved and revered; it must have come and passed, he thought; for this man was as a torch, the flame of which touched soul after soul and set it ablaze with holy fire.

Some months later the younger man came to the elder in much distress; he had been thinking of his past sins, and the remembrance of them was grievous to him; moreover, it seemed to him that new sins, weaknesses which he half pitied, half blamed in others, were touching him with their power. The other listened:

"If I tell you that you may one day find your errors a blessing in disguise," he said, "I suppose you will think me not only a sinner, but an impenitent one."

The young man looked surprised.

"A dead sin is a great weapon," said his elder. "A greater weapon yet is a surmounted virtue."

"A surmounted virtue ! "

"There is a time," said the other, "during which you live more or less contentedly in your sins; there is yet another time wherein you slay your sins, and begin to live in your virtues; but at last comes that final hour when you begin to live in neither, and to remember both. My dear friend, I watched you in your youth, and strength, and fierce zeal, treating with some indulgent contempt one grown grey in dull toil, whose temper was frayed and strained with the turmoil of life; whose health and nerves were failing. But last week, when your health also had failed a little by reason of much work and certain pious austerities, and when sainthood seemed less near than in your earlier days, I think you could no longer feel that high and placid contempt for your more aged comrade who was unduly fretted by the little things of life, could you ? "

The other coloured; he did not speak.

"Thereafter you regained the calm you lost for awhile, and I have noted you were more patient with your fretful comrade; and more humble, and more heedful lest you should jar upon him, and so cause him to offend. I perceive that since your own temper failed somewhat—nay! you showed it very little, perhaps none noticed it save you and I—but since it failed, you grew more heedful in your bearing towards others. Is not this a gain ? "

The young man hesitated.

"I do not say it is not a trial. It gives a sense of humiliation and failure; but to know one has failed is to be on the road to victory."

This was the last time the twain met for some years. The young man became known as a very brilliant speaker; he travelled through many lands, filling the souls of his hearers with zeal for service. Throughout all his labours he was full of loving loyalty to that saintly man whose life and words had drawn him from the world. They met again after five years and worked side by side for twelve months. For the young preacher those were six months of loving, eager toil, inspired by the presence of the elder soul; and six months of cold desolation, at the end of which he came forth from the city to sit alone upon the hills and

review his position. The hour had dawned of which his elder spoke ; he felt no love for his work, no love for his leader and fellow-labourer, no love to man, no love to God. It did not give him pain ; only a quiet, cold surprise, an icy mental recognition of the state of affairs. He could reason the matter out ; he was not deluded ; he knew he loved both the work and the man, only—he could not feel it. He had known no ray of love, of enthusiasm, of desire for knowledge or for service, during six months ; and—apparently—he had never worked more effectively.

Often in the past six years he had been tired of the work ; often his early zeal flagged, and the earth grew grey and the skies dull, but he had always, till now, felt love for this one man spurring him on. Now that sensation was gone, and it seemed as though it had gone for ever. This sudden failure of feeling towards a human object of gratitude and affection startled him as the failure of religious devotion had not succeeded in doing. He worked on without it, exteriorly zealous and even joyful and smiling ; no one knew what was in his soul.

That which forced him forth was an encounter with a youth who loved the man to whom the preacher owed so much ; this youth spoke of his gratitude ; spoke with passionate love and devotion, nothing doubting that his listener felt as he did. A year before the twain had met ; the fire of the preacher's love for the man who brought light to his soul then burned brightly ; it burned more fiercely than that of the youth, and his words were more powerful, because he had the power of speech. Hence the youth came naturally to him to express the sentiment he believed both of them to feel. The preacher listened, and assented, and sympathised, while his heart lay dead in his bosom. This experience it was that sent him forth upon the hills to think.

Musing he walked over the moors to the sea. He came to a very strange place, a little grassy space at the summit of a cliff ; on this space was a white-washed hut ; at the back of the hut, on the cliff verge, was a high platform, with a ladder leading to it, and on the platform, screened carefully from wind and rain, was a brazier containing wood ashes.

He knocked at the hut door ; he was tired and hungry after a twelve hours' fast ; an old woman with a brown withered face

and bright eyes answered the door. He asked her for food ; she led him within, and fetched him bread and goat's milk, it was all she had. The hut was very cold, on the hearth were burnt-out wood ashes.

"Why do you not light your fire ?" he asked her, smiling ; for he saw her shiver and rub her cold withered hands.

"Why !" she answered cheerily, "It will be a month before the carrier brings me another load of wood, sir ; there's no wood hereabouts ; I cannot have a hearth fire and a fire yonder, too."

"Why not light your fire here, then ?" he asks.

"Because of the boats, sir," she answered. "My husband and my only son were drowned at sea. The coast is very dangerous. I light the brazier every night at sundown, and three times in the night I get up from my bed to feed it."

"So you sacrifice your hearth fire to the brazier ?"

"Yes, sir. It's cold, mornings and evenings. At night I lie and think of the fire-light, though I can't see it, shining over the water ; the thought of it warms me. Folk say, why do I live out here lonely like ; but I couldn't leave the brazier, and I'm not so lonely either, for it's as though a piece of my heart went out to the ships with the fire-light. My boy was a sailor you see, sir."

"Ah !" he said slowly, "I see. You cannot light your hearth fire and the brazier too. I suppose you are right to bear the cold."

"When I've more fuel, sir," she said cheerily, "perhaps I shall have both again."

He nodded ; then he rose, stood at the door, and watched the driving clouds and the barren hills. Familiar words were in his ears : "The things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal." He paraphrased them : "The things which are felt are temporal," and he wondered whether the things felt were but the shadows of those unfelt but eternal.

"A shadow is dependent on the light," he mused, "but that which casts it is equally there when the light goes. Is that true, I wonder, of love ? Is it love's shadow, not its substance, that we feel ?"

He said good-bye to the old woman and walked towards the

town; he sat on a little hill, and watched the sun set. He was conscious of a sense of freedom and calm he never felt before; it was as though he had passed through some gateway of the soul, and stepped on to a plain, with wide distances, and far horizon lines; it was rather a chill dreary freedom, an arid calm, as of one who has lived by some miracle through a volcano's fury, and sits alone in the burnt-up desert that remains. But it brought a curious feeling of strength and clarity of mind.

He heard a footstep on the road, and turned to see who was coming. It was a man; the twain looked at each other; the preacher rose. Four years before they had met; the wayfarer visited the preacher and laid before him the chilly barrenness of his soul, for it was as an unwatered desert, swept by a wind from plains of ice. The man was alone: in a sense he was willing to be so; he knew all his difficulties lay in his own soul, but they were not therefore the easier to deal with, and he did not know how to remedy them. The preacher was then in the full flood and glory of his fervour of love to God and man; but he failed to help his visitor. They parted, both recognising the fact; the would-be helper a little chilled and discouraged, the other in a state of unastonished acquiescence.

They greeted each other now, and sat down on the hill to see the sun vanish. The hush of sunset was upon the land, the wind was lulled, the faint call of a curlew floated across the barren country. They talked a little of trilling matters, and they sat for some time silent. At last they parted.

"You live out here?" said the preacher.

"In the wilderness. With seven devils, you think? You're wrong. I'm alone."

"So am I," said the preacher, after a pause.

"I thought you lived in cities still. I see your name often. Don't you live among people?"

"Yes."

"When I saw you last," said the wayfarer, "you talked a great deal of love. Love to God—love to your brethren—love to Humanity with a big H—love to those who taught and guided your soul. You felt this great love; you glowed with it; you were on fire with it, were you not?"

"Yes," said the preacher, smiling.

"You feel all that still, I suppose; but you have said nothing about it."

"I can speak of it, if you like. What I said was true, I know that. But I did not help you before, did I?"

"No. But you have helped me now."

"Have I?" said the preacher, surprised, "How?"

"I do not know. Perhaps you know. I told you I did not understand what you meant when you talked of love, and worship, and devotion to God and man."

"Well?"

"Well! But I have known it since I sat on this hill with you. I have felt it as a living thing within me. You never made me feel it before; but you have done it now."

"I do not think," said the preacher, after a bewildered pause, "that it can be I who have made you feel it. Yet—perhaps you are right! Perhaps it is I who have made you feel—yourself. But if so, it is not an 'I' we know much about."

The other half laughed, half sighed.

"No," he answered. "We do not know much about it. Perhaps it is Matthew Arnold's 'Buried Life,' or the 'large unconscious background' of consciousness of some of our more free-thinking psychologists; the 'subliminal self,' eh? But it is certainly something to feel it is there."

"It is something to feel it is there," assented the preacher. "But—the fact that it is there whether we feel it or not seems to me to be of more importance."

"Yes," answered his companion. "No doubt you are right. Good-bye. May I write to you in a day or two?"

"Do."

"Thank you. Good-bye."

They shook hands and parted. The preacher walked slowly over the dark hills; once he turned and looked back whence he came: there was a little spot of light on the horizon, flaring seawards, but it was not bright enough to show him the fireless cottage where the old widow sat, tending the beacon light that guided the homing boats.

MICHAEL WOOD.

## THE TALMUD IN HISTORY

"FROM Justinian, who, as early as 553 A.D., honoured it by a special interdictory Novella, down to Clement VIII., and later—a space of over a thousand years—both the secular and the spiritual powers, kings and emperors, popes and anti-popes, vied with each other in hurling anathemas and bulls and edicts of wholesale confiscation and conflagration against this luckless book."

So writes Immanuel Deutsch, and truly, in his graphic and romantic panegyric, which for the first time gave the English-reading public a reasonable account of the Talmud and its history.\*

Although it has been lately disputed† whether it is the Talmud expressly to which Justinian referred in his edict "Concerning the Jews," of February 13, 553, it seems highly probable that Deutsch is correct. By this outrageous Novella the wretched Hebrews were only permitted to use a Greek or Latin translation of the Torah in their synagogues. They were strictly forbidden to read the Law in Hebrew, and, above all things, they were prohibited from using what is called the "second edition" (*secunda editio*), which was evidently also written in Hebrew or Aramaic. This "second edition" can hardly mean anything else than the Mishna and its completions, for the Greek equivalent of *mishna* was *δευτέρωσις*, generally taken by those imperfectly acquainted with Hebrew to signify some "second rank" or form of the Law, instead of "learning" in the secondary sense of "repetition."

Such impolitic tyranny in those darkest days of narrowest ecclesiasticism, which had succeeded in closing every school of philosophy and learning in the Christian world, could not but

\* Deutsch (I.), art. "What is the Talmud?"—in *The Quarterly Review* (London), Oct., 1867, pp. 417-464.

† Popper (W.), *The Censorship of Hebrew Books* (New York; 1899), p. 3. This is the best monograph which has so far appeared on the subject of Talmud persecutions and censorship. An excellent bibliography of the literature is given on pp. iv. and v.



make the Talmud all the more dear to the Jews. The more they were persecuted for their faith's sake, the more desperately they clung to the immediate cause of their martyrdom—that tradition in which no Christian had part or lot. The Talmud thus gradually became more precious to the Jew than even the Torah itself, which, by translation, had become the common property of the Gentiles, few of whom at this time in the West could read a word of the ancient Hebrew original.

Thus ignorance bred fear and fostered hate, and already, by the eleventh century, we find the passions of an ignorant fanaticism let loose against the luckless Hebrews, when the Crusaders, in their wild rush towards Constantinople, left behind them a path of desolation for the Dispersion of Israel in every land they traversed, marked out by blood and fire, by the bodies of murdered little ones and smouldering piles of Hebrew rolls. It is said that, after this avalanche of ruthless destruction, in many towns scarce a single prayer-book remained for the use of a whole synagogue. There is another side to the romance of the Crusades, of which our school-books breathe no word; not infrequently they degenerated into pure Jew-hunts, where hecatombs of Hebrews paid ever anew the ancient debt of one slain Christ, whose ever-living heart, we may well believe, felt keener torture at the savagery of His self-styled followers than did even the bodies of the victims of their hate.

But it was not till the thirteenth century, which witnessed the founding of the Mendicant Orders, and the establishment of that instrument of terror known as the Holy Inquisition, that we meet with what may be called the organised official destruction of Hebrew books, and the saddest part of the sad story is that in almost every instance it was a Jew who brought matters to a crisis, and procured the deliverance of the books of his race to the flames.

The first official burning of Hebrew books took place in 1233, at Montpelier, where a Jew, a fanatical Antimaimonist, persuaded the Dominicans and Franciscans of the Inquisition, who knew nothing of this purely internal struggle between conservatism and liberalism in Jewry, to commit to the flames all the works of the great Maimonides.

In the same year, at Paris, no less than 12,000 volumes of the Talmud were burned. Converts gave information to those who could not read a single line of the great literature which they so madly longed to extirpate, and eagerly pointed out the hiding places where the precious rolls of their former co-religionists were stored away.

In 1236, Donin, a convert baptised under the name of Nicolas, laid thirty-five formal charges against the Talmud before Pope Gregory IX.; the chief of which was that in many passages it used blasphemous language in speaking of Jesus and Mary. A few years later (May or June, 1239), Gregory issued a stringent decree to all rulers, temporal and spiritual, in France, England, Castile, Aragon and Portugal, commanding them to seize every copy of the Talmud upon which they could lay hands. Whereupon in France a formal trial was held before a commission consisting of two Bishops and a Dominican, not one of whom knew a single word of Hebrew, and the Talmud was incontinently condemned to the flames. The Jews, however, appealed against this cruel decree with such energy that the carrying out of the sentence was postponed, and a new trial ordered, at which Nicolas himself was the accuser, while four French Rabbis undertook the defence.

"After seeking to invalidate most of the charges, the Rabbis turned to the most important point, and acknowledged that the Talmud contained slighting references to a certain Jesus. But, by taking into account the dates mentioned in the Talmud, and other evidence furnished by the early Church Fathers themselves, they attempted to show that another Jesus, who had lived at some time earlier than Jesus of Nazareth, was the subject of these notices."\*

It is hardly necessary to add, however, that the unfortunate Rabbis failed to convince the commission. The Talmud was again formally condemned. No less than twenty waggon-loads of MSS. were collected in Paris, and on June 17, 1244, a huge *auto-da-fé* of some 17,000 or 18,000 volumes lit up a conflagration, the insatiable flames of which spread rapidly to every Jewish home throughout the Holy Roman Empire and devoured that

\* Popper, *op. cit.*, p. 110.

treasure of tradition which the Rabbis held dearer than their lives.

With the condemnation of the Talmud all the rest of Hebrew literature was practically involved. Thus in 1263 we find another convert, baptised under the name of Paul Christian, inducing the Pope to issue an order that all Hebrew MSS. of every kind in Aragon should be collected for examination, and if they were found to contain any passages obnoxious to Christians, they should be destroyed or strictly expurgated ; while in 1266, also at Barcelona, we meet with a commission assembled for the same purpose.

In England, however, apparently the Talmud was not burnt, for a simpler means of suppressing it was found in the wholesale expulsion of the Jews, a method resorted to in other countries as well. Nevertheless, we find Honorius IV., in 1286, writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury, warning him against that "damnable book," and strictly admonishing him that he should allow no one to read it (meaning doubtless that no Jew should be permitted to read it, for the Christians, in consequence of their ignorance of Hebrew, could not)—for in the Pope's opinion "all evils flow from it," a phrase which suggests that the influence of the Talmud teachings and traditions was not confined to Jewry.

In the midst of all this hurly-burly of anathema one Pope alone, Clement V., showed some signs of common-sense. Before condemning the Talmud on sight, Clement desired to know something about it, and in 1307 proposed that chairs should be founded for the study of Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic in the Universities of Paris, Salamanca, Bologna and Oxford. But this liberal proposal came to nothing, and though we are told that somewhat of a lull succeeded to this most acute stage of Talmud persecution from 1232 to 1322, it was owing probably to the great secrecy to which the Jews were compelled to resort in multiplying and transmitting the remnants of their literature from generation to generation, rather than to any greater toleration on the part of the authorities ; for we find that even the simplest Hebrew prayers could not escape the subtle refinements of accusation brought against them by inquisitorial informers. Thus we learn that in Germany a certain Pessach, who on

conversion took the name of Peter, declared that the Jewish prayer-books\* secretly contained attacks on Christianity. The following is a curious instance of this rage of accusation.

In one of the most famous and apparently the most innocent prayers of the nation, which extols the omnipotence of God on earth, there is a passage which runs: "He hath not made our portion like theirs nor our lot like that of all their multitudes. For they worship and bow down before idols *and vanities*." The words "and vanities" stand in unpointed Hebrew W R K; by one of the well-known methods of kabalistic computation the sum of these number-letters = 316, precisely the same as the sum of the letters J Sh U or Jeschu, the Talmudic form of Jesus!

Pessach would thus have it that even the most innocent-looking prayers of Jewry contained attacks on Christianity, and it is in truth marvellous that in the face of such bitter and relentless persecution a scrap of Jewish writing remained. Indeed had it not been for the inexhaustible sources of replenishment in the East, and the wonderful memory of the Rabbis, the triumph of the Destroyer would have been complete and the Talmud wiped from off the face of the earth by the Inquisition.

With the age of the Renaissance, however, and the enormous impetus given to liberal studies by the invention of printing,† respite was given in Italy at any rate to the long-suffering Talmud, but by no means as yet was liberty assured; for though the unfortunate Jews had no longer to fear the wholesale destruction of their books, they were still subjected to the galling tyranny of the official censor.

Indeed even in this age of comparative enlightenment the bitterest foes of the Talmud still lived in hopes of reviving the old campaign of extermination with all its terrors, and it is sad to record that the history of nearly all the troubles of the second stage of persecution is still almost entirely "a history of apostates."‡

Not to speak of the bitter enmity of Victor von Karhen, a

\* Dalman gives the original text of sixteen subsequently expurgated prayers from the Liturgy of the Synagogue.

† The first Hebrew book printed was probably a commentary of Rashi on the *Torah* (February 17th, 1475).

‡ Popper, *op. cit.*, p. 22.

German Jew who became a Dominican in the early part of the sixteenth century, the most notorious name is that of Joseph (baptised as Johann) Pfefferkorn of Moravia, a name despised above all others by the Jews even in the present day. Pfefferkorn also joined the Dominicans and in 1507 published his first attack in a fierce tract, *Der Judenspiegel*, an onslaught which was intended to culminate in one fatal blow to Judaism, namely the confiscation of all Talmudic writings. And indeed Pfefferkorn at first succeeded beyond all expectation, for the immediate result of his agitation was to induce the Emperor Maximilian to revive the time-honoured decree of confiscation, which was eagerly carried out under Pfefferkorn's supervision, who knew only too well where he could lay hands on the precious books of his former co-religionists. But this time, as Deutsch says, "a conflagration of a very different kind ensued."

Reuchlin, the distinguished Humanist, the most famous Hebraist and Hellenist of the time, was appointed to sit on the commission. His enlightened mind refused to condemn the Talmud without a most searching enquiry. He accordingly set himself to work in his painstaking fashion to make himself master of its voluminous contents. The Talmud had at last found an impartial mind among its judges; nay, it had found a courageous defender, for in October, 1510, Reuchlin issued his famous answer to Pfefferkorn's onslaught, and boldly declared himself in favour of the book.

Hereupon ensued a fierce battle, in which the massed hosts of official theology and obscurantism were marshalled against the courageous champion of enlightened toleration and elementary justice. Europe was flooded with pamphlets, and faculty vied with faculty in angry condemnation of Reuchlin. Without exception, every university was against him. Indeed the faculty of Mainz, among other egregious notions, put forward the ludicrous proposition, that as the Hebrew Bible did not agree with the Vulgate (Jerome's Latin translation), the Hebrew must manifestly have been falsified in many places by the malevolence of the Jews, and in particular, the wording of the "original references" to Jesus in the Old Testament had been deliberately altered.

Had Reuchlin stood absolutely alone he would have been overwhelmed by the first onrush of his countless foes; but to their lasting credit there rallied to his banner a chosen band of enlightened and courageous friends, the Humanists, who, though they were dubbed "*Talmuthphili*," declared themselves to be the "Knights of the Holy Ghost," and the "Hosts of Pallas Athene," fighting for the credit of Christianity and not for the Talmud as Talmud.

At first the Pope, Leo X., favoured Reuchlin, but the outcry was so fierce that he finally weakened, and in 1516 sought a way out of the hurly-burly by promulgating a bull that in future no book should issue from the press without previous submission to the official censor. The germ of the "*Index Expurgatorius*"—"Index Librorum Prohibitorum"—had been conceived.\*

But before this instrument of emasculation and prohibition could be brought into play, the first complete edition of the Talmud had escaped the censor, and had already been printed at Venice in 1520, at the very time when the knell of much in the old order of things was being sounded in Germany, and Luther was burning the Pope's bull at Wittenberg.

This much, at least, was won by the courage of Reuchlin and those who rallied round him—the Talmud had escaped the fire. Not only so, but many began to study the treasures of Jewish literature for themselves, and in Italy there ensued the greatest industry in printing Hebrew books; indeed, some writers have called this the "Golden Age" of the Talmud. It was a time when the greatest minds among the Humanists were drinking deeply of "Jewish philosophy," the age of revived Kabbalism and mystic culture.

But it was not to be expected that the fierce spirit of persecution would quietly yield to the gentler influences at work, and be content with censorship alone; nay, these humanising tendencies exasperated it to such a pitch, that in 1550 Cardinal Caraffa, the Inquisitor-General, and—in this connection, one need hardly add—a Dominican, almost succeeded in lighting up the Talmud fires again throughout the land. He procured a bull from the Pope repealing all previous permission to study the Talmud, and

\* From that day onwards the Talmud has always been on the Index, and is still on the Index of Leo XIII.

bursting forth with fury at the head of his minions seized every copy he could find in Rome and committed it to the flames.

But, fortunately, this was the expiring flicker of the life of the Destroyer in that form, and in the future we hear of no more burnings. The Talmud was hereafter committed to the tender mercies of an ignorant censorship, and therewith of a deliberate self-censorship, whereby every sentence which might by any means be thought to refer to Christianity was omitted by the Jews themselves, so that their books might escape the sad disfigurement of slap-dash obliteration. There was much expurgation by ignorant heads and careless hands, till gradually lists of passages were drawn up, doubtless by converts, to guide the unlearned officials, and finally, in 1578, the "licensed" Basle edition of the Talmud was issued—in conformity with the censorship and the decisions of the egregious Council of Trent—on which nearly every subsequent edition of the book has been based. Not only so, but we find the Rabbis themselves forming their own censorship committees\* to prevent any book being printed by their co-religionists which might bring down the wrath of the authorities upon their long-suffering communities. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries thus witnessed the circulation of an emasculated and defaced Hebrew literature, from which not only was the root of offence to Christian susceptibilities cut out, but much that was entirely innocent of any offence whatever.† The nature of this ridiculous and hysterical susceptibility to find offence in the simplest words and phrases may be seen from Deutsch's humorous word-picture.

"In the Basle edition of 1578—. . . which has remained the standard edition almost ever since—that amazing creature, the Censor, stepped in. In his anxiety to protect the 'Faith' from all and every danger—for the Talmud was supposed to hide bitter things against Christianity under the most innocent words and phrases—this official did very wonderful things. When he, for example, found some ancient Roman in the book swearing by the Capitol or by Jupiter 'of Rome,' his mind

\* In 1631 the Jews held a synod at Petrikau, in Poland, and decided to leave out all such passages for fear of the Christians. Nevertheless, we find that the Amsterdam edition of the Talmud (1644-1648) was not bowdlerised.

† See Popper, *op. cit.*, chh. viii.-xii.

instantly misgave him. Surely this Roman must be a Christian, the Capitol the Vatican, Jupiter the Pope. And forthwith he struck out Rome and substituted any other place he could think of. A favourite spot seems to have been Persia, sometimes it was Aram and Babel. So that this worthy Roman may be found unto this day swearing by the Capitol of Persia or by the Jupiter of Aram and Babel. But wherever the word 'Gentile' occurred, the Censor was seized with the most frantic terrors. A 'Gentile' could not possibly be aught but Christian; whether he lived in India or in Athens, in Rome or in Canaan; whether he was a good Gentile—and there are many such in the Talmud—or a wicked one. Instantly he christened him, and christened him as fancy moved him, an 'Egyptian,' an 'Aramæan,' an 'Amalekite,' an 'Arab,' a 'Negro'; sometimes a whole 'people.' We are speaking strictly to the letter. All this is extant in our best editions."

Deutsch himself was a Jew converted to Christianity when he wrote his famous article in 1867, yet how marvellously does he differ from his predecessors of the Middle Ages, who led the onslaught on the Talmud, and expressly singled out the subsequently expurgated passages for the main strength of their attack! Deutsch passes them by with scarcely a notice, and seems never to have realised that they were the main cause of all the trouble, and we have the new and pleasant spectacle of a converted Jew penning the most brilliant defence of the Talmud which has ever been written outside the circles of orthodox Jewry.

But to the student of history and the watcher of the fates of nations, the proceedings of the ignorant censor are of profound interest. It would almost seem as though, by a curious turning of the kârmic wheel, the very methods used deliberately by the Jews themselves in the far-off days of Talmud genesis, had come back to vex the Jewish soul against its will. How often in those days of bitter religio-political strife had they not substituted Babylon or Edom for Rome, and hidden their real thought and feeling under glyph and imagery! And now what they had done willingly, and so vexed the soul of history, was now being done to them unwilling by the hands of the dull censor. Who knows what a thorough study of the Talmud from this point of view may not



yet reveal of hidden history? For, as Deutsch says, and in its wider sense it remains true until the present day:

"We have sought far and near for some special book on the subject, which we might make the theme of our observations—a book that should not merely be a garbled translation of a certain twelfth century 'Introduction,' interspersed with vituperations and supplemented with blunders, but which from the platform of modern culture should pronounce impartially upon a production which, if for no other reason, claims respect through age—a book that would lead us through the stupendous labyrinths of fact, and thought, and fancy, of which the Talmud consists, that would rejoice even in *hieroglyphical* fairy-lore, in abstruse propositions and syllogisms, that could forgive wild bursts of passion, and not judge harshly and hastily of things, the real meaning of which may have had to be *hidden under the fool's cap and bells*."

We have italicised the words which point to a most important element in the Talmud, especially in connection with our present enquiry, an element of concealment, the secrets of which even a text in which all the expurgated passages have been replaced, and the whole critically restored to its original purity, would in no wise reveal to the pure objectivist. This element will doubtless for many a day to come make the Talmud in many passages as puzzling a study as those strange books of alchemy to which Reuchlin so aptly compared it. But in spite of its great difficulty, it cannot but be that with a deeper study of this element, and the help of those methods of a scientific subjectivism to which we referred in our first article, some clear light may at no distant date be thrown, even on some of those passages which the hate and fear of centuries have singled out as referring to Jesus in the Talmud.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE Lodge-force working in a pure, devoted heart sets free the Self and lets it speak. The eternal verities resound for ever upon the spiritual planes, and when the mind is pure and will hearken, the Soul echoes them.

What of the darkness? What of the light? They are one to those who see. How plain these matters are in higher moments, how drearily obscure at other times!—*From an unpublished MS.*

## THE SEARCH FOR THE CHILD-GUIDE\*

LED by the Dove, Arthur is brought back to the coast of Albion in a Norwegian bark. He saw the white cliffs with joy, yet he wondered, because the last of his labours was unaccomplished; he had still to reach the Gates where he would find the "Child-Guide." But the Dove, the Angel-Pilot, kept its way homewards and rested at length at the entrance to an inland stream, near to a thick forest. The King then slung the Shield round his neck, and girt on the enchanted Sword. He said farewell to the Northmen, who were anxious to go with him and fight for him, and leapt to land, going, as before, alone to seek his labour. With difficulty he followed the Dove through the dark trees for many hours, and as night came on, he found himself on a hillside amidst some old Druid ruins. He recognised them as of very ancient time, and, musing, laid him down by some fallen pillars. Darkness came on and all was silence and sadness.

Now, o'er his lids life's gentlest influence stole,  
Life's gentlest influence yet the likeliest death!  
Prove not our dreams how little needs the soul  
Light from the sense, or being from the breath?  
Let but the world an instant fade from view,  
And of itself the soul creates a new.

He closed his eyes, but quickly awoke with a start and in a strange terror, and as he looked he saw the Dove no more. He felt desolate indeed. He could not speak, his blood ran cold, and the terror that had seized him gained in power as he felt the loss of the Dove.

Senses and soul confused, and jarred, and blent,  
Lay crushed beneath the intolerable Power;  
Then, over all, one flash, in lightning, rent  
The veil between the Immortal and the Hour;

\* See July and September issues of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW.

Life heard the voice of unembodied breath,  
And Sleep stood trembling face to face with Death."

We must leave the King here, and learn the fate of the third of his knights—Caradoc, the Bard. The Sage Merlin had chosen three knights to be the helpers of Arthur in his trials. They were Lancelot, Gawaine, and Caradoc. All were devoted to their King, and the first two had already done their work; now the time had come when Caradoc was to serve. The fierce tribes of the Saxons had invaded the Cymrian lands, and were besieging the city of Carduel. There was famine and great distress; discord and despondence prevailed among the people, who had lost heart. Then it was that Merlin came and spoke to Caradoc, and sent him forth to give his life for the saving of his country. With his soul of song he was to revive the drooping hearts of the warriors, and his lyre was to prove more glorious than the sword. He was to go into the fight unarmed, and with his ivory harp to sing the battle hymn, and with his parting breath, "teach to the hosts the Bard's disdain of death!" Caradoc heard, and his soul thrilled at that voice. He knew "his glory and his doom," and his answer was, "So be it, O voice from Heaven"; he asked whether his song would remain—whether a poet could live in vain?

Tenderly did the Sage lay his hands upon him and bless him, saying that his spirit would ever be able to find the rays it had shed on earth—the seeds that it had sown.

Never true Poet lived and sung in vain:  
Lost if his name, and withered if his wealth,  
The thoughts he woke must evermore remain  
Fused in our light, and blended with our breath;  
All life more noble, and all earth more fair  
Because that soul refined man's common air!

Then the Bard kissed the hand that doomed him and willingly went forth to give his life for his country. He leapt from the wall where they stood, and soon reached a place where were herded the cowering populace and listless warriors. At once his Song began, and the sound of the Cymrian battle-hymn flashed like fire among the hosts, and revived hearts that had been well-nigh hopeless. Men felt for their swords, rallied round the

Dragon Standard, and went out to meet the Saxons; and with them, ever in the van, is seen the swordless Bard in his white robes with his harp of ivory, giving the choral Song.

The fight went hard with the Cymrian host, and the Dragon Crown would have been trampled upon had it not been for him who was, under heaven, its preserver—the Bard. At last “the hour was come to prove the end for which the lyre was given.” Caradoc paused, and advancing to the central Standard, spoke to the Dragon Chiefs and told them of an ancient prophecy which foretold freedom to the Cymri, if, seeing one Child of Peace fall they could on this night save a spot of ground not wider than a grave. Where that Child fell his body was to lie, covered with the Dragon Standard and watched by the living until a grave was there made for it. Then he cried: “Advance the Dragon, for the grave is mine,” and ceased speaking.

The battle was a terrible one and at last the Pale Horse\* fled before the Dragon, but not before the Bard had fallen. And over the form of Caradoc the Dragon spread its wings. His smile is calm, his land is saved. Here we leave Time, and follow him as he rises heavenward.

Up from the clay and tow’rds the Seraphim,  
The Immortal, men called Caradoc, arose.

And as he rose, there opened on his sight joy after joy, and he in that happiness shook off the memory of earth’s sorrow. Then knowledge broke in upon his soul; all that had kept him from the light of heaven passed away. All memories left him except that of Love, and looking back to earth he with pity saw the form he loved—the form of his King—lying amidst the ruins on the moonlit hill. He felt himself summoned and, obeying the call, descended. A Shadow came to the sleeping King; its glory left it as it neared the earth, and it wore the appearance of its body, ghastly and covered with wounds. Then it was that the slumbering King heard the voice of the unembodied, and Sleep trembled as it stood side by side with Death.

“Come,” said the Voice, “before the Iron Gate  
Which hath no egress, waiting thee, behold—

\* The Saxon Standard

Beside that Power which is to Matter, Fate,  
But not to Soul—the Guide with locks of gold."

Then the King arose and followed the Shadow, and in the place to which they went Time and Space had vanished. The sense of Time fled from the mind.

Space to eye and soul was presenceless.  
"What," asked the Dreamer, "is this Nothingness,  
Empty as air—yet air without a breath?"  
Answered the Ghost—"Tho' it be measureless,  
'Tis but that line 'twixt life and life called 'Death,'  
Which souls transported to a second birth  
Pass in an instant when they soar from earth.

An interesting footnote is given on the above stanza. It says: "The sublime idea of the nonentity of death, of the instantaneous transit of the soul from one phase and cycle of being to another, is earnestly insisted upon by the early Cymrian bards, in terms which seem borrowed from some spiritual belief anterior to that which does in truth teach that the life of man, once begun, has not only no end, but no pause—and, in the triumphal cry of the Christian, 'O grave where is thy victory,' annihilates death."

There follow some stanzas showing that Nature can never fill the yearnings of man, and that his inborn instinct to look upward attests his glorious future. He is "earth's sole creature that conceives a heaven."

Now by the Iron Gate was a giant cloud, concealing the "form of Nature throned as Fate," and as the ghost spoke, suddenly there stood forth amidst the cloud an Image shining with heavenly radiance. In its right hand it bore a star-pointed glittering wand, and in the left a bright mirror.

It was the form of Arthur's "second soul"—the Phantom who had called him from a life of pleasure to one of toil. The radiant Splendour spoke and said how it had led him to each noble goal. "Dost thou not know me? Me, thy second soul?" it said, and showed him how it had "mirrored" his heart, and "starward" led his choice.

Showed all the woes which wait inebriate Power,  
And woke the Man from Youth's voluptuous dream;  
Glassed on the crystal—let each stainless hour

Obey the wand I lift into the beam ;  
And at the last when yonder gates expand,  
Pass with thy Guardian Angel hand in hand.

The Splendour passed away, and then Arthur turned his eyes  
to the pale Shade of him whom he had loved, and addressing it  
said that, whether he was dreaming or waking, all fear had gone,  
and that his soul, which had trembled at the Shade, was now  
yearning for the far light the Shade revealed,

And sees how human is the dismal error  
That hideth God, when velling Death in terror.

He implored the Shade, Heaven's Messenger, to speak, but,  
his mission ended, nothing more could be given, and the Ghost  
vanished.

We leave the story of the third Search, as related in the  
Poem, unfinished. But the *mystic* story is ended—the Dreamer  
awakes.

E. WILKINSON.

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### BRAHMAN

He is the Unseen Spirit which informs  
All subtle essences ! He flames in fire,  
He shines in Sun and Moon, Planets and Stars !  
He bloweth with the winds, rolls with the waves,  
He is Prajâpati, that fills the worlds !

He is the man and woman, youth and maid,  
The babe new-born, the withered ancient, propped  
Upon his staff ! He is whatever is—  
The black bee, and the tiger, and the fish,  
The green bird with red eyes, the tree, the grass,  
The cloud that hath the lightning in its womb,  
The seasons and the seas ! By Him they are,  
In Him begin and end.

JOHN EDWIN ARNOLD. *The Secret of Death.* P. 25.

## LIFE IN CRYSTALS

THE following article is the translation of an article which appeared in January in the *Nuova Parola*, with parts added from another article by the same author on the same subject, in the *Teosofia*; the latter has been corrected and enlarged by Prof. von Schrön, who gave it to me to add to this translation. He has himself been through this translation and added points that seemed necessary; the original author, Signor Giovanni Colazza, is one of those who appreciate the great work which is being accomplished by the Professor. It has been my privilege to follow many of these experiments in the laboratory of Professor von Schrön at Naples; it seemed to me as if *The Secret Doctrine* were being expounded, so many and so startling were the illustrations of life in matter thrown upon the screen before me. Like all pioneers, he is still doubted by the many scientists who remain in the ruts of a well-worn road; they stand aloof and criticise, whilst he vainly asks them to come to Naples, to verify his experiments, to follow his methods, and then to judge his deductions. This invitation he gives to all who are interested, and I can best aid his work by here making known his wish to all who desire to see for themselves how far his work is true. And may we not say of him as H. P. Blavatsky wrote of Sir William Crookes in 1884: "For now the chasm between the Occult 'superstitious and unscientific' teachings and those of 'exact' Science is completely bridged, and one, at least, of the few eminent chemists of the day is in the realm of the infinite possibilities of Occultism. Every new step he will take will bring him nearer and nearer to that mysterious Centre, from which radiate the innumerable paths that lead down Spirit into Matter, and which transform the Gods and the living Monads into Man and sentient Nature."—*The Secret Doctrine*, i. 604.

ISABEL COOPER-OAKLEY.

## LIFE IN CRYSTALS

A VIVID conception of Nature, such as is here attempted, which tries to find in natural objects the expression of living action, and not merely the effects of dead forces, does not lead, as some think, to baseless air-castles, for it does not set itself to study the life of nature in any other way than in its revelation through phenomena; and just as little does it exclude rigid investigation of the laws governing all natural phenomena; for it is exactly by the investigation of the laws within which, and the forces through which, life acts, that it hopes to arrive at a perception of what is given to life, according to the difference of its stages. The justification of the effort to comprehend all the phenomena of nature, not only in their external reactions, but also in their inner connection, as the data for a universal history of living nature, lies in the very nature of the human soul, in its connection, not merely external but inward and essential, with living nature. As the study of nature originally arose from the feeling of the intimate relationship between external nature and human nature, it is also its aim to grasp and bring to perception the furthest depths of this connection.—*Rejuvenescence in Nature* (Preface), Prof. A. BRAUN.

FOR the last eighteen years Professor Otto von Schrön has been following out with the quiet patience of conviction his experimental researches on the "Life in Crystals," and he has arrived at such marvellous results that a new field of investigation appears to be opening for science.

It is necessary to state at once that he did not begin his studies on this subject *ex professo*, but was indirectly attracted to them by observing the habits of crystals, and their way of behaving in the products of bacterial secretions.

But before entering, in detail, into his deductions, let us follow the method by which he attained his results. By employing powerful micro-photographic instruments—which allowed him to throw upon a screen the image of a preparation 400,000 times enlarged—he began to determine some new mode of generation in bacteria.

For example, there is a case in which the spore, after it has issued from the bacillus which generated it, begins by an internal germinal process to refill itself with a quantity of isodiametric bacilli; it then becomes a capsule and—at a certain moment—the pressure arising from the endogenous accumulation makes this capsule burst like a shell, and throw off new individuals, launching them forth to a certain distance. (*Fig. 1.*)



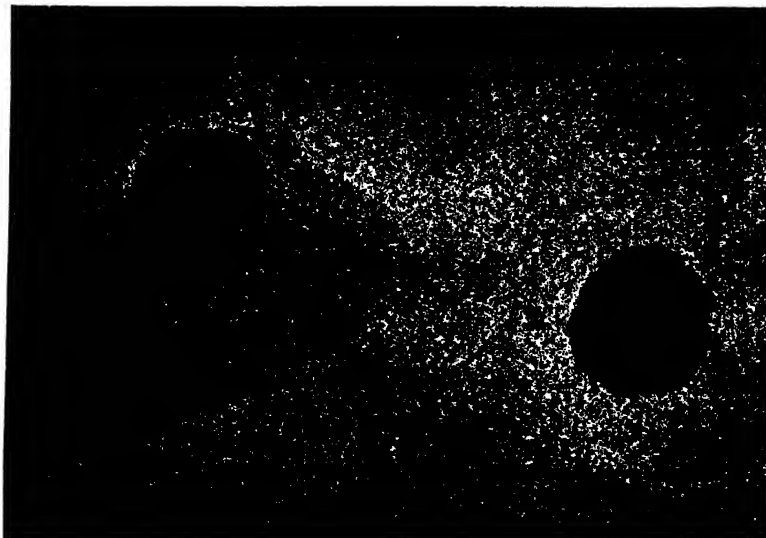


FIG. 1.

In another case it is a whole individual bacillus which detaches itself from a chain of bacteria, and assumes the form of a small bladder, a utricle—the cholera bacillus is a phase of the utricle, as Professor von Schrön has shown—and when it has reached a certain stage of development its evolution continues in the same way as the spore, *i.e.*, by becoming a capsule; but it differs from the one which was derived from the spore by the fact that in some cases it disseminates its bacilli *radially* instead of bursting like a shell as is the case with some kinds.

During the periods of active life special products of secretion are elaborated by them; and of these Professor von Schrön has distinguished four successive products:

- (1) A limpid serum product.
- (2) A gaseous product which issues in the form of bubbles.
- (3) A finely granulated albuminous substance which does not polarise nor crystallise.
- (4) A substance chiefly albuminous, which in an amor-

phous state first polarises, and then crystallises, assuming characteristic forms according to the bacteria from which it is derived. Now these crystals show vital phenomena, movement being one of the most elementary manifestations of life; but they show not only (1) individual motion, but also (2) a structural evolution in the matter of which they are constituted, and furthermore (3) an internal characteristic movement in the shape of vibrating waves. (*Fig. 2.*)

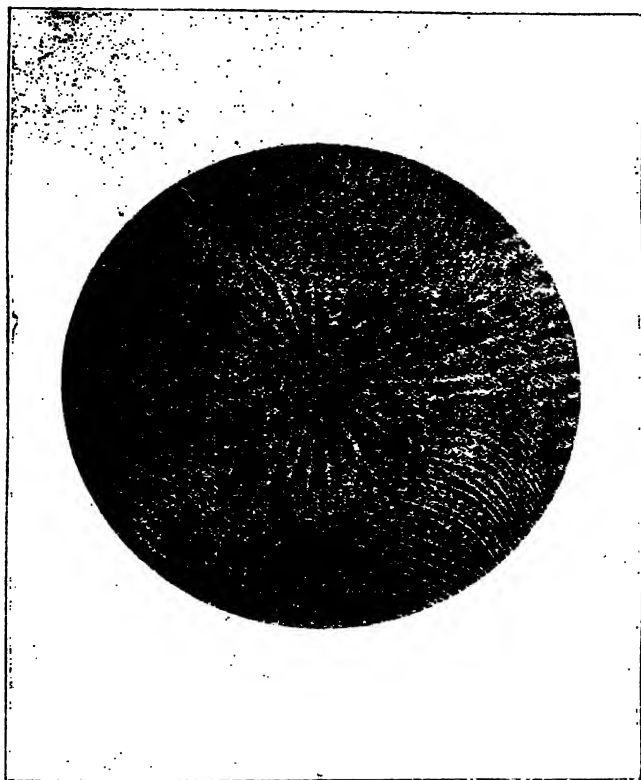


FIG. 2.

After this begins their first differentiation by the appearance of rounded elements (petroblasts), with two aspects, light and

dark, which are distinguished by the names protolitho-plasm, and deutero-litho-plasm.

In the crystals—as we have said—the internal movement is in the form of vibrating waves,\* at first internal, then all round, and on the surface (waves that are endo-crystalline, epi-crystalline, and peri-crystalline), and they are so active that they produce a development of heat which softens the gelatine with which they come into contact, and in the depths of the surrounding gelatinous matter (*coltura*) these waves may be clearly seen round about the crystals.

After a series of internal changes, the crystal becomes “grown up” and blunts its angles; it loses every characteristic of internal structure, because its elements dissolve themselves into a uniform hyaline mass; it gives no further sign of life; and remains in a fossilised state.

These crystals possess not only movement, but also the power of reproduction; for example, one may see the petroblasts at a certain phase change their position, and from being parallel to the median line (*Linea Mediana*) take up a position rectangular (*Linea Normale*) to it; and it is upon this line that a crystal doubles itself, and the two new individuals separate, and revolve round the *Linea Mediana*, or axial plane; this is generation by division. In another case the petroblasts become independent, develop themselves and, turning to the outside—raising the waves around the crystal—separate from it†; this is generation by budding.

Again, in another case, in the differentiation of the petroblasts, a new crystal will form itself and come to the surface of the mother-crystal; it will come out and withdraw itself by a double movement, propulsive and rotatory. This is generation by endogenesis, with emigration.‡ (*Fig. '3.*) Crystals have also a pathology of their own; for instance, the “generation by division”

\* The “waves” when seen on the screen, form a distinct graduated aura, very beautiful in form.—I. C.-O.

† *The Secret Doctrine*, ii. 123, 159, 167.

‡ The reproduction of the crystal by the method of endogenesis is identical with that of fungi, algæ, ferns, and other plants in which spores are formed within sporangia. The zoospores of algæ are well-known to possess the double motion, the propulsive and the rotary (which is, again, a representation, in the infinitely little, of the cosmic spiral motion in evolution): when this motion has ceased, they settle down and grow into a new individual alga.

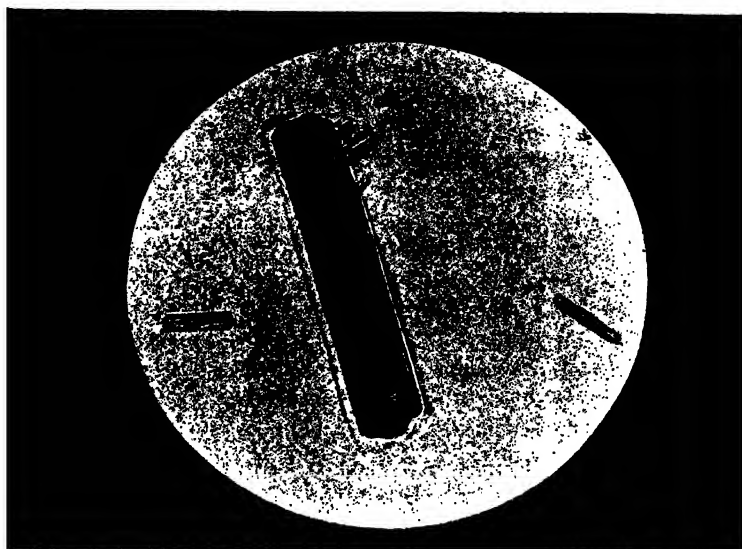


FIG. 3.

of a crystal may be suspended by a stoppage in development, and the crystal may become mature while remaining bifurcated; there are also to be found instances of torsion, erosion, softening, folding up; etc., and even cases of bleaching (albinism); the cholera bacteria (bacterium Coli) assume a dark coloration from a special endogenous pigment (chromatic autocthonous metamorphosis); if this is lacking the crystals remain white.



FIG. 4

But the vital phenomena do not end here; there are also phenomena which may be called social: for example, the struggle

for life may be seen; two crystals during their growth will meet at the same point, and one of them will end by absorbing the other, which is slowly destroyed; in this process the vibrating waves reappear in the one being absorbed for a certain time, but it ends by being dissolved. (*Fig. 4.*)

But the crystals of groups belonging to the same spore do not injure their respective individualities when they meet each other. There are people who, on hearing of these manifestations of life in crystals, take it as implying that these expressions denote that a real organic life is affirmed. But this would be an exaggeration of the supposition, for biologically the mineral life must be placed in an inferior grade to the lowest form of cell-life, and its activity might be called vital directly it is not explicable by simple physical and chemical facts; therefore it only remained for Prof. von Schrön to extend his researches to other organic and inorganic crystals, which he has done, and has arrived by purely experimental methods at results which he could not have foreseen, nor have even hoped for.

The first substance he studied was uric acid, and in the rhomboid which is formed in the uric nebula (uric-cloud), is found a first differentiation of proto-lithoplasm and deutero-lithoplasm, and next follows the formation of the petroblasts, and then the closing round of the rhomboid by means of a petro-

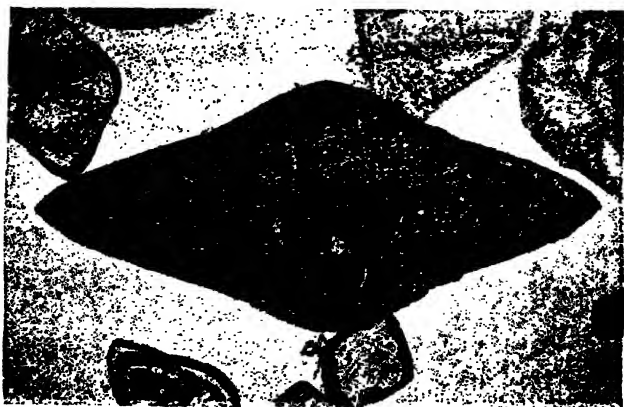


FIG. 5.

blastic membrane; at the next stage the limitation of the crystalline zone is constituted by petroblastic filaments, that are derived from the membrane, which transform each zone into a crystalline space (rhomboid): thus from the genuine primitive rhomboid and upon it spring up many small secondary rhomboids, not set in any definite position, which together form a relatively enormous crystalline mass. (Fig. 5.) This latter may undergo a superficial disaggregation, and even burst from the interior pressure due to the germinal crystalline hyper-tension, and the crystals that form this mass are launched forth to a distance. Not less fruitful in result has been the study of the genesis of the crystallisation of salts; for the first fact here ascertained is, that while many chemists maintained that there did not exist real solutions, but only suspensions of salts, Prof. von Schrön has demonstrated (by means of his great magnifications) that there is perfect homogeneity in a saturated solution of salts as seen in a closed hanging drop; but—at a certain moment—a differentiating force shows itself which gives rise to the plasm with the primitive granular appearance.

And at this point it is necessary to add a few general observations.

Spontaneous generation has been doubted by science, the experimental means by which it was thought possible to demonstrate it having been shown in part insufficient, and in part erroneous. But the ancient doctrine of Redi, "*Omne vivum ex ovo*," and the recent dogma enunciated by Virchow, "*Omnis cellula e cellula*," lose in value and scope before the fact that from the homogeneous solution of a salt there develops a thread-like plasm, and from this is produced—freely—the petro-cell; and by yet another fact, that the crystal has all the main qualities of an individuality before its birth from the mother (crystal) egg.

Hence we can suggest that, just as the barriers that separated the animal kingdom from the vegetable kingdom have long been swept away, so it may be that those barriers—which seemed impassable to experimental science—between the organic and the inorganic kingdoms may also be transcended. For there is no form in the universe which does not arise by an organic process, a living process; and it is this plasm that forms the

biological bases of the three kingdoms of Nature ; for wherever something is generated, a plasm is in activity, and after the first primitive granular appearance, which has been briefly mentioned in the crystalline solution, the first differentiation that appears is a plasmic network, followed by some petroblasts with the double aspects\* of proto-lithoplasm, and deutero-lithoplasm. Here, according to Professor von Schrön, life is definitely manifested, since we have an "antagonism between two primitive substances

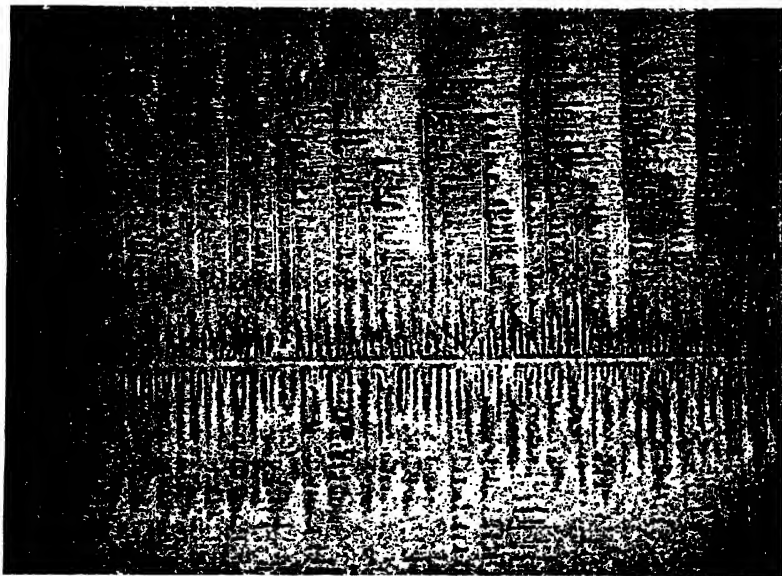


FIG. 6.

\* These appear to be two conditions, or aspects, of one substance, which function differently ; for the deutero-lithoplasm is the more passive of the two. The two aspects, "proto- and deutero-lithoplasm," into which the early plasmic structure of the crystal becomes differentiated, and which the author describes as consisting of an "antagonism between these two substances" in the elementary stages of crystal-life, this eventually giving rise to a harmony when the structure has reached perfection, remind us of the fundamental law of Duality, of the pairs of opposites existing on all planes of Nature ; this antagonism, which is the essence of life, this perpetual vibration from between two opposite poles, combined with on-ward motion, affords us the spiral path of evolution laid down by the Logos as the means of perfection for our universe. (See *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 124.)

With regard to the discovery that the crystal in its early stages increases in size by intussusception and later on by apposition, it is interesting to note that in plants the protoplasm of the cells possesses an interstitial growth, while the cell-wall surrounding and excreted by it as a secondary product is laid down and increases in area by the method of apposition.

with the object of forming an individual." In a later phase of development the embryo-crystals appear in a set order, and it is in this phase that "centres of force" become apparent which determine the regular aggregation of the crystals, and form—as we shall see—the starting-point in every crystalline formation. This force attracts the matter around an axis, which is not merely an ideal conception—as science has hitherto taught—but is a reality, and appears in a definite form in the photograph of the preparations, and—moreover—its development can be followed out in all its subsequent progressive evolution. (*Fig. 6.*)

This axis becomes the central line which, while determining the order according to which the crystals aggregate—is itself seen as a vacuum, or, at least, relatively so; this is a most important fact, demonstrating that the force which dominates matter is not itself inherent in matter, but is something outside of matter, and does not fall within the scope of our senses.

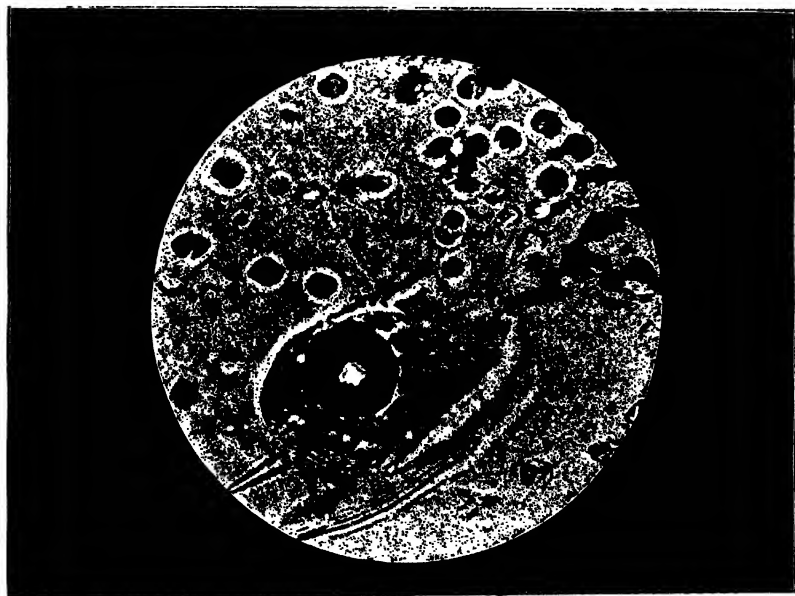


FIG. 7



Later on the axis fills with an amorphous matter which—as seen by this great process of magnification—is finely granulated; it becomes more visible and falls into parallel waves; these waves in breaking up give rise to the petroblasts, which arrange themselves according to a vertical series and form, with respect to the crystal, a figure that might be compared to the spinal cord of the embryo. In the last phase rhomboids are developed from the petroblasts, which fall into a tile-like formation along the chief axis, presenting thus an analogy to the spinal column. These phases may be best observed in alum, and in the acid of tungstate of soda. The petroplasm in various salts assumes different forms and varied modes of generation; for example, the petroplasm may condense itself into globular shapes, in which by successive endogenous processes small secondary globules are differentiated, which leave the original globule, the latter becoming at last completely crystallised. (*Fig. 7.*) In other salts we have real cells that generate the petroblasts and which are—in their turn—originated by spontaneous generation from the homogeneous petroplasm; and it is most necessary to keep in mind that every manifestation of life is linked with plasm, and that we may have germinal processes without the intervention of the cell, which is only a form—the most developed organic form—assumed by the plasm.\*

The structure of the petro-cell is most varied, and corresponds morphologically to the animal tissue. For example, those

\* Spontaneous generation of cells: this is one of the most startling and important results of the work of von Schrön; in plants, which must be regarded as exceedingly highly organised beings as compared with minerals, nothing of the sort is known or even conceivable; there, new cells are formed by indirect division of the nucleus of an already existing cell (a long and very complicated process). An important point to notice is this: that true cells having been discovered in a mineral, and their origin there, from a homogeneous matrix, accounted for, the transition in evolution from a mineral (hitherto conceived as totally different in structure and constitution from any plant with cellular structure) to a vegetable becomes infinitely more comprehensible, for both are now shown, at least at certain stages of growth, to possess a cellular structure. All this applies equally well to the remarkable discovery of a plasmic network preceding cell-formation in the salt. In fact, what von Schrön has apparently done is to supply that which for ages has been missing, one of the most important and tangible links connecting the mineral and vegetable kingdoms. Theosophy and the ancient Scriptures have told us, and are telling us, that there is no break between these two kingdoms; Science alone could demonstrate the truth of this in a manner suited to the mental capacities and tastes of the age; this now seems to have been in considerable measure accomplished by von Schrön, and forms another chapter in the enduring and far-reaching work in which Prof. J. C. Bose, of Calcutta, has recently so ably and admirably participated (see THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, July, 1901).

of salicylic acid in their outlines and dispositions resemble the epithelium (the cells of the marrow in young bones, and the nervous cells of the cortex of the brain). In the petro-cell we have division and budding, and a special method of endogenous generation which is afforded by the expulsion of the nucleus now transformed into a crystal; after which a new nucleus is generated from these contents. From all this it may be deduced that from a homogeneous saline solution deprived of definite and visible germs, or, in other words, from a morphologically undifferentiated liquid, proceeds a living plasm with permanent and hereditary qualities. Generalising on these researches, Professor von Schrön asked himself whether also in igneous rocks crystals had not a vital process which might imply that this living plasm has an inherent property of resistance to high temperature, and he has traced this petroplastic formation in lava, in bricks, and also in pottery, but not in glass, where every appearance of plasm is destroyed by complete fusion. Hence he concludes that this differentiated condition of plasm, *i.e.*, the petroplasm, is to be found in all processes of mineral formation, and is not affected by very high temperatures.

In fact, the entire cosmogenesis is (it seems) dependent on this plasm, or, to put it more precisely, on a primitive plasm, called by Prof. von Schrön, proto-bioplasm, which would still be found in the nebulae. The further differentiations are the petroplasm, of which we have spoken, the basis of mineral life; phytoplasm, or vegetable plasm; zooplasm, or animal plasm; and finally, anthropoplasm, of which we can see the importance. The higher the plasm the more differentiated it is, and the more it tends to present the karyokinetic formation of the cell. Every further development, on higher planes, is due to the consecutive differentiation of this plasm; this law of differentiation implies that of progressive perfection, since each development is usually more perfect of its kind. The evolution of this plasm in the various kingdoms of nature takes place on parallel lines and in its varied modes of organisation certain typical forms are always recurring. Everything, we repeat again, exists as an organism; or has so existed. Even the so-called purely chemical processes, *i.e.*, the combination of an acid with a base

to form a salt, develop at a certain phase vital phenomena in this sense : that at the moment the salt is produced there appears and disappears rapidly a *filiformplasm*,\* and this moment is also characterised by an elevation of temperature. It is necessary to remember that as life varies much in intensity and extension from man to man, so also there is a most stupendously differentiated and extended scale from crystal to man.†

We have emphasised the all-important theory of which Prof. von Schrön is proving the truth, that there exists a force which dominates, organises and harmonises matter : which produces "centres of force" around which matter aggregates; alum affords a typical case, showing most clearly the formation of axes ; in other cases similar "centres of force" arrange their matter into the form of spirals, crosses and stars with five rays clearly delineated. The axes of the crystal demonstrate its individuality in an indisputable manner. For during the process of differentiation in the uric nebula we see first an isolated angle, named by Prof. von Schrön the primitive or dominant angle; later, in front of this appears another, called a diagonal angle; these are not, at first, united, but are at a distance from each other, yet there is, between them, an invisible link; for if the primitive angle is displaced there is a corresponding simultaneous deviation in the diagonal angle. There is a disruption of continuity, but an absolute correspondence. And there exists, at this period, the axis which later appears as a vacuum in the crystalline mass. This is not all, for after the uric-rhomboid form has completely outlined itself, there arise upon it some filiform masses of petroplasm, which then begin to differentiate in themselves, successively, the dominant angle, and the diagonal

\* Hitherto theosophical students have been content to see in the mere phenomena of chemical affinity evidence of life of an isolated kind in the lower world; but now, the appearance of this plasmic network at once raises this conception of life in the mineral world to a far higher level; no longer does there yawn such a gulf as previously between the vital phenomena of chemical combination and those of vegetable functions. In the acid and base we have the antagonistic elements, the pair of opposites, whose union produces the true mineral individual, *vis.*, the salt, which must be regarded as the only complete product in nature; acids and bases, as representing incomplete substances, halves, rarely exist permanently in a state of isolation and separateness; sooner or later they combine together to form the individual, the salt; and it is precisely during this important process (comparable to the fusion of male and female nuclei in plants and animals in order to form a new individual) that the plasmic network appears.

† *The Secret Doctrine*, I. 124, "Nature correlates her geometrical forms," etc.

angle of a second rhomboid, which utilises—so to say—the same axis as the first rhomboid, developing itself upon it in the same position; and now comes a strange phenomenon: before the angles form themselves the axis presents a resistance to the advance of the petroplasmic threads, which, arising from the periphery of the genuine rhomboid, bend themselves towards the principal axis of that rhomboid, but on reaching it, as if repelled by an invisible obstacle, curve back again (as it were in a handle) toward the periphery from which they started, returning thus to the original periphery. As soon as the primitive angle of the second rhomboid is formed, at the junction of such a petroplasmic line, these petroplasmic threads may extend beyond the original axis, and they may surpass it.

This very important fact is, according to Prof. von Schrön, a confirmation of this individualising power on matter not yet organised: we must pass over other instances which illustrate this force which governs matter, but even one instance serves to show its peculiar character; the slight outline here given is but an infinitesimal part of what the Professor has explained in his conferences, and has demonstrated by means of many hundreds of micro-photographs of negatives, and dia-positives projected by electric light. But he is not only a workman of science but a genius, for he has derived from his researches a conception of a religious system in the universe. He sees no contradiction between religion and science, but asserts that his "religious feeling has developed itself in direct proportion to his penetration into the so-called secrets of Nature." Of this deeper aspect of his studies he does not speak to the public, but reserves these views and deductions for his friends and pupils.

"Matter," he says, "has nothing base, or low, in it, it is essentially noble, it is divine"; matter lives, and ever tends to differentiation, and in the process of this differentiation it becomes perfected. From perfection is born liberty—and thence comes vice; the more elevated a condition of matter the more easily does it corrupt itself.

Such are a few of the interesting hypotheses into which these studies have led the Professor.

With regard to this force which dominates matter, he says it

is "perhaps a kind of ether"; but in using the term "perhaps," the Professor makes the following reservation; he is himself convinced of it, but as he cannot yet experimentally prove it, he uses this word, and in saying a "kind of ether" he means that this ether is constitutionally very different from, and subtler than, the ether that gives us the electric and luminous undulations.

Another point of interest is that he assigns to man a special quality of plasm very different from that of the ordinary animal kingdom. We know that he does not admit the Darwinian theory, and he attributes to man—while submitting him to the law of heredity—an especial evolution in the scale of beings. He regards, moreover, the present condition of man as but a passing phase towards a stage of superior development infinitely greater with regard to his relation to other beings, and a step to a far greater perfection with regard to himself.

As to what Prof. von Schrön feels about his researches, this may be given in a very brief sentence: he only asks that those who doubt should go to him, follow his methods, and judge for themselves.

GIOVAN NI COLAZZA.

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THE more a man loves the more he suffers. The sum of possible grief for each soul is in proportion to its degree of perfection. . . .

The beautiful souls of the world have an art of saintly alchemy, by which bitterness is converted into kindness, the gall of human experience into gentleness, ingratitude into benefits, insults into pardon. And the transformation ought to become so easy and habitual that the lookers-on may think it spontaneous, and nobody give us credit for it.—AMIEL's *Journal*, pp. 146, 147.

## A DREAM

THE following is an account of a dream which a friend recently had, and conforming, as it does, so faithfully with the conditions which, in a general way, we have learned may be expected in a case such as the one appearing to the dreamer, I have thought the incident sufficiently interesting to have my friend write out the dream for the readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, and I give it in her own words :

“ I was apparently a man about fifty years old, standing at the foot of a bier upon which I saw my own body stretched. I felt very sorry for the body, not as it lay resting now but for all it had had to endure from itself. The door opened and my little child, a girl about five, ran into the room. She had some flowers to lay upon the corpse, but in doing so she ran right through me. I did not feel a hurt or even an inconvenience from this act, but I felt the indignity and an impulse to correct the child for rudeness, when I realised with a pang that the child did not perceive me. The child went out and my wife entered : she was a very resolute-looking woman with bitter lines about the mouth. She arranged the hair of the corpse about the temples and I saw a hole and remembered that I had committed suicide. I then began to wonder why I had done it. I could remember some vague, harassing troubles, lack of success in business, lack of sympathy at home, a prolonged mood of sordid melancholy and depression, a loss of any sense of worthiness in life, and a complete sense of frustration, of powerlessness in making these circumstances plastic to the will. Yet none of these matters seemed sufficient to account for the deed. I remembered the room in which I had done it, the excitement, emotion and misery, a nervous twitch of the finger with the trigger, a time of confused consciousness, a pause, and I stood outside myself, very much relieved, watching people break in the door. As I stood at the foot of the bier I

realised that, in the flesh, I had somehow lost all sense of proportionate values, that everything had presented itself to my mind in a distorted shape. I could not discriminate real trouble from imaginary. My wife called in my son, a boy about fifteen; they talked together across the body; the boy seemed sullen; she told him he must not judge, and said something about 'whatever he suffered in life, in death let him find loyalty.' She made him give his hand to her over the body as a pledge. I found myself saying, 'but she never was a soft woman.' After this the dream was full of detail but my memory of it is blurred. I went to my funeral, felt an interest in all the people there, even looking to see if the friends I expected were there. I passed through all the carriages on the way to the grave, and noticed that while my wife and her brother spoke in a kind way, she especially insisting upon good points in me, and that no judgment must be passed, the pall-bearers were only surprised that my worldly affairs were right enough and that there was no assignable cause of suicide. In the further carriage people were pitying my wife and children and were blaming me. I felt rather resentful at this. When I saw the earth go down on to the coffin I felt rather relieved, and as if I were saying, 'I'm well rid of that.' Then I hastened to get into a carriage, fearing to be left behind.

"Then followed what must have been a week or ten days of extreme boredom. I wandered about my house and watched my wife and son. Their lives seemed to me appallingly futile and sordid, and I saw a thousand things I might have done to lighten the burden and each time there was a poignant sorrow that I was apparently no longer in a world of cause and effect. I much desired to give my wife advice about money matters, but found I could not make any suggestions to her. At night especially I was overwhelmed by the dullness of existence. I went out sometimes to watch the stars and I was afraid of them. I finally came upon the idea of going back to France to see an old friend. I realised that I could move, by impulse, over large spaces, but I disliked using any other mode of motion than the one I was accustomed to in the body, so I decided to go to New York by train, as usual, and take the ship to France. It almost annoyed me to remember that I need not buy a ticket for the train. In

getting upon the ship I actually stopped to reflect that I need no longer be afraid of shipwreck or seasickness. I was very lonely on board, because no one spoke to me. I saw people all the time and could sometimes grow quite interested in what they said and did, but it was irksome that they offered me not even a smile or a greeting. One day I lay on the canvas of a life-boat looking at the stars. I came upon the thought that in my life I had failed by refusing to be at the centre of being, using everything that came to hand and neglecting vital interests, and I realised that I was erring again along the same lines, that I ought to accept the new mode of being and move in a natural way. Then almost immediately I was in the room of the lady I had gone to see, in a chateau in Tours, France. The lady was holding a pistol ; I knew her thoughts to be just what mine had been when I killed myself. I knew that once it was done she would regret it as I did, and would feel her chances somehow diminished thereby in her next state. I felt I must somehow interfere with her ; I spoke, I put my hand on the pistol, I tried every means and nothing resulted. She never raised her eyes. Then I thought, if I could only be less vaporous, she would surely see me. I crouched low and squeezed myself. It was great agony, like the very throes of death. There was a scream : the lady threw away the pistol and called someone, saying there was a mud turtle crawling across the floor. I gave another wrench, the pain again was very great ; I was bigger than before, and I moved very lightly on a moon-beam out of the room and over the tops of the trees. It was a wonderful night and I thought I would go straight upward. But first I wanted to see what had happened to the lady. I floated past her window and found her kneeling by it, looking out and up. I think that was the end."

It may be stated that my friend is not sufficiently conversant with theosophical teachings to have evolved a pretty story therefrom. Indeed, I am not sure that, had she been perfectly familiar with the literature, she could at all have found therein suggestions for many incidents of the story. The fact is that what she saw seemed new and strange, and she has no theory upon which to base an explanation of an experience so vivid and unique.



A curious feature of the dream is the impression brought back by the dreamer that in some way she herself was the hero of the drama. This, I believe, is not an uncommon experience among those who are so fortunate as to be awake to the life of the plane above us; and in support of this I might cite an instance mentioned in one of a series of intensely interesting papers which, for some unfortunate reason, have disappeared from the pages of the REVIEW—greatly to the regret, as I feel, of the whole body of theosophical readers. The instance is as follows:

“‘It is curious what tricks one’s etheric brain often plays one in these matters,’ remarked the Scholar. ‘I often find myself in the morning recalling the events of the night as though I had myself been the hero of the tragedy in which I was simply a helper. For instance, the other night, up in the hills among the fighting, I was doing my best to avert a serious accident, and in the course of the work had to help one of our Tommies, who was bringing up a gun, driving at a headlong pace down a break-neck sort of path, and it seemed to my waking memory that I had been driving the horses myself. And I remember one night when I had tried to drag a fellow away who was working in a building where there was going to be a big explosion, and had failed to make him move, that when the explosion came I went up with him, and explained to him as he shot out of his body that it was all right, and that there was nothing to be alarmed about. The next morning the impression on my mind was that I had been exploded, and thought it was all right after all, and I could taste the choking gas and the mud and slush quite plainly.’

“‘Yes, you have an odd way of identifying yourself with the people you help,’ commented the Shepherd. ‘It seems a kind of sympathy, making you experience for the time just what they experience, and on waking the brain mixes up the identities, and appropriates the whole!’” (“In the Twilight,” THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, vol. xxii., p. 277.)

A probable explanation is that the story discloses facts occurring in the life of some person whom my friend must have met on the astral plane, while absent from her sleeping body; and that listening sympathetically to his story, as I am sure would

be the case, she brought back the memory to her brain as a personal experience.

As to the story itself, it is noticeable how curious was the effect produced by the effort made at materialisation, and at first one is apt to see in the mud turtle a rather ludicrous and unnatural touch, robbing the whole incident of its probable reality ; but on further thought our turtle would seem to provide a result not so illogical after all. It will be seen that in trying to make himself visible the man was plainly performing an act of the rationale of which he knew nothing. Had he known, he most probably would have drawn into his astral body the materials needed to cause it to reflect light on the plane below, and he could thus have made himself seen in his own proper form. But he appears to have proceeded in quite another, and as it would seem less natural way, by endeavouring to compress the astral body itself into something visible. It perhaps is not impossible that the result of this would have been to make some small shapeless mass ; and as it is not likely that a woman under the stress of contemplated suicide would be in a mental state conducive to accuracy in observing any strange object she might see, the turtle idea might well have been a mistake of the observer.

A. P. WARRINGTON.

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ONE mode of the divine teaching is the incarnation of the spirit in a form—in forms like my own. I live in society ; with persons who answer to thoughts in my own mind, or express a certain obedience to the great instincts to which I live. I see its presence to them. I am certified of a common nature ; and these other souls, these separated selves, draw me as nothing else can. They stir in me the new emotions we call passion ; of love, hatred, fear, admiration, pity ; thence come conversation, competition, persuasion, cities and war. . . Persons themselves acquaint us with the impersonal. In all conversation between two persons tacit reference is made, as to a third party, to a common nature. That third party, or common nature, is not social ; it is impersonal ; is God.

EMERSON, *Essays*. "The Oversoul."

## THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF MIND

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 92)

THE human brain is the topmost branch of a growth whose seedling was rooted far back, not in geological but in planetary time ; although far removed from its seedling stage, it has by no means reached its maturity ; it is still climbing up along the road from better to best. So far, we have managed to evolve five senses, though it is obvious these are not the limit ; for, as we are well aware, some few of our race have brought a sixth sense into active working order. Some of the lower animals possess sense-organs, fully equipped with nerves, that cannot be relegated to any of the five senses we cognise, and yet their structure shows them to be as much sense-organs as our own nerve structures for seeing or hearing. Even within the boundaries of the five senses there are endless possibilities of which we still remain in ignorance. Animals see what we cannot see, hear what we cannot hear, smell what we cannot smell, distinguish colours—such as the ultra-violet—that are quite invisible to us ; and it is certain that the familiar world with which our range of nervous vibrations surrounds us will present quite a different aspect to many, if not to all, the members of the animal kingdom.

As already stated, nerves are modified cells. When living cells cease to multiply by division, then begins their growth period and those variations in chemical constitution which fit them for the exercise of diverse functions. They are now functional cells, and the next stage will see the localisation or formation of organs by means of which the functioning can be expressed. "Always the organ comes after the function."

Grouped into an organ they form a unit, in this case the central nervous system, composed of the brain and spinal cord, which we may describe as a mass of nerve elements embedded in

a matrix of supporting and nourishing tissue. Co-extensive with the central system is the sympathetic. Some little idea of the vast amount of work performed by the evolving life will be gathered from the fact that at the end of the third month of embryonic life, when cell division ceases, it is computed that the average number of nerve cells is some 3,000 millions.\* \*

The number of nerve elements prior to birth is, we perceive, a fixed quantity; but it does not follow that all the cells attain to their possible maximum of development at this, or any subsequent stage. While it is computed that a number become fully functional before birth, the great majority, as would be inferred, take on those chemical modifications, which are characteristic of structural nerve development, at later periods, and there appears to be no fixed time at which the functional activities of the already-formed cells cease. Accepting the histological evidence that the number of nerve-units packed into the foetal brain is the same as that of the adult, we are prepared for the further statement that differences in size of brain are accounted for by increase in the volume of the cells. The observations of His on this interesting point have led to the conclusion that the cells at maturity are, in volume, some 377 times larger than in the earlier period. The increase is not an all-round one. Some cells grow beyond, while others keep below the average, and, as regards the development by increase of a large proportion of this tissue in later life, much depends upon the character of the stimuli applied to them directly, by the will of the Thinker who stands behind the physical instrument.

Taking the brain as a whole, we may think of it as a re-acting organism which, in the long course of evolutionary cycles, has provided itself with certain appliances for the reception of vibratory stimulations and for the transformation of these either into muscular or mental activities; each nerve in the vast number that makes up the whole being an easily excitable battery of vital energy, so unstable in constitution that the slightest disturbances necessitate readjustments in its molecular groupings, this instability being a requisite condition for swift changes of static into dynamic energy.

\* Meynert, His, and others.

Not many years ago *nerve-cells* and *nerve-fibres* were regarded as distinct one from the other, in structure and in function; later research, however, has conclusively proved that the ganglion-cell and the fibres are one, the latter being outgrowths from the cell-substance which shoot into the matrix of the brain in every direction. In like manner the peripheral nerves, whose ganglia are ranged down each side of the spine, start in the cell and ramify therefrom through the muscular structures, finally reaching some special organ, or continuing their course until they end in the pacinian and other skin terminals.

And here, once more, the notable fact, "as above so below," comes fully into recognition, for no matter how remotely-related various parts of a body may appear, it is ever clearer, as we pursue our study, that the Point in the Centre is the governing and controlling factor of the life mechanism. As the intricate nervous system develops, in answer to the needs of the life, always struggling to express itself more and more completely, those mental pictures which are permanent records of every volition and feeling that connect the life within with the life without are photographed on the nuclei of the many grey cells, each cell retaining its own memories, for "no one cell can translate or perform the duties of another." While separate thought images are localised and cells are spatially removed one from the other, each process of memory can be coupled with other processes by means of the association outgrowths. For ingathering and for outgoing purposes the living nerve-cell establishes a web-like connection of fine white conducting fibres to which the term "nerve" is frequently applied, but these form the conducting media only, they are the telegraph wires along which motion travels and by means of which the constituent cells can connect one with the other to form a harmonious whole. Each fibre is a prolongation or growth out of the cytoplasm of its own cell. Some of the most important and interesting features in the constructive development of the nerve elements are to be found in connection with the medullation, or sheathing, of these fibrillar outgrowths; future possibilities of nerve and brain function being largely dependent on the proper sheathing of the fibres at the proper time. During the early stages of embryonic life, nerve

substance is represented by grey matter only; this, so-called, "grey" being in reality an indeterminate mixture of cells and fibres with no arborisation or outshoots. It is not until the fibres elongate and become sheathed with a non-conducting, isolating, densifying tissue that the particular senses or organs to which they are attached become able to function. At, or about, the fifth month the foetal nerves commence the process of surrounding the prolongations with their medullary sheaths. This is carried on rapidly up to birth, and then, more gradually, through early childhood, youth, and according to Donaldson, up to and beyond the forty-fifth year, "medullation being greater in brains of individuals between thirty-eight and forty-five years than in that of a youth of eighteen." Probably the final cessation of medullation will occur when senile changes in the cell itself set in, but, on this point there is, I believe, no evidence that could be taken as proof. The nerves to medullate first are those which will be called upon to function first, as the reflex tracts which regulate circulation, breathing, digestion; then the motor and sensory nerves which carry sensations to and from the central system. The nerves that first come into full functional activity are, we perceive, those upon which the life and well-being of the body itself depend, and, in the normal subject, these elements remain through life larger in size than any of the others.

It is to be noted that at birth the connections with the higher brain centres are wanting; intelligence, the power of thought, have no part to fulfil at this early period, when the Ego has not taken possession of his vehicles; therefore "the fibres in the encephalon become only slowly medullated, so that from birth to maturity there is an increase of the portion medullated."\*

A detailed description of the various elements which make up the nerve would necessarily be so complicated, that I will adopt Schäfer's simple definition, and speak of it with its prolongations, connections and terminal brushes, as a "neuron," literally "nerve-cell." Each neuron of the myriads in the system is a separate anatomical and physiological unit, a brain in and by itself. Allchin describes the whole as "a concatenation of neurons." Jakob tells us that "the complex nerve-cell with its

\* Donaldson's *Growth of the Brain*.

accompanying nervous prolongations in its entirety is a neuron, that is, a nerve unit." By reference to the diagram we see how every nervous path comprises a series of neurons communicating with, but in no case having actual structural connection with, other neurons. We note that the arborisations of one neuron dovetail with those of the contiguous one, somewhat as the cogs of a wheel may do; though it is extremely doubtful whether there is—as some assert—actual contact between nerve and nerve.

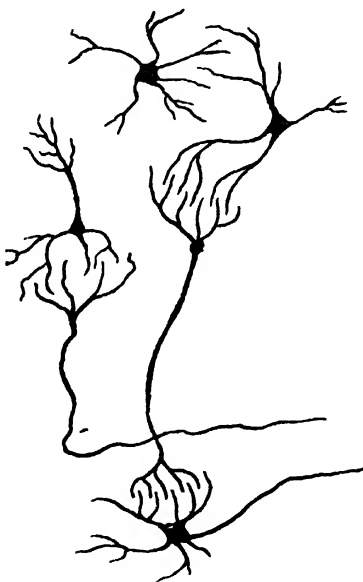


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING CONSTRUCTION OF NERVE TRACTS.

If not, then we have to inquire how the waves of change, which constitute a nervous message, bridge the gaps, for, though to the lay mind nothing would seem more simple than for the translatory movement to leap across so microscopical a space, yet to the expert so many difficulties presented themselves that active search was made to discover what the scientific mind felt to be a real missing-link. Years before, had our neurologists but

known it, they might have read of this "missing-link" in the pages of *The Secret Doctrine*, and have turned their hypotheses then into solid fact. Scattered here and there in the writings of H. P. B., we find allusions to "life currents which thrill through the organisms of every living thing on earth." "It is called nervous excitation, but no one, except the occultist, knows the reason of such nervous perturbation, or explains the primary causes of it."\* "Prana pervades the whole living body of man . . . It is the action of Fohat upon a compound or even upon a simple body that produces life."† She also gives this quotation from Éliphas Lévi: "It is through this force (Prana) that all the nervous centres communicate with each other."‡ Again H. P. B. speaks of the Upâdhis or carriers of this universal life-force, and it is clear she spoke of a force which acted independently of the physical nerve-tissue, of that which, being the ultimate force, set the bodily forces in motion. To-day we have Prof. A. J. Thomson speaking of the necessity for some common medium which shall link up all the parts of the body, and pointing to "protoplasmic continuity as one of the various possible ways by which influences might pass." Jakob, after pointing out that modifications of nerve-impulse will occur at the intercellular gaps—these gaps affording a means of isolation of one conductor from the next—proceeds to say: "In all probability there exists a neuron anastomosis between protoplasmic prolongations. Transference of excitation takes place through the occurrence of motion in these terminations." Bearing in mind the fact that the life-force requires a vehicle for its propagation, the Theosophist will be prepared to find that, in some way, it courses through the system by means of channelled passages. Now Schäfer, when writing of these protoplasmic threads which have long been known to connect not only animal but also plant tissues—those fine threads which ray out from cell to cell—goes on to speak of still finer ones which pass from neuron to neuron in the forward direction of the impulses. These are "protoplasmic fibrils, distinct from the reticulum, running through the protoplasm from and into the several nerve processes. Apäthy has been able to show that these

\* *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 588.

† *Ibid.*, i. 573.

‡ *Ibid.*, i. 279.



fibrillæ are not only continuous throughout the whole of any one nerve-cell and its processes, but exhibit continuity from cell to cell, and form a network in the intercellular substance, or grey matter, of the nerve centres. There is some reason to believe that the nerve fibrils are tubular . . . They are prone after death. . . . When photographed with a very high magnifying power (they) have a distinctly tubular appearance. . . . The existence of the fibrils being pre-supposed, then, these are the parts of the elements along which the conduction of nerve impulses actually takes place. If this is so we can conceive that nervous impulses might pass along such minute tubes in the form of a chemical change from molecule to molecule."

Truly Wisdom—the Ancient Wisdom—is justified of her child!

From the foregoing we shall have gathered that the physical brain is composed of small structural elements embedded in a considerably larger mass of nourishing tissue. These cells are unstable in shape and in size, being but a small fraction of a millimetre in diameter; and their ability to functionate as nerves depends on the development of certain offshoots. Simple branchings co-exist with elementary functions and states of feeling; while the character of the intelligent movements in the brain cortex is shown by the complexity of the lateral branches from the main prolongation—the *dendron* as it is called.

Experiment has fully proved that the outgrowths are, practically, infatigable; no change in chemical constitution takes place and no heat is given off by reason of excitation. Very different results are obtained from the centre of the neuron. All the grey cells throw down acid and give off an appreciable quantity of heat after exercise, either muscular or strictly mental; in fact, nerve cells are much more readily exhausted than are the muscles. When, for example, the body tires from prolonged muscular exertion, the "fatigue curves" demonstrate that the nerves, which supply the motive power for action, have lost more than the muscles. So great is the normal waste of nerve tissue that the larger mass of the brain may well be compared with an irrigation field, with machinery constantly employed to pump in (if it can get it) fresh nutritive fluids for the depleted cells.

We come into incarnation equipped with so many brain cells, and that their number is fixed shows us that each has a fixed sum of available capital; this capital being that amount of our past possessions which is handed over, by the Lords of Karma, for us to trade with as we please. The quantity varies with the individual; he who, as the result of past achievement, brings over a big capital, will be able to invest it to secure larger returns than will the man whose cell potentialities are less; for it is not possible to get beyond a fixed maximum interest for the capital in hand; though it is safe to say a few people so invest as to obtain their maximum, while, by reason of errors in early educational efforts, many draw too largely on the capital itself and are on their way to the Court of Nervous Bankruptcy at a time when they should be reaping their most bountiful harvest of interest on the original capital.

The large size of the frontal human brain, as compared with that of the lower animals, as also the difference in size, not of the whole brain but of the frontal lobes, in the man of high intellectual attainments in comparison with men of fewer capacities, is so marked that it is frequently spoken of, especially by phrenologists, as the seat of the intellectual faculties. Undoubtedly it is here, in the area of the anterior cortex, that the links are made between lower Manas and the physical cells, but: What is an intellectual faculty? Is it possible so to sort out intelligent acquisitions that we could place our finger on any one particular craniological spot, or bump, and say:—Here resides this or that independent intelligence? Hardly! Certain centres there are which are definitely located; for whenever a function separates itself from the mass as a something with a particular work to do, then, requiring a vehicle for the manifestation of its peculiar impulses, it differentiates out certain cells to respond to certain vibrations only, centralising these in a convenient locality. Thus there are localities where groups of neurons respond to vibrations of light only, or of sound: centres accurately mapped out of motor and sensory areas.

It does not seem to me possible—I may be wrong—to localise intelligence in “mind-stuff,” as Clifford called it, for here we trench on the domain of the Thinker himself, on the borderland

which separates mind from matter. The more carefully the brain is studied the plainer it becomes that the wide area of grey cells and neuron tracts, included in the anterior divisions, is a storehouse, or a collection of storehouses, for intelligent memories. Having once learnt to vibrate to the rate of some special thought impulse, the memory of that vibration is impressed on the cytoplasm of the cell, so that upon future repetition of similar stimuli, changes are set up in the unstable cytoplasm which, rhythmically, impel response to the accustomed vibration; for memory is but the repetition of past actions. There is no such thing as mental action apart from movement, and the Self, in its mānasic vehicle, is the factor who sends down the character of the movement to be expressed, thrown outwards, on the physical plane.

At this juncture, when a new phrenology is being reared on the ashes of the old, it may not be uninteresting to quote Professor Ferrier's conclusions on this matter. "We have," he writes, "many grounds for believing that the frontal lobes, the cortical centres for the head and ocular movements, with their associated sensory centres, form the substrata of those psychical processes which lie at the foundation of the higher intellectual operations. It would, however, be absurd to speak of a special seat of intelligence or intellect in the brain. Intelligence and Will have no local habitation distinct from the sensory and motor substrata of the cortex generally. There are centres for special forms of sensation and ideation, and centres for special motor activities and acquisitions in response to, and in association with, the activity of sensory centres, and these, in their respective cohesions, actions and interactions, form the substrata of mental actions."

Going back to the time of birth, we note again that though the number of nerve cells has reached its full complement, the large majority are not yet functionally or structurally perfect. Many are not medullated and, perhaps, the majority of the cortex cells are minus the branching processes. Remembering that insulation precedes the ability to functionate we now see the significance of this process. As already stated, the first cells to ray out fibres, which are then sheathed, are those which regulate the vital processes, and these are actively functioning prior to birth. A

cursory examination of the infant head shows, quite plainly, that development is pronounced at the back portions of the cranium and almost nil at the frontal areas. Nerve growth always means, not the numerical increase of cells, but the expansion of existing cells from within to without. Where the life needs the increase it makes it. Theosophically we hold that the Ego does not, normally, take full grip of his vehicles before the seventh year, and this is quite in accord with present-day scientific knowledge of this important subject. In the newly-born child no medullated fibres of the frontal lobes are to be found; and certain it is that, for some five to seven years, the child should grow, as plants and animals grow, without brain effort, thus building up strong centres for the vital needs of the body. To the lower brain and spinal cord are relegated the duties of carrying on the life processes, for all that is requisite, before the Ego lays hold of his new vehicle, is the functioning of organs to express animal needs. When the Ego comes into his house the anterior brain begins to move of its own accord, and slowly, very slowly, does the unforced frontal part develop. From infancy to maturity, and even beyond, neurons grow and the insulating process is carried on. This, if healthy, proceeds under two conditions:—1, that good use is made by the Thinker of this plastic material which ramifies into the matrix of the brain in response to his concentrated thought; 2, that no forcing measures are adopted.

Brain education should be, and indeed is, whether we will or not, a continuing process. We fix periods for formal educational acquirements; so many months, or years, when certain amounts of learning are to be impressed on the neurons. But this is only a part, a very small part. The most important educational work for each and all is in the daily life, when, almost without effort, we follow, minute by minute, our natural bent and build up character for future lives. It is along grooves of thought of constant repetition that abiding tracks are made. Much of the education of the schools, as alas! we all can testify, is easily wiped off the recording surfaces; but habits, daily habits, cling and are strenuous in their objection to be obliterated.

At birth the frontal lobes are blank pages, waiting to be engraved with the lines of life's experiences. The cells—the

potentialities—are all there, but the conditions for organising, for acquiring knowledge remain unfulfilled.

The plant grows into stem and leaves and perfect flower by reason of appropriate nourishment selected by, and conveyed to, every distant part, from the tender rootlet which, hidden in the earth, creeps hither and thither in search of the wherewithal to live and grow. So, too, Ramon y Cajal, greatest of living histologists, compares the lengthening of the neuron from its tip to the action of a growing rootlet. As the powers of the mind are condensed upon the brain cell, the long neuron process, modifying portions of the cytoplasm as food for its growth, begins to shoot from the cell as does the root from a germinating seed; out into the cortex it makes its way, ploughing to the right and to the left, making connections and cross connections, pathways here and pathways there, until the Thinker's brain is furrowed into multitudinous tracks. Every fibre of the neuron is a pathway for a thought, or sensation; every cell is a granary where the harvests are gathered. Not one thought has ever agitated the sensitive molecules of the neuron-pathways that has not left its impress on the granules of the cytoplasm.

To educate aright there is a balance to be preserved between the educational and the growth processes. We may force a brain as we force a plant, in each case the result is the same—precocity minus stability. It should not be a reproach to the child that it learns to-day and forgets to-morrow. A brain where the frontal co-ordinating centres are still undeveloped cannot hold impressions until they have been many times repeated, and in the young there are not, as in the adult brain, wide areas closely knit together by association fibres, thus rendering it incomparably more easy to fix a new image by coupling it with related ones already memorised.

Look at the savage, the hooligan, at any low-type man now existing amongst us. Do we not find them all marked by precocity of development? Their children early in life attain to the average physical and mental ability of the parents. It is an undeviating rule that the higher the grade of intelligence of the parents—animal or human—the longer is the period of infancy demanded by Nature. The reason a race is backward is because brain growth is rapid and quickly

comes to a standstill, so that it is impossible for the mind to expand; the impossibility is a physical one, resulting from early cessation of growth in the neuron fibrils. And the brain that is matured in early life, or the brain that is forced to do much consecutive thinking before the various areas are knit together, is bound to consolidate too soon; precisely as muscles which are overstrained in youth refuse to grow further, and we get the stunted frame of the over-worked child. Still the one law of brain development for child, or adult, is *use*. Nothing, no portion of the body, can properly grow apart from well-directed educational effort. Education in this sense means the carrying out of those processes that will expand and perfect the individual piece of machinery. This cannot be done under high pressure. True development follows the law of the forward direction, while education by pressure is a process of withdrawal. Certain facts, certain amounts of external knowledge, are forcibly tucked-in, impressed upon the brain and left there, and, provided we tuck them in with an adequate amount of repetition, we can generally bring them out again—exactly as we put them in. On the contrary real education is *expansive*, and time is needed for various processes of turning over the ingathered material. The energising faculty of the Thinker has to be brought to bear on the crude material, and this process leads to the development of power to modify and to express the modifications by self-directed effort.

At present most of us are reproductive. We can take in and give out a little of what we have gathered. But how few of us are productive! how few climb up to that stage where we could give out new thoughts to the world, in return for those thoughts of other minds which we imbibe as sponges suck up water! Doubtless, provided our selection is a good one, the imbibing process is also good for our evolution. When, though, we educate our brains to do what they are all capable of doing, when, instead of paralysing our sense-perceptions by the baneful processes of cramming, we learn to put our own thoughts into every process of memory, then, instead of being mere sponges, we shall be creators, and the world will be the richer for that which our balanced imaginations can give it.

MARY POPE.

## RELIGIOUS IDEAS AND CONCEPTIONS OF THE ANCIENT NORTHMEN

ALTHOUGH the ancient Sagas concerning Oden and the Asar are not considered upon the whole as authentic history, yet it is pretty generally acknowledged that they are not altogether improbable, so that it seems only natural to believe that beneath the greater portion of them there must necessarily lie a substratum of truth, upon which the wondrously grand and curious fabric of Northern Mythology was founded. The parchments from which these Sagas-sayings have been translated were, for the most part, discovered in Iceland, and are written in Icelandic, and it is from these that we are chiefly enabled to gather some idea of the life, religion, and customs of the ancestors of our English-speaking nations of to-day.

Amongst these old records are the three poems called *Völuspá*, *Vafthrudnismál* and *Grímnismál*, which were supposed to be inspired, and it is from these that we have the earliest accounts of the Cosmogony and Mythology of the North ; they deal with the creation of the present world, and of the time prior to it, but much of it is so obscure, and the mythical and the real are so mixed up, that it is almost a hopeless task to try to disentangle the one from the other. Most especially is this the case with regard to the first, or earliest mentioned, remarkable personage who appears in the annals of Northern Mythology, *viz.*, Oden. This name *Oden* actually signifies *The Divine*, and many great chiefs were so called, although in the beginning it was really only applied to the Highest Being ; but I am told that it is generally supposed by the Northern folk that Oden, the God, and Odin, the chief and warrior, are one and the same. Many wonderful things are related of him : that he could change himself into any shape, that with a word he could still the sea and quench the

fire, and that his ship Skidbladner could sail both with and against the wind, and could be folded up like a cloth. The Sagas clearly express how highly Oden's powers, wisdom, and eloquence were prized and respected, and also that he and some others of the Asar were deified and worshipped in all the countries of the North.

In order to give some idea of the ancient religious teaching of the Goths of the North concerning the creation of the world, I cannot do better than relate the account, which I have partly translated from Strinholm's *History of Sweden*, and which I have amplified with further details taken from the Saga-story, which deals with the origin of the Hrim-Thursar, giants, and the birth of Ymír, and of Oden, Vili and Ve, quoted by M. du Chaillu in his *Viking Age*. "From the beginning of time all was chaos and darkness in the so-called Ginungagap—gaping void. At last the darkness was awakened by the conflict between the opposing worlds of cold and heat—Muspelheim and Nifleheim—which were on either side, and wild forces or giants were born. When the rime-frost and the breath of the heat met, so that the rime melted into drops, a human form came from these flowing drops, with the power of the one who had sent the heat; he was called Ymír, and the kin of the Hrim-Thursar have sprung from him. It is told that when asleep he sweated, and there grew a man and a woman from under his left arm; thence sprang the kin of the Hrim-Thursar—rime giants. It happened next when the hoar-frost fell in drops that the cow Audhumla grew out of it; four rivers of milk ran from her teats, and she fed Ymír. This cow is said to have licked the rime-stones covered with salt and rime; and the first day when she licked them a man's hair came out of them in the evening; the second day, a man's head; the third day a whole man was there—he was called Buri, and was the father of Bōr, whose three sons, Oden, Vili—will, energy—and Ve—sanctuary, holy place—were the rulers of heaven and earth." "These three sons of Bōr slew the Jōtun Ymír, and then proceeded to shape the world from the pieces of his body; in the deluge of his blood all the giants were drowned except one, who escaped with his household. Him the Jōtnar called Bergelmir; he and his wife went on board his ark and thus saved



themselves; from them is descended a new race of *Hrim-Thursar*."

In the poem *Grimnismal* we have the following description of the creation of the earth and heavens :

From Ymīr's flesh	But from his brows
The earth was shaped ;	The mild Gods made
And from his blood the sea ;	Midgārd for the sons of men,
The mountains from his bones ;	And from his brain
From his hair the trees ;	Were all the gloomy
And the heaven from his skull.	Clouds created.

Another account in *Gylfaginning* runs thus :

"They took Ymīr's skull and made thereof the sky, and raised it over the earth with four sides. Under each corner they set four *Dvergar* (gnomes, earth spirits), which were called *Austri*, East ; *Vestri*, West ; *Nordri*, North ; *Sudri*, South. Then they took glowing sparks that were loose and had been cast out from *Muspelheim*, and placed them in the midst of the boundless heaven, both above and below, to light up heaven and earth ; they gave resting-places to all fires, and set some in heaven, some were made free to go under heaven, but they gave them a place, and shaped their course. In old songs it is said, from that time days and years were reckoned."

The creation of the world was followed by that of man and woman : "Two creatures called *Ask* and *Embla* ; helpless and fateless, they had no breath, they had no mind, neither blood nor motion." *Oden* appears to have given them breath, and the other Gods endowed them with beauty and understanding.

"From them all mankind is descended, and their dwelling-place was called *Mannheim* (the home, or abode of men). The *Asar*, Gods, then built a wall around their country to protect themselves from their enemies, the *Jötnar* and *Thursar*, and this enclosure they called *Midgārd* ; in the centre of this *Oden* placed *Asgārd*, *Asa-heim*, or abode of the Gods. Then a golden age of peace and happiness reigned for a time on the newly peopled earth—but gradually the *Asar* began to unite themselves with the daughters of the *Thursar* giants, in spite of a warning voice which told them that evil would ensue, and soon vengeance came from the Unseen, discord arose between the races of Gods and giants, and persisted as long as the *Asa*-power lasted."

It may be as well here to notice briefly the similarity of a few

of these conceptions with some of those mentioned by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, but they very naturally differ in mode of expression—the idea of the sweat-born, for instance, and the four Dverggar at the four corners of the earth. These last may well correspond to the four Mahârâjâs, or Deva-râjâs, who direct or superintend the working out of causes, and the decrees of the Lipika. Strangely enough the number seven does not occur in the Sagas, but nine is mentioned as the sacred or mystical number. The number three is at times conspicuous; thus, the three Sons of Bǫr : Oden, the divine, Vili, will, and Ve, holy place, may be construed in various ways—possibly as the three aspects of the Logos working at the evolution of forms, in fact shaping His own physical body out of the spirit-matter already evolved. The story of Bergelmir and his household escaping in his ark during the deluge of Ymir's blood—a poetical name for the sea—reminds us of the Bible story of Noah and his ark ; the account of the peopling of the world through the two beings, Ask and Embla, is similar in thought to the story of Adam and Eve.

Among other conceptions in this bewildering maze or accumulation of fantastic ideas, that of the ash-tree Yggdrasil is notably one of the most curious and suggestive, and here again we have the three roots spreading in three different directions. "One root with the Asar-Gods, another with the Hrim-Thursar, where of yore the Ginungagap was, the third over Nifleheim. Under the second root is Mimir's well, in which wisdom and intellect are hidden. Oden came and asked for a drink of the well, and did not get it until he pawned his eye." I should remark here that the mythical Oden is always represented as a one-eyed man. But to return to Yggdrasil, which appears to be a singularly curious representation of the "Tree of Life," which in the garden of Eden is watered by the four rivers of Paradise ; here, its roots, which are under all creation, and its branches, "which spread all over the world and reach up over heaven," are all nourished by the water of wisdom which flows from the fount of intelligence and experience.

The guardians of this remarkable tree and the holy well are represented as the three Nornir or genii ; their names were : Urd, the past ; Verdandi, the present ; and Skuld, the future ; they

are supposed to have kept the roots of the tree watered with the wisdom and experience of the past. In the *Völuspá* poem they are mentioned as "three maidens knowing many things," and the ancient Northmen believed that these Nornir ordered and influenced everything that happened from the hour of their birth, when they are said to have "spun the threads of fate"—a conception which corresponds intimately with that in the Greek mythology of the three Fates who held the threads of destiny in their hands.

These Nornir are thought to have disturbed the peace of the golden age, when the Asar were happy and lacked nothing, by establishing past, present and future—change, fluctuation, development and growth; in time their number seems to have increased, as evil and good Nornir are mentioned. "Gangleri said: 'If the Nornir rule the fates of men, they deal them out very unevenly, for some have a happy and rich life, while others have little property or praise—some a long life, some a short one.' Hār replied: 'Good Nornir and of good kindred forecast a happy life; but when men have evil fates, the evil Nornir cause it'" (*Gylfaginning*, c. 15).

Here again we have the symbols of the forces or powers which act as the recorders and transmitters of kármic law—the Lords of Karma working out, whether for good or for evil, the causes which have been set going in the past. They are those who "hold the threads of destiny which each man has woven, and who guide the reincarnating man to the environment determined by his past, unconsciously self-chosen through his past life."\*

Only in one instance can I find any idea approaching reincarnation, but from this solitary example it seems evident that such belief must have existed in earlier times. In one of the poems dealing with religious ideas and customs these words occur: "It was the belief in olden times that men and women were sometimes thought to be re-born, but now it is called an old woman's story." I find also that "friends often wished to be buried near each other, for they believed that their spirits could communicate with one another or look over their households when important events occurred."

\* *Ancient Wisdom*, p. 268.

The 'nine worlds, viz. : 1. Muspel ; 2. Asgârd ; 3. Vanaheim ; 4. Midgârd ; 5. Alfheim ; 6. Mannheim ; 7. Jötunheim ; 8. Hel ; 9. Nifleheim, may be regarded as different planes of being which were under the roots of the ash-tree Yggdrasil, and the dead were supposed to go to the world of Hel. M. du Chaillu, in his *Viking Age*, says : " The wicked seem to have died twice ; first they die and get into Hel, then they die again and get into Nifhel=*Foggy Hel*," which seems suggestive of the denser subdivisions of the kâmalokic region.

I must now turn from these earlier conceptions, and briefly relate the story of Odin as warrior and chief, and give a slight account of the religion which he is said to have founded.

" Odin is reported to have come to the North from the borders of the Black Sea, about one hundred years before the birth of Christ, bringing with him a new race of Goths who were called Asar. A powerful chief of the Northern Goths named Gylfe went out to meet him, and he was so struck by the wisdom of the Asar, and probably also by their superior strength, that he invited them to Svithjod (Sweden). Odin accordingly came, and took up his abode in Forn Sigluna—old town—on the Lake Mälaren, and there he proclaimed a new law, and became the founder of the religion of the North. As Odin was a wise and prudent warrior, and his followers were less savage and barbarous than most of the Northern races of Jötnar and Thursar, they were well received in the lands through which they passed, and the chiefs and rulers in the countries of Saxony, Denmark, Norway and Sweden trace their descent from Odin and his Asar." In the *Hervarar Saga* it is related : " At this time the Asia-men and Tyrkjar came from the East and settled in Northern lands ; their leader was called Odin, he had many sons, and they all became great and strong men. One son was Sigrlami, to him Odin gave the realm now called Gardariki, Russia ; he became a great chief over that land, and was married to Heid, the daughter of King Gylfi."

In the earlier Sagas of Odin and the Asar we get no account of any religious rites or ceremonies, but in the *Younger Edda*, to quote again from M. du Chaillu : " We learn that the hero Odin of the North sacrificed after the manner of the Asar, and that the sacrifices made by him, as well as by Njord, Frey and Freyja,

were to a power worshipped by them, but we are not told who the God or power was. It probably was in some instances the sun, represented perhaps by the eye of the earlier and mythical Oden of the *Völuspá*—who, as we have seen, pledged his eye for a drink from the well of Urd; we know that the worship of the sun was widely spread at one period in the history of the world." From the worship of this unknown and mysterious power, the Northern people seemed to have changed, and turned to that of Odin and other Gods, and it is even stated that as late as the eleventh century some of our forefathers were actually still practising many of the rites and ceremonies instituted by these ancient Vikings, and certain it is that Odin and the Asar were deified and worshipped in all the Northern lands. The attributes of Odin, and the number of figurative names given to him, are too many to enumerate. After his death the people believed that he had gone to the old Asgârd, and would live there for ever, but it is also said that he appeared to them in dreams on the eve of great battles.

Three times in the year sacrifices of animals—oxen, horses and sheep—were offered; the first took place in October, the second at Yule, mid-winter, and the third in the spring, before the Vikings went forth upon their expeditions. If these sacrifices were neglected the people believed that the year would be a bad one, and that no success would follow their undertakings. They had also a method of divination by casting lots with chips soaked in the blood of the sacrifices, through which they thought they could discover what was to happen in the future. At marriages the bride and bridegroom were marked with the sign of the Svastika, which was considered a holy token. Temples were built for worship, and there are traces to this day that one of the most famous of these pagan edifices stood where the existing old church of Upsala now stands. Human sacrifices were sometimes offered, especially when any calamity such as war, famine, or sickness prevailed in the land, or to avert impending evil, and it was customary to offer the child of some great chief as the highest possible atonement. There are also traditions that men were worshipped after death, and fire was considered to be holy. Thor, the God of thunder, and Ægir, God of the

sea and wind, were amongst the earlier deities of the Vikings, and the following curious idea is found: "Gangleri asked: 'Whence comes the wind? He is so strong that he moves large oceans, and stirs up the fire, but however strong he is he cannot be seen, so he must be strangely shaped.' Hār answered: 'I can tell thee easily: on the North end of heaven (meaning space) there sits a Jötun called Hroesvelg in an eagle's shape; when he flaps his wings the winds rise from under them'" (*Gylfaginning*, c. 18).

There were also prophetic sibyls called Völvas, who could see into the future; they used incantations and magic ceremonies, and cats were specially patronised by these witches. Among the spirits or genii who were worshipped, and to whom sacrifices were sometimes offered by women, were those called Disir, special guardians of men and families. "This worship was thought to be of great antiquity and was part of the Asar religion. These Disir are often spoken of as Fylgja (following, or guardian spirit) and Hamingja (good luck, or family spirit), but the former, which at the hour of death left the dying person and passed to a dear son, was the more personal, and it was believed that it could be transmitted from one man to another. The expressions Kyn-fylgja (kin-guardians), Altar-fylgja (family guardians), which occur in the Sagas, seem to indicate a belief that the eminent qualities of a family were protected by these spirits. Sometimes the guardian spirit of one man would follow another; for instance, Thorstein went to find the Dverg Sindri and gave him good gifts, so they separated with the greatest friendship. The Dverg said: 'Now must we separate for some time, and fare thee well; I tell thee that my Disir will constantly follow thee'" (*Viking Age*).

The early form of writing known as Runes is a subject of intense interest, but I can merely observe here that the knowledge of this writing is supposed to have been brought to the North by Odin, and in the celebrated *Runatal* (Odin's *Rune Song*) we can gather that some sort of mysterious initiation was necessary, and that Odin had to pass through terrible trials or ordeals, in order to learn the occult significance of the Runes.

## WHITE HEATHER

WHEN the children of Eirê find the white heather that grows on their hills the tradition runs that now, as in old days, they are under gaesa\* to give it to the one who has done the most for them, who has wrought the highest service of any comrade in the world.

Once on a time a spray of such was brought me, together with a story concerning it, and since then I have the white heather of a later day, made gift of by one who "passed," as the saying has it. From the enchanted world where he dwells it may well be he comes to me yet, with the Druid light in his eyes, and the faerie touch of the hand that puts life about the withered flower. For at whiles I write of that I see, who once tried to make music of that which was heard. And it's then the strange winds blow from the far hills, and I think Cuchulain will be meeting the hosts of Maeve in the valley yonder. For I hear Laeg, the chariot driver, shout from afar, and the clan Caitlin brood in the Shadow over the bog.

She who brought the first white heather was of the mountains, and it must have been in early days that she wandered from their heart, wandering into the roar of the cities, the buzzing crowds of men, to face the strange tangled ways, and felt beating on her the strange bewildering currents of an alien life. And white heather bloomed over the mountains, and the voice of the mountains called her each year louder, always louder. For it was time to come home. Myself I dream that the hills' Warden had need of her, and the stirring at the girl's heart, and the birthing of many wonders for her, was but the voice from the faerie heights. Somewhere in Eirê there is a path trodden in old time of those who come to her now, in the white spring of youth, with the glad tears in the eyes and the strange sweet pain

\* Duty, or pledge.

at the heart of them. Back they come in multitude this day, and they seek to know concerning Cuchulain and his hero deeds, Maeve and her spells, for they will be after remembering their comrade as he fought at the ford, and the warrior queen Scathach who taught them skill of arms.

And it is Eirê herself that will be waking out of her dark sleep. In the days of the trouble what was the trouble but the keening for the death day of the Hound? What were the strife and storm that rocked our land but the tumult of the big war as it rang down through time?

\* \* \* \*

So was it through the night, and wind, and rain, that Doreen of the hills came back to her own. And then for her rose the dawn. But this was what I saw when I watched her climbing.

The White Heather stirred, for it knew her step. The Presences enfolded her, and the Great Wings beat the air. Wind do you call it? it is not wind only that you will be hearing on the hills of Eirê.

She plucked the Heather and held it to her brows and lips as one dazed, as one waking from a dream. Then the life of the Guardian caught her in close embrace for the Welcome. The great Breath from the hollows flowed through the Heather, and set her veins tingling, her pulses leaping. He was surely a Lord of the Sidhe that met her there. She drew the Breath into her, she rushed forward in the toils of the life which gripped her and made all things new. There was wine in the blood, there was immortal youth at the life-springs. There was the thrilling of yon elemental fire which knows not death nor change. These belong to mortals, and are in the gift of the earth Lord, thorns to bind the brows of sad-eyed men. And the step of her grew light as she passed higher on the slope.

Then a fear came to her, for the Breath was lifting her from the brown earth, and she flung her face downward, gripping the heather stocks and crying aloud. And yon Lord of the Sidhe passed on with a laugh and released her for the time. But those who come back to Mountain Heart and break their fast in his halls are never the same again. They may go back to the cities



and the keening. They may even forget that they plucked White Heather and stood in faerie ring and drank at Cuchulain's ford. They may drop the hazel wand, and be content a while in the tangled ways that men call good and evil. But let them once go near the blue hills or the magic forests, and it may be they will return no more.

So sang White Heather to the girl as the dew of it brushed her face, and the earth Mother crooned the old lullaby, the cradle song of mortality, which a man may hear but thrice, and that will be at the Birthing, at the Remembering, and the Death Day. Then White Heather, still singing, went townwards with the Beloved of the Hills.

\* \* \* \*

"Give it to the one who has done the most for you in the world," said the friend who, like her, knew somewhat of the Hidden Way. The girl started and promised herself she would do this thing, but the earth Mother's crooning was in her ears, and the Burden at her heart. And she forgot.

"White Heather, White Heather," called the Sidhe hosts from afar. "She of the hills has lost her way to us, for the gaesa is unfulfilled."

\* \* \* \*

"What is it you will be telling me?" said the wanderer to another who bore the hill bloom on her bosom. "The dust is heavy on you, the robes are rent with thorn branches. There is many a wound on the white body of you. Ochone! it is because you have broken the bond, and somewhere the one who loves you best of all waits for the white flower. And it will not be well for us, fellow-climber of the hills. Ochone! are you happy this day, you that love Eirê and come to her healing streams? For I see White Heather put her enchantment between us and the hills; I see us driven back by the Host as we climb, I see the faring forth to Mountain Heart, and the ending of the journey ere the sun is high; I see the strong hands reached out against us; Morrighu\* puts her magic about the human-eyed."

\* An entity mentioned by Lady Gregory in *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, an equivalent possibly for Morgan in the Arthurian cycle.

But on the world-ways it chanced that the second awakening came.

In the city heart dwelt one who was a teacher of men, and whose hair seemed always in my sight to be crowned with may blossom, symbol to my dreaming eyes of some eternal Youth. And at whiles I would see him in the human multitudes, or it might be in the silent chamber among his manuscripts. But there where he sat at toil White Heather lay on the table. Was it that which tuned the voice of his pen into music and put the look on him that men have who belong to the Tuatha De Danaan\* evermore? And I saw Doreen of the hills coming to him as one who walks in dreams. I could not measure the nearness or the distance of her. But I saw the White Heather abloom though time had rolled by since it was plucked on Crum Cailas. And whether she will stay with the Leader of us and serve in the earth toils I know not. Or it may be that the Leader will open for her the Gate which leads back to the Blue Hills. But this I know, that White Heather is healing balm for Cuchulain's wounds, which have been open since the great battle in older time.

But another truth is for the telling, and it is that the Lord of the Sidhe, and the Mother of earth, and the Leader of men have to clasp hands and make the ancient bond.

It is for that they seek one another and shorten their ways by city and mountain, by dune and sea. You that look on Mananaun and hear the harping of MacManar, you that stand herowise before Aengus, and write in Ogham on the Walls of the World, it is for you the honey breath is born, it is for you White Heather weaves her spell.

EVELINE LAUDER.

\* The Fairy Race inhabiting Ireland in ancient times.

## MORE WORLDS TO CONQUER

**WHEN** you have subdued the lower self, there are three worlds to conquer, and when these are vanquished, you will find yourself unsatisfied.

The three worlds are these: the Social, the Religious, and the Intellectual.

Do not, however, despair and think your time has been wasted; the vanquishing of all three is absolutely necessary for your soul's development. It is far better, for instance, that you should suffer on behalf of wisdom, than remain a stupid saint.

There is, however, no lasting happiness to be won from any of the three; for happiness is not to be secured in the noblest object *outside* yourself. If you want it perfected, it consists alone in this—the finding and meeting of the Master in your own heart—the securing of that blessed “private audience” to which the most powerful earthly Potentates cannot give you any card of admission. This won, you will become like the glow-worm, a very insignificant brown fly in the worldly glare of day but a flashing Star in the night of sorrow. Like it, you will carry your lamp about in your own person, and need trouble no man to lend you oil; and the glow of peace within will be shining for you none the less brightly when the world is too blind to see it.

Above all, you can be, if you will, a guide to other souls astray in the gloom of darkness.

You will never regret that you have not allowed the powers of your intellect to rust. You will never regret that you have plumbed the depths of doubt, and cast off the fetters of dogma. At the same time you will recognise that you can only gain one attribute which is eternal, because of It the Supreme Being consists, and you will have proved that the finest and most subtle intellect unwarmed by Love will at last sit abashed at the feet of the lowliest disciple, who has kindled it like a beacon in his heart towards God and towards his neighbour.

HOPE HUNTLEY.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

### TOWARDS A SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

**The Varieties of Religious Experience : A Study in Human Nature : Being the Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion delivered at Edinburgh in 1901-1902. By William James, LL.D., etc., Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University. (London : Longmans, Green & Co. ; 1902. Price 12s. nett.)**

MANY valuable contributions towards a better understanding of religion, "natural" or otherwise, have been made by the lecturers of the Gifford Trust, but none are of greater importance than the twenty instructive essays of Dr. James's recent volume. Professor James is well-known by his contributions towards a saner view of psychology than that of the purely physiological school ; he has the courage to face the facts even if they prove disastrous to fashionable theories, and we are therefore not surprised to find him setting on one side the claims of the momentarily much belauded "anthropological" folk-lorists and of the dogmatisers of medical materialism, if they are held to cover more than a very small portion of the ground.

Nor will Dr. James have anything to do with "systems" of religion, which he rightly holds to be secondary developments. He deals exclusively with the religious experiences of individuals, and rightly claims that such experiences alone can form the basis of any scientific research into the nature of religion. We heartily agree ; such alone is firsthand evidence, such alone constitutes the "gnostic" element in religion, all else is "I believe," "I have heard." The range of such "gnosticism" is naturally of vast extent, the rungs of its ladder are countless, the lowest are sunk in the mud of the earth, the highest reach to highest heaven.

The ground covered by our Gifford lecturer is by no means new to our readers ; it is indeed exceedingly familiar ground to all students of theosophical religion, and consists of the piled-up evidence of individual religious experience from its lower to its higher forms.

Conversion, saintliness, mysticism, are all adequately documented from human documents, and Dr. James brings together a huge mass of evidence of the most varied kind which cannot fail to strike even the most irreconcilable materialist with its importance and utility. But in reality these serried ranks of witnesses are but a sample of the material accessible; a hundred, nay a thousand, volumes would not exhaust it.

But it is not so much for his selection of material that we have to praise Dr. James as for the sympathetic and understanding way in which he has treated it. The Professor of Philosophy at Harvard—and we should remember in this connection that Dr. James is the first American philosopher who has delivered an official lecture in Britain—is not a don; he lives in his generation and studies it; he does not neglect movements and huge streams of thought and aspiration which have not yet received full citizenship in the text-books of our colleges. He does not fail to recognise the same forces at work because their modern forms differ from their ancient appearances. He is in search of real values, and is not bound down by donnish conventions, the curse of all schoolmen throughout the ages.

He must have somewhat startled his audience on several occasions by quotations from writers well known to us, but taboo for *The Times* and *Athenæum*. And yet these strongholds of dondom most highly praise him; they recognise that he is in the right way. And the reason for this is a simple one; Dr. James lets the mystics and the saints and the converts speak for themselves, oftentimes in a hurly-burly of high emotion, while he plays the simple part of a good-tempered and courteous chairman of the Conference, and when he rises to close the meeting he himself speaks with such moderation and good feeling that he allows not even the wildest speaker to go away with the sense that he has been babbling nonsense, or is merely physically diseased, while his audience feel instinctively that the chairman's summing up is just and reasonable.

The main gist of our lecturer's general preliminary conclusion to his volume of 534 pages, for he hopes, and we hope, that at some later day he may be enabled to express his further philosophical conclusions in more explicit form, is as follows:

"Disregarding the over-beliefs, and confining ourselves to what is common and generic, we have in the fact that the conscious person is continuous with a wider self through which saving experiences come, a positive content of religious experience which, it seems to me, is literally and

*objectively true as far as it goes.* If I now proceed to state my own hypothesis of this extension of our personality, I shall be offering my own over-belief—though I know it will appear a sorry under-belief to some of you—for which I can only bespeak the same indulgence which in a converse case I should accord to yours.

“The further limits of our being plunge, it seems to me, into an altogether other dimension of existence from the sensible and merely ‘understandable’ world. Name it the mystical region, or the supernatural region, whichever you choose. So far as our ideal impulses originate in this region (and most of them do originate in it, for we find them possessing us in a way for which we cannot articulately account), we belong to it in a more intimate sense than that in which we belong to the visible world, for we belong in the most intimate sense wherever our ideals belong. Yet the unseen region in question is not merely ideal, for it produces effects in this world. When we commune with it, work is actually done upon our finite personality, for we are turned into new men, and consequences in the way of conduct follow in the natural world upon our regenerative change. But that which produces effects within another reality must be termed a reality itself, so I feel as if we had no philosophic excuse for calling the unseen or mystical world unreal.”

A sound argument that does not handicap its general acceptance by all sorts and conditions of minds by complicating it with a mass of “over-beliefs” which may be most dear to the individual religionist, but which are secondary considerations for the philosopher.

To conclude, there are few books which have struck us so much with their *utility* as these last Gifford Lectures. Dr. James’s volume is just such a book as we lovers of Theosophy can find use for. It is an “introduction” to Theosophy in the best sense of the word, for it is conceived in the broadest and most catholic spirit and bases itself on human experience. There are some who think that an “introduction” to Theosophy should consist of some rigid system of cosmology and psychology, a sort of “credo” or programme, but we are not of that way of thinking. Systems of this kind are useful in their own way, but they are necessarily ephemeral, for a system is naturally even at best only a passing mode of expression of some individual’s experience and observation, or the summary of the experience and observation of others by some individual. But an “introduction” should be the means of leading others up to the study of a subject, of making it appear reasonable and useful to them, and as a rule the cut

and dried exposition of the skeleton of an apparently dogmatic system has the very opposite result on the modern mind and he refuses to make friends with it. He, however, does not, in rejecting a system, necessarily refuse to "make friends with the Light," if he is led up to it with naturalness, and this good office Dr. James's book will do for many, nay is doing for numbers, for the first edition is already out of print.

G. R. S. M.

#### IN BEE-LAND

*La Vie des Abeilles.* Par Maurice Maeterlinck. (Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier, 11, rue de Grenelle. Price 3fr. 50.)

THE well-known Flemish writer whom Belgium is proud to number among her sons may rather have surprised his admirers by finding in the bee a theme for his musings. One seeks in vain in this book for the subtle charm of the thought that his name suggests, for we have not here, as might be expected, the bee as a simple peg on which to hang deep thinkings and precious fancies, but the bee as a bee—interesting indeed, but not with the kind of interest that we are apt to expect to feel when we take up a volume which bears the name of Maeterlinck.

It seems that our author has kept bees for twenty years, and has become deeply interested in them and their ways, as people are apt to be who watch with sympathetic eyes the wondrous doings of Bee-land. And Maeterlinck puts his finger on the point that gives most reason for wonderment in that strange society of monarchical Socialism, when he marvels over "*l'esprit de la ruche.*" A power hidden and supremely wise, he says, "where is it, in what is it incarnate?" It regulates everything—the number of births, the departure of the queen, the slaying of the drones, the combats of the aspirants to royalty. It is a power to which all the bees yield absolute obedience, moving as a single body under a single will, and it is intelligent, for it adapts means to ends and proportions numbers to available supplies. It is not instinct, which repeats automatically that which for long had been done purposely, but a living intelligence stored with the accumulated experience of the past, and also able to utilise it under new conditions, the master of the experience, not its blind tool.

Maeterlinck offers no solution of the problem that he propounds; he states it, elaborates it, shows its marvels, and leaves it. But it

seems to me that we have in this Spirit of the Hive the clear working of the Group-Soul, that in which are stored the innumerable experiences of the lives it sends forth and draws in, but which is more than these lives, which co-ordinates the experiences, and while using them is not limited by them. Where the study of the scientist ends in a dead wall, the teachings of Theosophy seem to open a door.

ANNIE BESANT.

#### MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

*THE Theosophist* for September arrived so late that we can only note that Colonel Olcott continues his "Old Diary Leaves," dealing with his first tour with Mrs. Besant, and Dr. Jerome Anderson writes on the "Philosophy of Kant." The rest of the contents are up to the usual standard.

*The Vâhan*, September, prints the President-Founder's official authorisation for this Section to be known in future as the "British Section," and also his notification of the formation of the German Section with Dr. Steiner as General Secretary *pro tem*. In the "Enquirer" B. K. deals with the question as to the first human birth, life, and death. A. P. S. replies to a question regarding the passage of the Life Wave around the seven globes which constitute our planetary chain, and A. A. W., B. K. and E. L. contribute answers to the question as to whether a good man need "suffer physical misery by mistaken action done from a good motive."

*Theosophia* (Holland) translates H. P. B.'s letter on "Spiritualism and Spiritualists" and "What is Occultism?" J. Vreede-Schill contributes his address, given at the sixth annual meeting of the Dutch Section, on "Theosophical Work."

*Sophia* (Santiago) contains Mrs. Besant's lecture, given at Paris in 1894, on "What is Theosophy?" Other contributions are from Mlle. Blech and M. Stundberg.

*Le Lotus Bleu*, August, continues the translation of Mrs. Besant's "Thought-Power," and provides a further instalment of Dr. Pascal's "Present-day Theosophy." H. P. B.'s *The Secret Doctrine* is continued, and Mr. Leadbeater is represented by a translation of his "Some Misconceptions about Death."

*The Bulletin Théosophique* announces that Mrs. Besant will arrive in Paris on October 23rd and remain until the 28th, when she leaves for Geneva. Mrs. Besant will visit Grenoble, Marseilles, Toulon and Nice before her departure for Italy on November 7th.



*Sophia* (Spain) continues its translations, and G. R. S. Mead is represented by his article "Did Jesus live 100 years B.C.?" contained in our June number.

*La Nuova Parola* has, among other articles, a life of Mrs. Besant by Olga Calvari; "The Century and the Ideal," by J. E. Alaux; "A Dream," being a poem by A. Belluso; and "The Love of Shelley," by A. Lo Forte Randi.

*Theosophy in Australia*, June, prints from the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW Mrs. Besant's "A Lodge of the Theosophical Society," and W. G. J. has an article on "Three-fold Theosophy: No. 1, Ethics," in which he wisely remarks: "We do not give infants matches and gunpowder to play with, neither does Nature commit this error, and she holds certain of her laws concealed from her younger children until such time as they can safely be made acquainted with them—then by slow degrees they are revealed." The July number has short articles on "Free-will and Necessity," by J. T. B.; "Numbering Israel," by W. G. J., in which the census returns of the different religions for New South Wales are discussed; and "The Compensations of Life," by W. A. M.

We have also to acknowledge: *The Lotus Lodge Journal*; *Dharma*; *Notes and Queries*; *The Logos Magazine*; *Light*; *The Dawn*; *Modern Astrology*; *Mind*; *The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *Little Journeys*, Correggio and Corot; *The Light of Reason*; *The Soul and the Stars*, by A. G. Trent; *The Philistine*; *East and West*; *The Metaphysical Magazine*; *Review of Reviews*; *The Brahmavidin*; *The Animals' Friend*; *The Herald of the Golden Age*; *The Indian Review*; *Der Vahan*; *Teosofisk Tidskrift*; *Theosofisch Maandblad*; *Revista Teosofica*; *The Theosophic Messenger*; *Rules for Daily Life*, by A. Siva Row; *The Prashnottara*; *The Central Hindu College Magazine*; *The Arya*.

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A mistake was made in our August issue, for which we desire to apologise. It was there stated that *Wings of Truth* had used Dr. Ward's diagram on Consciousness without acknowledgment. It seems that due acknowledgment had been made in the preceding issue, and by accident was omitted in the subsequent number sent to us.

# THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WE have recently witnessed a very interesting parade of the militia of the orthodox Protestant churches in England. The troops were full of martial ardour and declared their intention to die for the cause; it was, however, a motley array, and could not have given its leaders any great confidence in its ability to cope with modern conditions of warfare, seeing that the rank and file were still armed with bows and arrows, flint-locks, and at best a "brown bess" or two. The occasion of this demonstration of indignation was a lecture by Dr. Fremantle, the Dean of Ripon, on "Natural Christianity," delivered in London at the beginning of November, to a meeting of the "Churchmen's Union." The reporter's summary of the Dean's lecture was published as follows :

The fault of those who had written on natural religion was that they had assumed a contrast between this and revealed religion. The Bible was in the fullest sense human and natural. The Bible culminated in Christ, and

Christ had been viewed in past times in an unnatural light. Disputes had made Christ's life unreal to us, and it seemed to him that we were hampered still by the wrong processes of the past. Taking the moral supremacy of Christ for granted, they were met on the threshold of two Gospels by what seemed a prodigy—the birth of Christ from a Virgin. His own belief was that they might safely leave that out of account and treat it in exactly the same way as the words "descended into hell" were treated.

Outside the first two chapters of St. Matthew and the first two chapters of St. Luke the Virgin-birth was absolutely non-existent in the New Testament. The natural inference was that it was unknown to the writers of the New Testament, except to those who penned those four chapters. And might it not be that they arose from a misunderstanding?

As to the miracles, was it irreverent to believe that our Lord Himself could not have made a distinction between what modern science would recognise as death and the many forms of swooning, syncope, or hysteria, which sometimes deceived the wisest in modern times, and that when He bade His disciples to heal the sick and raise the dead He was speaking of a process very different from that which would be accepted in these scientific days as the raising of an actual body to life? But many of the so-called miracles, such as demoniacal possession and its cure, were quite natural, although he admitted that if some of the references in the Gospels were taken literally they were contrary to nature as we knew it. He had never been able to think of the Resurrection as a violation of natural law.

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WHEREUPON the religious and conservative press arose as one man and fell upon the courageous lecturer. Never since the days of Colenso has there been such a hurly-

His Quasi-Apologia burly. The Bishop of London repudiated such teaching as heretical, and lamented that it should have been uttered in his diocese; the Dean himself was inundated with an avalanche of protests and entreaties. Whereupon he published in the *Ripon Gazette* "a sort of a kind of" an apologia, to the effect that the reporter had not given the context; that the rest of the paper . . . and so forth and so on. As to the "immaculate conception" and "resurrection," the Dean's position is given as follows in his own words:

That there are difficulties in some matters connected with the manifestation of God in Christ it would be untruthful not to admit, especially in those of the Virgin birth, in some of the "wonderful works," and in the Resurrection. But in the first of these, though the facts (1) that it is never mentioned in the New Testament except in the first two chapters of St. Matthew and St. Luke, and (2) that it was not a part of the creed of Nicæa, make it of less

authority (as in the parallel case of the words "Descended into Hell"), yet the accounts might be understood without any violation of biological law. The incarnation and divinity of our Saviour stand on the firm ground of what He did and thought, and what He has been to mankind. As to the last point, that of the Resurrection, the views of Bishop Horsley, of Dean Goulburn, and of Bishop Westcott, which have so often been urged by Canon MacColl, as well as by myself in Ripon Cathedral and elsewhere, were followed, namely, that the Resurrection was not a return to the mortal conditions of this life, but a manifestation of the spiritual state, and the "spiritual body." As to the "mighty works" of our Lord, in some cases we could see them to be instances of the power of a Majestic Presence and Personality over weakened and hysterical frames; and possibly other cases might be similarly accounted for. But since in all things, even the commonest, there is an element of the unknown, we must expect that this would be the case still more in the works of Christ Himself. If we could know everything no doubt all would appear quite natural according to the higher conception of nature, for which the writer is contending. This is brought out in the late Duke of Argyll's great work, *The Reign of Law*.

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As we see, the newspaper man was not so far out in his report, whatever Dr. Fremantle may mean by the enigmatical sentence

"yet the accounts might be understood with-

The Materialism of  
the Orthodox

out any violation of biological law." This will doubtless for the moment mollify somewhat the materialists who boast themselves to be the orthodox. But the pity of it, that no one should have the courage to point out to the combatants that the "virgin birth" was no physical miracle for the disciples of the Lord, but is an eternal spiritual fact, a most marvellous fact, known to the mystic and the saint, though unfortunately materialised and historicised by the ignorant of the early Christian Name who were outside the inner communities. The common-sense of Christendom is with Dean Fremantle, but (and this is what he and his many co-labourers do not yet see) the only way out for them is the mystic way. The accounts as history cannot stand, but once accepted as "historicised" inner facts they become as clear as daylight to the spiritual. Paul taught this, "John" taught this, and all that host of "disciples of the Lord," "apostles," "brethren of the Lord," whom the materialists when they got the upper hand anathematised as heretics. With regard to the resurrection, it is difficult

to find a single scholar who does not agree with the view of Dr. Fremantle ; but all this and vastly much more has been explained over and over again to our readers.

Since writing the above we have read the *Times'* reporter's letter in which he declares that he submitted his report to the Dean before publishing, a fact borne out by one of our colleagues who was present. This makes it bad for the *Ripon Gazette*, for we cannot suppose that the Dean wilfully departed in newspaperdom from the ideal he holds before him in the domain of the higher criticism.

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MANY years ago H. P. Blavatsky introduced the striking figure of Father John of Kronstadt to our readers and won for him golden opinions ; his recent doings, however, should place him on a still higher pedestal of respect ; not only is he a good and holy man, a true saint, but also he is a man of sound common-sense, as may be seen from the following curious paragraph from the St. Petersburg correspondent of *The Times* (October 28th) :

Father John of  
Kronstadt

The ignorance and the religious fanaticism of the Russian peasantry are illustrated in a striking manner by the almost blasphemous veneration of which the famous Father John of Kronstadt, much against his will, is made the object. A short time ago a peasant in the government of Kostroma wrote a hymn in honour of Father John, placing him almost on an equality with the persons of the Trinity. The Kronstadt priest wrote a severe letter to the peasant rebuking him for his blasphemy, but this had no effect, so that he was compelled to go in person to Kostroma in order to put a stop to the growth of a sect which was being founded to worship him.

This is only one instance out of many. During the services at Kronstadt voices are frequently heard exclaiming " Thou art holy, thou art holy ; behold he has come down from Heaven." The reply of the priest is usually " How dare you speak so. I am only a sinful man like you. It is Satan who is speaking through your mouth in order to cause confusion among the devout. Who are you ? Come out from the crowd." As a rule this command is not obeyed, and the police are unable to discover the fanatics. There are cases in which peasants openly maintain their conviction that Father John is the Christ, the reincarnation of the Divine Spirit. In particular, there is one aged pilgrim who holds fast to this belief in spite of all the efforts made to turn him from it and who, when he is arrested and threatened with punishment, declares with enthusiasm that he will gladly die for his Saviour. Portraits of Father John are frequently used as *ikons* and

are venerated in the same way. Several sects have been formed to uphold the doctrine of the divinity of the Kronstadt priest in spite of his vehement protests.

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OF somewhat saner and sterner stuff is Father John made than is that fanatic of the Agapemonite community to whom our co-editor referred in the October number ; wiser

The Dukhobors far is he than the leaders of those foolish Dukhobors whom we so mistakenly commiserated

a few years ago as pure and saintly religionists oppressed by a tyrannical government. We have now had the Dukhobors for some two or three years in Canada, and find they are an absolutely impossible people. They were given land, welcomed and helped. After a twelvemonth or so religious mania possessed them ; they drove away all their cattle, believing that God did not take pleasure in man submitting the animals to restraint ; they then asked the Government to give them lands free of every possible restriction of any kind, so that they might have naught, as they imagined, between them and God ; and finally, with women and children, without clothes and provisions, in the early winter, these poor deluded ones set off to march hundreds of miles to Winnipeg to meet the Christ. They met the Christ, it is true, but not as their poor fevered brains imagined ; but in the shape of charity and help from the farmers, the careful protection of the mounted police, the transport of their women and children, and of their sick in litters. They were setting out to "Christianise the world," so they thought. The crusaders again, and with like results ! Imagine what it must have been in similar circles when in the early days they thought that every moment the Christ was coming—a *material* Christ of course, for *that* has always been the trouble throughout the Christian centuries.

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WE are glad to notice in the November issue of the *Contemporary Review* an article on "The Newer Dispensation," by E.

Wake Cook, written in a spirit of catholicity which is refreshing. The *Newer Dispensation*, according to the writer, has been gradually

advancing upon us "in spite of the conservatism of the Churches,"

The Signs of the  
New Age

since the beginning of the *New Dispensation*, "and we have now materials which, if they could be summed up and united by a great religious genius, would give us a *Newer Dispensation* as far in advance of the *New* as that was above the *Old*." Mr. Cook thinks this "Spiritual Renaissance" is running in three streams, and the one to which his present paper is chiefly devoted is Christian Science, of which movement he gives an appreciative but not unduly biassed review. He refers, however, to our own movement as one which "flows from the mingling of Eastern with Western thought . . . a more cheerful Theosophy which is likely to play a part in the Religion of the future. It has already given us as a doctrine of existence, a vast scheme of Spiritual Evolution, besides which the Darwin-Spencer scheme is a bagatelle and falls into place as a mere detail of this stupendous conception"—an opinion which might have fallen from the lips of our Vice-President. But the final section of the article gives the best indication of the broad outlook which the writer takes, and nothing could be more completely in accord with the views which from time to time have been set forth in this REVIEW. It runs thus :

With Christian Science thus unexpectedly reinforcing Christianity just on those points dropped by the Churches, and lifting Christians to a higher platform ; with Theosophy re-vivifying and enriching Western thought by the wonders of the East ; with Spiritualism demonstrating a future life, and the existence of latent faculties and powers, and giving a meaning to life never before discerned ; with Physical Science opening up new vistas into the Infinite, new wonderlands, and giving us glimpses of the awful potencies we are subduing to our service ; with all this we have a movement of unprecedented significance. And although the different parts of the advancing army may sometimes wage internecine war, it is fratricidal, as they are all complementary to each other and to the older movements. The broadening and deepening of the Religious Consciousness by this Spiritual Renaissance and the wondrous revelations of Physical Science mark a stage in our development as much in advance of the *New Dispensation* as that was in advance of the *Old*. All the diverse and apparently conflicting movements have yet a strange underlying tendency to unity, and are manifesting a vaster meaning hidden from the worker by the dust of progress.

[E.]

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THERE is something to be learned by those who aspire to be

healers of the soul by a study of the principles which guide the healers of the body. In his address to the *Religio Medici* medical students of the Liverpool University, Sir Frederick Treves took the confession of faith of Sir Thomas Browne, and contrasted it with that of the doctor of the present day. The attitude towards the symptoms of disease has entirely changed we learn. Then, they were regarded as the work of a malignant entity, an influence which was outside the body and quite distinct from it. It followed that every symptom of disease was regarded as wholly noxious, and as needing to be stamped out by unconsidered violence.

Now, these same symptoms are recognised as of beneficent intent, as the course of "appendicitis" demonstrates. A perforation occurs in the little tube, and an acrid poison finds its way into the cavity of the abdomen; the manifestations which follow are termed the symptoms of peritonitis. They are distressing and urgent, but they are all benevolent in intent, and are the outcome of Nature's vigorous effort to minimise the calamity and save the patient's life.

Might not personal vanity, or intellectual pride, also be a beneficent provision of Nature as a defence against the acrid poisons of envy, hatred and malice?

Many of the symptoms of disease, instead of being pounded out of the body by violence as wholly pernicious, should rather be regarded as means for guiding the physician in the treatment he should adopt. Might there not be a word of wisdom here for those ascetics who regard the natural wants of the body as hideous vices, and the pursuit of happiness as the unforgivable sin?

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THE second great element in the *Religio Medici* concerns the relation of the physician to his patient, and here there is probably little divergence between the old faith and the new. Two and a half centuries have not served to modify the basis of right doing, and the few tenets professed by Sir Thomas Browne will find acceptance at the present day. They range under three heads:

The true Disciple  
of *Æsculapius*



In the first place the doctor must be strong, and his strength must depend on the fullness of his knowledge, and upon a fine and cultivated sense, a quick perception, a ready judgment, and a delicate susceptibility. The sick man in his weakness looks to his doctor for the supporting hand and the strong arm; he is moving in the dark and he needs to be led; he is haunted by apprehension and his fears must be allayed.

The second need is absolute fidelity; all those who profess to attend upon the sick undertake a solemn trust. The fullness and simplicity of the confidence of the sick man are the measure of the scrupulous honesty with which it must be received.

The third necessity of the doctor is that he must be kind; he must be a man of wide sympathies, and possessed of that rare qualification which enables him to put himself in the patient's place. Genuine sympathy cannot be assumed, or if assumed its artificiality is too apparent to deceive even a child.

Such is the ideal held up by the first surgeon in England for the guidance of the healers of the body. But as the value of the soul transcends that of the body, so does the responsibility of the soul-physician transcend that of the ordinary doctor. The former may well lay to heart the motto given by Sir Frederick to his students, "*Fortiter, Fideliter, Feliciter.*"

[A.]

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WE deeply regret to announce that Mme. Meulemann, who was in a very real sense the heart of our movement in Holland, passed away in sleep on November 24th. As we have only just received the telegram at the very last moment before going to press, it is only possible to announce the sad news—sad for us, her many friends and lovers, for the form in which we loved her is taken away. Our profoundest sympathy is with our Dutch colleagues. But she is not dead, nor does she sleep; she was too strenuous a labourer to abandon the work she loved better than life, now that she is relieved of the burden of her suffering body.

## THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 227)

### THE THIRD LIFE-WAVE

THE middle of the third Root-Race had been reached ; the nervous apparatus of animal man had been built up to a point at which it needed for its further improvement the more direct flow of thought from the spiritual Triad to which it was attached ; the Group-Soul had completed its work for these, the higher products of evolution, as the medium by which the Life of the Second Logos protected and nourished His infant children ; it was now to form the foundation of the causal body, the vessel into which the down-pouring life was to be received ; the term of the antenatal life of the Monad was touched, and the time was ripe for his birth into the lower world. The mother-life of the Logos had built for him the bodies in which he could now live as a separate entity in the world of forms, and he was to come into direct possession of his bodies and take up his human evolution.

We have seen (vol. xxx., p. 457) that the Monads derive their being from the First Logos, and the down-flow of their life into the spiritual Triads—causing the vortices of activity which catch up into union with themselves the upward reaching stream of life from the lower planes and form in that union the causal bodies—is called the third Life-Wave, and is properly related to Him as its source.

The causal body once formed, the spiritual Triad has a permanent vehicle for further evolution, and when Consciousness becomes able to function freely in this vehicle, the Triad will be able to control and direct far more effectively than ever before the evolution of the lower vehicles.

The earlier efforts to control are not, however, of a very intelligent description, any more than the first movements of the body of the infant show they are directed by any intelligence,

although we know that an intelligence is connected with it. The Monad is now, in a very real sense, born on the physical plane, but still he must be regarded as a babe, and must pass through an immense period of time before his power over the physical body will be anything but infantile.

#### HUMAN DEVELOPMENT

And this is clearly seen if we look at man as he was in his early days. Those long-perished Lemurians—if we except those entities who had already developed Consciousness to a considerable extent and who took birth in the clumsy Lemurian bodies in order to lead human evolution—were very poorly developed as to their sense organs; those of smell and taste were not developed, but were only in process of building. Their sensitiveness to pleasure and pain was slight.

In the Atlanteans the senses were much more active; sight was very keen and hearing was acute; taste and smell were more developed than among the Lemurians, but were still not highly evolved; coarse and rank foods were found perfectly tolerable and even agreeable, and very highly-flavoured articles of diet, such as decaying meat, were preferred to more delicate viands, which were considered tasteless. The body was not very sensitive to injuries, and severe wounds did not cause much pain, nor were followed by prostration, even extensive lacerations failing to incapacitate the sufferer, and healing very quickly. The remnants of the Lemurian Race now existing, as well as the widely spread Atlantean, still show a relative insensitiveness to pain, and undergo, with very partial disablement, lacerations that would utterly prostrate a fifth race man. A North American Indian has been reported as fighting on after the side of the thigh had been slashed away, and taking the field again after twelve or fifteen hours. This characteristic of the fourth race body enables a savage to bear with composure, and to recover from, tortures that would prostrate a fifth race man from nervous shock.

These differences derive largely from the varying developments of the permanent atom, the nucleus of the physical body. There is, in the fifth Root-Race, a fuller stream of life pouring down, causing and increasing with the greater internal develop-

ment of the permanent atom. As evolution goes on, there is an increasing complex of vibratory powers in the physical permanent atom, a similar increase in the astral atom, and again in the mental unit. As birth follows birth, and these permanent nuclei are put out on each plane to gather round them the new mental, astral and physical encasements, the more highly developed permanent atoms draw round them the more highly developed atoms on the planes to which they belong, and thus build up a better nervous apparatus through which the ever-increasing stream of Consciousness can flow. In this way is built up the delicately organised nervous apparatus of the fifth race man.

In the fifth race man the internal differentiation of the nervous cells is much increased, and the intercommunications are much more numerous. Speaking generally, the Consciousness of the fifth race man is working on the astral plane, and is withdrawn from the physical body except so far as the cerebro-spinal nervous system is concerned. The control of the vital organs of the body is left to the sympathetic system, trained through long ages to perform this work, and now kept going by impulses from the astral centres other than the ten, without deliberate attention from the otherwise occupied Consciousness, although of course sustained by it. It is, however, as we shall presently see, quite possible to draw the attention of Consciousness again to this part of its mechanism, and to reassume intelligent control of it. In the more highly evolved members of the fifth Race, the main impulses of Consciousness are sent down from the lower mental world, and work down through the astral to the physical, and there stimulate the physical nervous activity. This is the keen, subtle, intelligent Consciousness, moved by ideas more than by sensations, and showing itself more actively in the mental and emotional brain-centres than in those concerned with sensory and motor phenomena.

The sense-organs of the fifth race body are less active and acute than those of the highest fourth Race in responding to purely physical impacts. The eye, the ear, the touch, the smell, are less keen, and do not respond to vibrations which would affect the fourth race sense-organs. It is significant, also, that these organs are at their keenest in early childhood, and diminish in

sensitiveness from about the sixth year onward. On the other hand, while less acute in receiving pure sense-impacts, they become more sensitive to sensations intermingled with emotions, and delicacies of colour and of sound, whether of nature or of art, appeal to them more effectively. The higher and more intricate organisation of the sense-centres in the brain and in the astral body seems to bring about increased sensitiveness to beauty of colour, form and sound, but diminished response to the sensations in which the emotions play no part.

The fifth race body is also far more sensitive to shock than are the bodies of the fourth and third Races, being more dependent upon Consciousness for its upkeep. A nervous shock is far more keenly felt, and entails far greater prostration. A severe mutilation is no longer a question of lacerated muscle, of torn tissues, but of nervous shock; the highly organised nervous system carries the message of distress to the brain-centres, and it is sent on from them to the astral body, disturbing and upsetting the astral Consciousness. This is followed by disturbance on the mental plane; imagination is aroused, memory stimulates anticipation, and the rush of mental impulses intensifies and prolongs sensations. These again stimulate and excite the nervous system, and its undue excitation acts on the vital organs, causing organic disturbance; hence depression of vitality, and slow recovery.

So also in the highly evolved fifth race body mental conditions largely rule the physical, and intense anxiety, mental suffering, and worry, producing nervous tension, readily disturb organic processes and bring about weakness or disease. Hence mental strength and serenity directly promote physical health, and when the Consciousness is definitely established on the astral or the mental plane, emotional and mental disturbance are far more productive of ill-health than any privations inflicted on the physical body. The evolved fifth race man lives literally in his nervous system.

#### INCONGRUOUS SOULS AND BODIES

But we should here notice a significant fact, bearing on the all-important question of the relation of the nervous organisation to Consciousness. When a human consciousness

has not yet grown beyond the later Lemurian or Atlantean type, but is born into a fifth race body, it presents a curious and interesting study. (The reasons for such a birth cannot here be enlarged upon; briefly, as the more advanced nations annex the lands occupied by little evolved tribes, and kill them off either directly or indirectly, the people thus summarily evicted from their bodies have to find new habitats; the suitable savage conditions are becoming rarer and rarer, under the ever expanding flood of higher races, and they have to take birth under the lowest available conditions, such as the slums of large cities, in families of criminal types. They are drawn to the conquering nation by kârmic necessity.) Such persons incarnate in fifth race bodies of the worst available material. They then show out in these fifth race bodies the qualities that belong to the fourth or the third; and though they have the physical outer nervous organisation, they have not the internal differentiation in the nervous matter that only comes with the play on physical matter of energies coming from the astral and mental worlds. We observe in them the non-responsiveness to impressions from outside, unless the impressions are of a violent order, that marks the low grade of development of the individual consciousness. We notice the falling back into inertia when a violent physical stimulus is absent; the recurrent craving for such violent stimulus when roused by physical necessities; the stirring into faint mental activity under vehement impacts on the sense-organs, and the blankness when the sense-organs are at rest; the complete absence of any response to a thought or a high emotion—not a rejection but an unconsciousness of it. Excitement or violence in such a person is caused as a rule by something outside—by something coming before him physically which his dawning mind connects with the possibility of gratifying some passion which he remembers, and desires again to feel. Such a person may not be intent on robbery or murder at all, but may be stimulated into either or both by the mere sight of a well-dressed passer-by who seems likely to have money—money, that means gratification by food, drink or sex. The stimulus to attack the passer-by is at once given, and will be followed at once by action, unless checked by a physical and obvious danger, such as the sight of a policeman.

It is the embodied physical temptation which arouses the idea of committing the crime ; a man who plans a crime beforehand is more highly developed ; the mere savage commits a crime on the impulse of the moment, unless faced by another physical embodiment, that of a force which he fears. And when the crime is committed, he is impervious to all appeals to shame or remorse ; he is susceptible only to terror.

These remarks do not, of course, apply to the intelligent criminal, but only to the congenital brutal and obtuse type, the third or fourth race savage in a fifth race body.

#### CLAIRVOYANCE

We have seen that astral organisation precedes and shapes the physical nervous system, and we have now to consider how this must affect the workings of Consciousness. We should expect to find that Consciousness on the astral plane will become aware of impacts on its astral sheath in a vague and unprecise way, just as in the minerals and the plants and the lowest animals, it became aware of impacts on its physical body. This awareness of astral impacts will long precede any definite organisation in the astral sheath that will evolve it into an astral body. And, as we have seen, the first organisation in the astral sheath is a response to impacts received through the physical body, and is related to the physical body in its evolution. This organisation has nothing to do directly with the reception, co-ordination and understanding of astral impacts, but is engaged in being acted upon by, and re-acting on, the physical nervous system. Consciousness everywhere precedes Self-Consciousness, and the evolution of Consciousness on the astral plane proceeds contemporaneously with the evolution of Self-Consciousness—these will be dealt with in the next sections—on the physical.

The impacts on the astral sheath from the astral plane produce vibratory waves over the whole astral sheath, and the un-sheathed Consciousness gradually becomes dimly aware of these surgings without relating them to any external cause. It is groping after the much more violent physical impacts, and such power of attention as it has evolved is turned on them. The aggregations of astral matter before mentioned naturally share in the general surgings of the astral sheath, and the vibrations

mingle with those coming from the physical body, and affect also the vibrations sent down to it by the Consciousness through these aggregations. Thus a connection is established between astral impacts and the sympathetic system, and they play a considerable part in its evolution. As the Consciousness working in the physical begins slowly to recognise an external world, these impacts from the astral—gradually classified under the five senses as are the impacts from the physical—mingle with those from the physical plane and are not distinguished as being different from them in origin. So long as the sympathetic system is acting as the dominant apparatus of Consciousness, so long will the origin, astral or physical, of impacts remain as the same to Consciousness. Even the higher animals—in which the cerebro-spinal system is well developed, but in which it is not yet, save in its sense-centres, the chief mechanism of Consciousness—fail to distinguish between physical and astral sights, sounds, etc. A horse will leap over an astral body as though it were a physical one; a cat will rub herself against the legs of an astral figure; a dog will growl at a similar appearance. In the dog and the horse there is the dawning of an uneasy sense of some difference, shown by the fear often manifested of such appearances by the dog, and by the timidity of the horse. The nervousness of the horse—despite which he can be trained to face the dangers of a battle field, and even, as with Arab mares, learn to pick up and carry away his fallen rider through all the alarming surroundings—seems chiefly due to his confusion and bewilderment as to his environment, and his inability to distinguish between what later he will learnedly call “objective realities,” against which he can injure his body, and “delusions,” or “hallucinations.” To him they are all real, and the difference of their behaviour alarms him; in the case of an exceptionally intelligent horse the nervousness is often greater, as he evolves a dawning sense of difference in the phenomena themselves, and this is yet more disquieting.

The savage, living more in the cerebro-spinal system, distinguishes between the physical and the astral, though the latter to him are as “real” as the physical; he relates them to another world, to which he relegates all things that do not behave in the way he considers normal. He does not know that, with regard



to these, he is conscious through the sympathetic and not through the cerebro-spinal system ; he is conscious of them—that is all. The Lemurians and early Atlanteans were almost more conscious astrally than they were physically. Astral impacts, throwing the whole astral sheath into waves, came through the sense-centres of the astral to the sympathetic centres in the physical body, and they were vividly aware of them. Their lives were dominated by sensations and passions more than by intellect, and the special apparatus of the astral sheath, the sympathetic system, was the dominant mechanism of Consciousness.

As the cerebro-spinal system became elaborated, and more and more assumed its peculiar position as the chief apparatus of Consciousness on the physical plane, the attention of Consciousness was fixed more and more on the external physical world, and its aspect of intelligence was brought into greater and greater prominence. The sympathetic system became subordinate, and its indications were less and less regarded, submerged under the flood of the more violent physical vibrations. Hence a lessening of astral consciousness and an increase of intelligence, though there still remains in almost everyone a vague sense of non-understood impressions received from time to time.

At the present stage of evolution this form of clairvoyance is found in persons of very limited intellect ; they have little idea as to its rationale, and little control over its exercise. Attempts to increase it are apt to cause nervous disturbances of a very refractory kind, and these attempts are against the law of evolution, which works ever forward towards a higher end, and does not move backwards. As the law cannot be changed, attempts to work against it only cause disturbance and disease. We cannot revert to the condition in which the sympathetic system was dominant, save at the cost of health, and of the higher intellectual evolution. Hence the serious danger of following many of the directions now published broadcast, to meditate on the solar plexus, and other sympathetic centres.

When the cerebro-spinal system is thrown temporarily into abeyance, the impulses from the astral sheath through the sympathetic system make themselves felt in Consciousness. Hence "lucidity" in trance, self-induced or imposed, the power of

crystal-reading, and other similar devices. The partial or complete suspension of the action of Consciousness in the higher vehicle causes it to direct attention on the lower.

When by the play of intellect and the perfecting of the physical intellectual apparatus, the organisation of the astral *body* begins, then the true astral senses, called the Chakras, or wheels, from their whirling appearance, are gradually evolved. These develop on the astral plane, as astral senses and organs, and are built and controlled from the mental plane, as were the brain-centres from the astral. Consciousness is then working on the mental plane and building its astral mechanism, as before it worked on the astral plane, building its physical mechanism. But now it works with far greater power and greater understanding, having unfolded so many of its powers. Further, it shapes centres in the physical body from the sympathetic and cerebro-spinal systems, to act as physical plane apparatus for bringing into the brain consciousness the vibrations from the higher planes. As these centres are vivified, knowledge is "brought through," *i.e.*, is grasped by Consciousness working in the physical nervous system. This is the higher clairvoyance, powers of Consciousness in the astral body intelligently exercised and self-directed.

In this upward-climbing, the powers of Consciousness are awakened on the physical plane, and are then severally awakened on the astral and the mental. The astral and mental sheaths must be highly evolved ere they can be farther developed into the subtle body, acting independently on the higher planes, and then building for itself the necessary apparatus for the exercise of these higher powers in the physical world. And even here, when the apparatus is ready, built by pure thought and pure desire, it must be vivified on the physical plane by the fire of Kundalini, aroused and directed by the Consciousness working in the physical brain.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## THE PIPER OF ELFAME

THE moorland tracks were spongy with water ; raindrops hung on bog-myrtle and whortleberry twigs. There were purple-brown shadows in the goyals ; all sounds were muffled, yet there was no mist. The air was still, the distance clear and soft, the horizon distant. Upon the moor where two roads met there sat a man ; his hair was grey, but he was not old, it had lost its colour in youth ; his face kept the youthfulness his hair had lost, it looked as though it would never grow old ; it was delicate, joyous, untouched by care or the fiend "worry." It had a boyishness at variance with his actual age, for he was past his thirtieth birthday.

He seemed to be waiting, but with no eagerness or impatience. He sang a folk-song of the West in a low voice, a mere sweet tuneful breath of sound ; he watched a hawk hovering high above a round barrow thick with bracken which was changing colour. He touched a little blue flower growing in the heather, with a delicate recognition of its beauty ; he did not pluck it. •

At last he looked down the road, a man was walking quickly towards him ; this man was upright of bearing, and swift of movement ; he looked neither to the right nor to the left ; he pressed on over the moorland regarding neither flower nor bird. He who waited stood up ; when the newcomer came abreast of him he spoke :

"My good fortune !" he said, with an ease and friendliness uncommon in an Englishman addressing a stranger, a manner hitting the happy mean between stiffness and familiarity. "The gods are good to me because I treat their handiwork as I would wish mine to be treated. I am lost, and sat me down in peace in the hope of someone passing before sunset. Can you direct me ?"

The other, he was a spare, harsh-featured man, with a worn face and tightly shut lips, answered :

"If I know where you are going perhaps I can. I looked at a map of the roads this morning, and I carry such things fairly clearly in my head."

"Is it possible? What a gift! I never dream of giving such things house-room in my head; but then its space is limited. I don't mind where I go as long as I get lodging somewhere. I have neither plans nor prejudices; a farmhouse barn would content me. But I want some shelter; it is too wet to sleep under the sky."

The man to whom he spoke—his name, Richard Tharme, was as harsh as his face—hesitated; at last he said:

"If you don't mind where you go, perhaps you had better walk with me. I do not know the villages, but I am going over yonder, and I daresay we shall pass a farm; or even perhaps—where I am going—someone might—if you were belated on the moor—or they would direct you to an inn."

"Yes, perhaps they would do so. I should scarcely venture to beg lodging of your friends for a stranger."

"Friends!" said Tharme bluntly and brusquely. "I'm not going to friends. I've a comrade here and there whom I quarrel with and stick to; but none in this soft, wet lazy-land. If you will take a guide who doesn't know his own way over well, I'll guide you."

"Thank you," said the other, walking beside him. "Say nothing against this land of the gods and fairies, I beg you. I was here six weeks ago; the place was a sheet of royal purple and gold. Look at it now! Some gold remains, where the gorse is a-bloom. The heather is dull brown and green; the bracken pale yellow and russet brown. Look at the sweep of the hills, and the dark tors; see the little waterfalls as white as milk flashing down the goyals. What breadth! what perfume! what freedom!"

"Freedom! There's a prison on this moor."

"For God's sake don't remind me of it, then! Look at the horizon line, and the sky pale above it—pale with fierceness of light, it looks. See the shining streak that runs all along."

"It's a sign of bad weather," said Tharme, who began to wish he had resisted his instinct to put lost wanderers in the right road.

"You are probably an artist?"

He spoke as one who wishes to mention all extenuating circumstances.

"No ; you must not form so high an estimate of me. I only like to look at things."

"At beautiful things ?" said Tharme with a little sneer.

"Of course. No man in his senses looks at ugly ones ; but there is really very little ugliness."

"Do you think so ?" said Tharme drily. "What of the people who have to look at ugliness—or go blind ?"

"I think most people who say they are compelled to see ugliness are lunatics who like it. Of course some people don't distinguish ugliness from beauty. I knew a woman who painted jam-pots and sauce-bottles with Aspinall's enamel, and stuck them about her room."

"She was perhaps blindly striving after the beautiful," said Tharme sarcastically. The real pitifulness which lurked in the half-comic story touched him, though he did not know why he should be touched ; the man's tone nettled him. Tharme's past made the attitude of his chance acquaintance intensely jarring, especially to his present mood ; a whole string of mind-pictures rose before him ; all the unsuspected intricacies and subtleties, the joy and pain of the phases of life which this man seemed to put out of account. All that he knew was ignorance to Tharme, while all that was to Tharme the most poignant reality was unseen and unknown by the other.

"Perhaps she was," he said. "I never thought of that. Last week I was in a flat green country in the north ; it was a grey misty day."

"Ghastly black-grey mist, with a dash of dirty yellow in it ; I know those northern towns."

"No ; there was colour in it, like the bloom on a plum ; the clouds were the same colour, with pale flame striking through them, where the sun was hidden. I came to a winding grey road, with a nun in a blue gown and white cap walking along it ; the road was bordered with poplars ; they don't understand poplars in this country, as a rule. There was an old brown stone cross by that roadside ; beyond it the road wound through flat green fields with the mist hanging over them ; one field was like a long

horse-shoe, bordered with trees touched bronze by early autumn, that bronze—(it was the sort of day to bring out bronzes and greens)—made a background for a field of willow withies."

"Grown for basket weaving, I suppose?"

"I don't know. Very likely. But the willow green against the bronze, in the quiet plum-grey mist! It was a marvel of colouring! Do you know the purpose of colour?"

"I did not suppose it had any. A thing's red because it absorbs some light waves, and reflects others back from its surface."

"I'm not thinking of the mechanical process. Colour is the language of the gods; thus they translate the 'things unspeakable' to earth. They send divine ideas sweeping throughout the world for a few of us to interpret, a few to understand silently, and for many to feel without understanding. That's the whole purpose, meaning and office of colour in water and field, wood, plain, and mountain."

Tharme hesitated whether he ought to pity a lunatic or curse a babbling fool.

"You get fine colour in London, too," pursued his companion. "Wonderful effects down by the river; I've seen a street of wet mud turned to gold, early on a winter's morning. And at evening, too, from the bridges, I've seen the silver-grey water with fire roses glowing in it, in the half light; it is fine to see it, and to feel the throb of the city. It is glorious to have that sense of life at full tide."

"It depends on the quarter you live in."

"Do you think so? I see beauty in all. I see it in a street market lit with flaring naphtha lamps. If you are raised above it on the top of a 'bus, you see it well."

"You think people see things better when they're raised above them; perhaps you're right. But you must climb from the street to reach the roof."

"You are allegorising I think. I challenge your statement. Of course you must climb to the roof, but you'll see equally well if you mount your 'bus in Park Lane."

"Do you understand what you see?" said Tharme almost rudely. The one man was suffering; the other was enjoying the play of fancy, thought and speech. He answered gaily:

"You get the effect at any rate. What place is that far away over the moor?"

"The prison."

"They've no business to put it here."

Tharme had an impulse of unnecessary candour such as sometimes visits very reserved people.

"I'm on my way to it," he said. "My youngest brother lies dead there. I'm going to see his body."

"You should have told me you were in trouble. That must be a gloomy place in which to live as—" hesitatingly, for Tharme, though he spoke like a man of some education, had a rough method of pronunciation, and was very shabbily dressed—"as a—warder."

"Or as a convict, which was my brother's case."

"I—I beg your pardon for introducing a subject which pains you. But, after all, there is something beautiful in—in—"

"In being a convicted criminal?"

"No; I was going to say—in being unjustly condemned."

"Doubtless. Very beautiful—save for the condemned. But that was not my brother's position; and if others had been born in the particular tide of the city's life in which he and I found ourselves, perhaps its glorious throbbing would have taken them where it took him."

"You mean me? Quite likely. But I observe it has not taken you there."

"Chance," replied Tharme, "and obstinacy. I forced my way up; forged ahead, and wrenched from fate better conditions. It was too late for *him* then; his fate was sealed when he was a boy. Yet he was a better man than I, more kindly, more generous. This is ugly talk, and it revolts you, no doubt. But it does not revolt you more than yours revolts me."

"We won't talk, then," said the other.

They tramped on in silence. It began to grow dusk; the clouds stooped suddenly and wrapped the moor in their soft clammy folds. The men walked through the mist, till Tharme spoke:

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm at fault. I don't know where we are."

They stood still ; the soft white mist drifted past them wave-like. There came towards them through the mist-waves a faint piping, thin and shrill.

"There's someone whistling. A shepherd perhaps," said Tharme listening. "Can you tell which way the sound comes ? I can't."

The other listened.

"This way," he said promptly. "We must leave the road. My ear will guide me."

They walked a few paces over heather and soft, spongy earth. The mist lifted a little ; the piping sounded close at hand, high, clear, and flute-like. Tharme's companion stood still :

"Do you see ? " he said gasping.

Tharme peered through the mist.

"Yes," he said. "I see the man ; he's sitting on a rock. I suppose the people who live here are used to this weather. Hullo, there ! Can you direct us ? We're lost in the mist."

"Common fate of man," said a mellow voice, with a curious lilt in it. "Which way do you wish to go ? So many ways are right ; it depends which way you have chosen."

"Where are we ? "

• "In Elfame."

"That doesn't mean much to me," said Tharme. He was now standing beside the piper ; a slender youth with glittering eyes, pale face, and long fair hair on which dewdrops hung ; on his head was a quaint peaked cap ; he had a reed pipe in his hand.

"Which is the nearest village from this part of the moor ? "

"I know nothing of any moor."

Tharme stared at him.

"Why, you're on it, man ! " he said.

"So are you in Elfame," said the piper. "But you know as little of it as I of the moor. Ask your friend what he knows of the place."

As he spoke he put the pipe to his lips and sent ripples of sound into the mist.

Tharme turned to his chance travelling companion and



started. The man's face was white with a very anguish of joy; his eyes streamed tears and his mouth laughed; he broke into a rhythmic chant of rapturous words; he spoke of the hills and vales as ablaze with light; he told of voices singing and laughing, and the throb of harp-strings pulsing through the air; he told of tall, white, yellow-haired women, and men like a poet's dream of the sons of God; he told how they trod those hills and made them shine with the light of their feet; he sang of the ever-blooming blossoms in their hands and binding their brows; and he cried out concerning the perfume of the flowers that blew from them to him. Lastly he told of a great white tower upon the hill summit; from its windows rosy light streaming, within it a sound of laughter and song, and at the door a tall queen, with flame about her brows, and in her hand a blossoming rod that gave forth music. And the man strode up the hillside to meet the tall, wise queen, laughing and sobbing, and stretching out his arms into the mist.

Tharme heard his voice and saw him vaguely outlined through its lifting folds; on a sudden the voice stopped, and the man vanished. Tharme turned to the piper.

"You may be the devil," he said. "I don't know who you are; I never believed in him, nor in the good God who allows places like the one in which I was reared, and suffers children to be born in them. But whether you are the devil or not, you shall not pipe away my wits as you have done that fool's."

"My good sir," said the piper laughing, "I don't want your wits. I have enough for my needs, which is all devil or man can reasonably demand for immediate use. Why do you call your friend a fool?"

"He's no friend of mine," said Tharme. "But if you say you have not taken his wits, you're a liar. You have driven him mad with your piping, and you have murdered him, for he has probably fallen down a disused mining shaft, if there are any on the moor."

"By no means," replied the piper. "To-morrow at sunrise he will be sleeping on the hill summit, and he will tell you, if you ask him, of his dreams. He will write them down moreover, and the world will be the fairer because he has had a vision of Elfame."

"Visions are not real. There is no Elfame."

"Truly some have said thus," responded the piper. "But the wisest of them have affirmed that your city is equally unreal. I played once to a bishop who was lost in the mist, as bishops as well as laymen sometimes may be; the lamps of Elfame were lighted for him, but he thought my pipe the shrill croak of frogs, and the light of the wise queen a will-o'-the-wisp. Now on the other hand there was a man who escaped from the prison yonder who found his way to the very heart of fairyland. He stayed there two days and nights and then he was found by his jailers asleep on the hill. Three days thereafter he died in prison; they said he died of exposure, but they were wrong. He died because he had seen Elfame and was mad with longing for it."

"Will that poor wretch do the same?"

"No. He has power to tell his fellows concerning what he has seen. But when a man knows and cannot tell what he knows, he sometimes dies, or goes mad with dumbness and longing."

Tharme cast himself on the wet ground beside the rock, leaning on his elbow and looking up at the piper, who said:

"You are not afraid of the devil then?"

"Of you? No. Play me into Elfame if you can."

"Or if I dare, so your eyes say," said the piper, laughing. He toyed idly with his pipe.

"Play!" said Tharme imperiously.

"What good in that?" said the piper. "You would only see the ugliness of Elfame, if I piped you there."

"Is there ugliness in Elfame?"

"Assuredly," said the piper. "How else should there be beauty."

"But he did not see it."

"No; he did not look for it. He never looks for the ugliness of the city, much less for that of Elfame. He would live by a bog side and never see whether a lost traveller was struggling therein or no."

"Do you praise him for that?"

"No," replied the piper. "I do not praise or blame bird or beast for acting after his kind. Nor do I praise you because you see nothing but the folk who are fast in a slough."

He does not help those who are plunged in the mud ; but he serves those well who stand on firm ground and do not wish to hear descriptions of the nature of morasses."

"Must there always be ugliness?" said Tharme with a sigh.

"So long as there is beauty. In the garden of the King of Elfame there is neither, so it is said."

"What is there, then?"

"That which is neither ugliness nor beauty, good or evil, pleasure or pain. Can you picture it?"

"No."

"No!" said the piper, and his pipe laughed and sobbed at one and the same time.

"Why should there be any of these things?" said Tharme. "If there is something which is none of them, why should we not have done without them all?"

"Divers reasons have been given," said the piper. "Whether they would satisfy you I do not know."

Tharme mused. The piper made strange music with his pipe.

"The people of Elfame," said Tharme, "if such there be, can have nothing in common with humanity."

"What do you mean by humanity?" said the piper. "It is a word that covers many kinds of people; so many that you could not find one word that should apply to all. If there were no such men as you, there would be none to drain the sloughs wherein your people sink and die, none to cry out on ugliness, and harry people's souls because of want and evil; and there would be no saints or sages who had climbed to their thrones in Heaven by the sinner's road. If there were not such as he, the folk who like the sweet songs of Elfame would grow dry and barren at heart, bewildered by the foulness you cannot choose but see."

"You are right, whoever you are. I see it eternally."

"It is but half; they see the other half, and the fairer. There are men who see only the weaknesses of the strong, the follies of the wise, and the sins of the saintlike. They wander in mist and darkness."

"They are to blame, are they?"

"You are of them, and should know. They have their use. Nor are they more to blame than those who blaspheme Truth by refusing to see ugliness because of the beauty that always hides in it; who close their eyes to weakness, evil and pain, who refuse to face the darkness that makes possible the light. These are dazzled by light, and see nothing clearly. A wise man sees Elfame and your city too; he knows the links that bind each to each; he knows the just measure of the beauty and ugliness that are shining in the sun or lost in the mist. Do not quarrel with your travelling comrade because he treads another road than yours. Make straight his path, so that when the ways are clean enough for him to walk them without shuddering he may bring the songs of Elfame to ring in the city's heart."

"The mist is lifting," said Tharme. "The wind is rising. There's the moon. Well! faery or human, whichever you be, you have talked with me as man to man. You have not fooled me."

"There was no need," said the piper gravely. "You can do it for yourself; I would wish peace upon you if yours were the way of peace."

The mist had vanished; a bright moonshine showed the sweep of the moors, and a pile of rocks on the summit of the hill. Tharme nodded to the piper, and turned to walk towards the distant prison. A shrill music crept after him, and danced round him as he went; he turned, and saw the piper standing on the hilltop cairn; his pipe was at his lips, and the high sweet notes were echoed from the sleeping tors. Tharme never heard how his chance travelling companion returned from Elfame; he never knew his name, so that when a year later he happened to see the book in which he told a portion of what he saw there, he passed it by unread. Besides, in any case he was too busy to read it, for he was striking and encountering great blows on the very verge of the Slough of Despond.

MICHAEL WOOD.

## THE EARLIEST EXTERNAL EVIDENCE AS TO THE TALMUD JESUS STORIES\*

CHRISTIAN tradition will have it that already as early as about 30 A.D. the followers of Jesus were most bitterly persecuted by the Jewish authorities. On the contrary, we know that Christians and Jews were undistinguished by the Roman authorities until the closing years of the first century, and that, too, not only in Palestine but also among the Dispersion—a consideration which in the opinion of some critics tends somewhat to weaken the strength of the traditional line of demarcation which is regarded as having been drawn between Jew and Gentile Christians in the Diaspora by Pauline propaganda. Moreover, we are further assured by Talmud scholars that according to Jewish tradition Jews and Jewish Christians were not distinctly separated out till the reign of Trajan (98-117 A.D.), or even still later in Hadrian's time (117-138 A.D.).

It is impossible to reconcile these contradictory data; for though we may almost entirely eliminate the negative evidence of classical writers by the persuasion that the official Roman was ignorant or careless of the rights or wrongs of the matter, and contemptuously lumped Jew and Christian together as of the same family as far as their *superstitio* was concerned, the Christian and Jewish traditions appear to be in straitest contradiction, even though we suppose that the Palestinian Rabbis who first evolved the Talmud paid attention only to the state of affairs in the land of Israel proper and were not concerned with the Dispersion. It may indeed be that in the beginning the Tanäic Rabbis paid no attention to Gentile Christians of any grade in Palestine, but regarded them as Heathen, and the vast majority of them as *Amme-ha-aretz*, entirely outside the pale of Jewry and its privi-

\* This series of studies began in the June number.

leges; it may be that they were only concerned with born Jews who were abandoning the externals of the Law and introducing into Jewry what the Rabbis considered to be polytheistic views which set at naught the rigid monotheistic commandments of the Torah. But even so, if the testimony of Paul as to himself is genuine, there was the bitterest persecution almost a century before the Talmud indirectly admits it.

Now in spite of the brilliant critical ability of van Manen and his school I am still inclined to regard the majority of the Pauline letters as largely genuine, and therefore as being our earliest historical witnesses to Christianity. From these we learn that already upwards of a generation before the fall of Jerusalem, which immensely intensified the propaganda of more liberal and spiritual views throughout the nation, there was bitter persecution on the part of the Jewish authorities against heresy, and that among the victims of this persecution were the followers of Jesus. We do not have to deduce this from enigmatical sentences or confused traditions, but on the contrary we have before us what purports to be not only the testimony of an eye witness, but the confession of one who had taken a leading part in the persecution. In his Letter to the Galatians (i. 13) Paul declares that before his conversion he was engaged in persecuting and "wasting" the "Church of God." If this declaration of the great propagandist is a statement of fact, and not a rhetorical embellishment, or a generous exaggeration in contrition for previous harshness (begotten of zeal for the "tradition of the fathers") towards those with whom he was now the co-believer, it is in strictest contradiction with the opinion of these Talmudic scholars who assert that Jews and Jewish Christians continued together in comparative harmony till the reign of Trajan.

The graphic details of this persecution as given in the Acts, and its far-reaching character, as suggested by the furnishing of Paul by the authorities with letters against the heretics even among the Dispersion at Damascus, may presumably be set down as a later Haggadic expansion, or the ascription of circumstances of a later date to Pauline times.\* But

\* Otherwise we have to account for the existence of a "Church" at Damascus at a date when, according to canonical tradition, the first Church at Jerusalem had hardly been formed.

whatever was the exact nature of the "havoc" in the time of Paul, at the time of the redaction of the Acts (130-150 A.D.) it was still a lively remembrance that there had been much persecution at the hands of the Jews, that is to say most probably from the Mishnaic Rabbis and their adherents—a fact confirmed by the Talmud, which in a number of passages allows us to conclude that during the first thirty-five years of the second century the great Akiba himself, who was so zealous for the Law, and the virtual founder of the Talmud method, was the most strenuous and implacable opponent of Christianity. And if there was persecution, there must have previously been controversy, and controversy of the most embittered nature, and if bitter dispute then presumably scandal and slander.

We are certain then that the strife was at fever heat in the first quarter of the second century, just prior to the compilation of our four canonical Gospels; the "common document" (as we saw in a previous paper) shows further that it was in manifestation some half century prior to the redaction of these documents, say somewhere about 75 A.D., while if we can accept the testimony of the Letter to the Galatians as that of a genuine declaration by Paul himself, we must push back the beginnings of the struggle another half century or so.\*

Seeing, then, that few reject this testimony, as far as most of us are concerned there is nothing *à priori* to prevent the genesis of the original forms of some of these Talmud stories going back even to some 30 years A.D., while for others we can at best only push their origin back stage by stage with the evolution of Christian dogma—that is to say with the externalising and historicising of the mystic teachings of the inner tradition. As

\* In this connection it would be interesting to determine the exact date of Paul's conversion, but this is impossible to do with any precision. The various authorities give it as anywhere between 28—36 A.D., the 28 limit making it almost coterminous with the earliest possible date of the crucifixion according to the canonical data. This early date, however, allows no time for anything but a sudden and unorganised outbreak of official fury directed against the followers of Jesus immediately after his execution (according to canonical tradition), and such a sudden outbreak seems out of keeping with the extended "persecuting" and "wasting" of the "Church of God" referred to by Paul. But was the "Church" of tradition as imagined by the scribe of the Acts (viii. 3), the same as the "Church of God" in Paul's living memory? Did the latter then possess the identical story related a century later in the canonical Gospels? And if so, why does Paul seem to be almost entirely ignorant of this story in spite of lengthy acquaintance with that "Church" while wasting it, and in spite of subsequent conversion?

Christian popular propaganda gradually departed from the sober paths of prosaic history and simple ethical instruction, owing to the externalising of the exalted and romantic experiences of the mystics and the bringing of the "mysteries" to earth by historicising them, so did the Rabbinical opponents of this new movement confront its extravagance with the remorseless logic of material fact.

For instance, the Christ (said the mystics) was born of a "virgin"\*; the unwitting believer in Jesus as *the* historical Messiah in the exclusive Jewish sense, and in his being *the* Son of God, nay God Himself, in course of time asserted that Mary was that virgin; whereupon Rabbinical logic, which in this case was simple and common logic, met this extravagance by the natural retort that Jesus was therefore illegitimate, a bastard (*Mamzer*).

Round this point there naturally raged the fiercest controversy, or rather it was met with the most contemptuous retorts, which must have broken out the instant the virginity of Mary as a physical fact was publicly mooted by the simple believers of the general Christian body. This particular dogma, however, must have been a comparatively late development in the evolution of popular Christianity, for the "common document" knows nothing of it, the writers of the second and fourth Gospels tacitly reject it, while some of the earliest readings of our Gospels distinctly assert that Joseph was the natural father of Jesus.† For the *Mamzer* element in the Talmud stories, therefore, we have, in my opinion, no need to go back further than the first quarter of the second century or so as the earliest *terminus a quo*.

For most of the other main elements, however, we have no means of fixing a date limit by the criticism of canonical documents; all we can say is that as early as 30 A.D. even circumstances were such as to lead us to expect the circulation of stories of a hostile nature.

From the persecution in the time of Paul till the redaction of

\* The spiritual birth, by which a man becomes "twice-born"—the simple mystic fact that so puzzled the Rabbi Nicodemus, according to the writer of the fourth Gospel.

† For the latest study of this subject see F. C. Conybeare's article, "Three Early Doctrinal Modifications of the Text of the Gospels," in *The Hibbert Journal* (London; 1902), I. i. 96-113.



the Acts a full century elapses, from which we have preserved no witnesses that will help us concerning anything but the *Mamzer* element. And even when, following immediately on the period of the Acts redaction, we come to the testimony of Justin Martyr,\* in the middle of the second century, we have to be content with generalities, though fortunately (in this connection) such generalities as put it entirely out of doubt that a state of affairs had long existed such as presupposes the existence and wide circulation of similar stories to those found in the Talmud.

From the general testimony of Justin, no matter how we may discount it by his demonstrable blundering in some points of detail, we are certain that the separation between Jews and Christians had for years been made absolute, and if we can trust the repeated statements of this enthusiastic apologist, we must believe that the stages of the separation had been throughout marked by a bitterness and persecution of a quite mediæval character.

In his first *Apology* Justin seeks to rebut the objection that the one whom the Christians call "*the Messiah*" was simply a man born of human parents, and that his wonder-workings were done by magical means—the main contention of the Talmud Rabbis;† this he does by appeal to prophecy (c. xxx.). Developing his arguments Justin naïvely admits that the Christians base themselves on the Septuagint Greek translation‡ of the Hebrew prophetic writings; nevertheless he accuses the Jews of not understanding their own books, and is surprised that his co-believers are considered as foes and enemies by the Jews because of their interpretation of Hebrew prophecy—a point, we may remark, in which modern criticism practically sympathises with the Rabbis. Nay, so bitter were the Jews against them, that whenever they had had the power they had not only punished the

\* The dates of Justin's genuine writings are variously conjectured, but the general opinion is that they may be placed 145-150 A.D.

† Lactantius (*Institt. Div.*, v. 3.) also at the beginning of the fourth century, informs us that the Romans still regarded Jesus as a magician, and that the Jews from the beginning had attributed the wonder-doings to magical means.

‡ In connection with the origin of which Justin commits a ludicrous blunder, when he makes Herod a contemporary of Ptolemy, the founder of the Alexandrian Library—an anachronism of 250 years!

Christians but also put them to death—a charge he repeats in several passages;\* declaring that in his own day the Jews were only deterred from doing so by the Roman authorities.† For instance, in the recent revolt against the Romans led by Bar Kochba (132-135 A.D.), Justin declares that this popular Messiah specially singled out the Christians for torture if they refused to deny that Jesus was the Messiah and utter blasphemies against him (c. xxxi.). It is to be noted, however, that Eusebius and others‡ state that Bar Kochba punished the Christians (that is to say, Jewish Christians resident in Palestine) for political reasons, because they refused to join their fellow countrymen against the Romans, and not on theological grounds. If, nevertheless, in spite of this conflict of testimony, we are still to believe Justin, it is of interest to remember that R. Akiba, the founder of the Talmudic method, and the Rabbi who is represented in the Talmud as the greatest opponent of Christianity, threw all his great influence on the side of Bar Kochba, acknowledged him as the true Messiah and paid the penalty of his enthusiastic championship with his life.

From Justin's *Dialogue with Tryphon* we derive still further information, the interest of which would be greatly increased for our present research if the identification of Justin's Tryphon with the R. Tarphon of the Talmud, the contemporary of Akiba, could be maintained.§

In addition to the general declaration that the Jews hate the Christians (c. xxxv.)—a state of affairs summed up in *The Letter to Diognetus* (c. v.), which some still attribute to Justin, in the words "the Jews make war against the Christians as against a foreign nation"—we have some important details given us which, according to the fancy and taste of the reader, can either be set down as embellishments begotten of *odium theologicum*, or be taken as throwing historic light on the state of affairs and temper of the times which originated the Talmud Jesus stories.

Thus in ch. cxvii., speaking of Jesus as the "Son of God,"

\* See *Dial. c. Tryph.*, xvi., cx., cxxxiii.

† *Ibid.*, xvi.

‡ Eusebius, *Chron.*, and Orosius, *Hist.*, vii. 13; cf. note to Otto's *Justini Opera* (Jena; 1847), i. 79.

§ But see Strack's *Einleitung in den Talmud* (3rd ed.), p. 80.

and addressing the Jew Tryphon, Justin adds, "whose name the high priests and teachers of your people have caused to be profaned and blasphemed throughout the earth." If this accusation was true in Justin's time, it can only refer to the spreading far and wide of inimical stories about Jesus; at that time stories of this kind were spread everywhere throughout the Roman empire, and the source of them was attributed by the Christians to the Jewish priestly aristocracy and especially to the Rabbinical doctors, in other words the Mishnaic Talmudists of those days and earlier.

Moreover Justin twice (ccxvii. and cviii.) categorically asserts that after the "resurrection" the Jews sent out a specially elected body of men, some sort of official commission apparently, "throughout the world," to proclaim that a godless and lawless sect had arisen from one Jesus, a Galilean impostor, whose followers asserted that he had risen from the dead, whereas the fact of the matter was that he had been put to death by crucifixion and that subsequently his body had been stolen from the grave by his disciples (c. cviii.).

The genesis of this extensive commission may with great probability be ascribed to the imaginative rhetoric of Justin playing on the germ provided by the floating tradition, that Paul was furnished with letters of repression against the heretics when he set forth for Damascus, as stated by the compiler of the Acts. A commission to disprove the dogma of the physical resurrection would not have been necessary until that dogma had gained a firm root in popular belief, and this we hold was a late development (the vulgar historicising of a mystic fact) though somewhat earlier than the dogma of the immaculate conception; but even so it would appear to be a somewhat absurd proceeding to send out a commission to deal with this point only.

There may be, however, some greater substratum of truth in Justin's repeated assertions (cc. xvi., xcvi. and cxxxiii.) that it was the custom of the Jews publicly to curse those who believed on "the Christ" in their synagogues; and to this he adds that not only were the Jews forbidden by their Rabbis to have any dealings of any kind with Christians (c. cxii.), but that they were distinctly taught by the Pharisee Rabbis and the leaders of their

synagogues to revile and make fun of Jesus after prayer (c. cxxxvii.).

In fact Justin will have it that all the preconceived evil opinion which the general public cherished against the Christians was originated by the Jews (c. xvii.), whom he accuses of deliberately stating that Jesus himself had taught all those impious, unspeakable and detestable crimes with which the Christians were charged (c. cviii.)—an accusation which in no case can be substantiated by the Talmud passages, and which we may presumably set down to Justin's rhetoric.

But, whether or not Justin can be believed in all his details, and no matter how we may soften down his statements, there still remains strong enough evidence to show that in his day the bitterest hostility existed between Jews and Christians, or at any rate between official Judaism and that type of Christianity for which Justin stood. Since Justin attributes all the scandalous stories about Christians,\* and all the scoffing at the most cherished beliefs of Justin and the popular Christianity of his day to the Rabbis, it is evident that what the Jews said was the very antipodes of what Justin believed, and that, as may be seen from the retort of the stealing of the body, the greatest miracles and dogmas of popular Christianity were met on the side of the Rabbis by the simplest retorts of vulgar reason.

The evidence of Justin, therefore, taken as a whole leaves us with a very strong impression, nay, for all but irreconcilables, produces an absolute conviction, that in his time, taking our dates at a minimum, stories similar to, and even more hostile than, the Talmud stories were in widest circulation; while Justin himself will have it that they were in circulation from the very beginning of things Christian. So far, however, we have come across nothing but generalities; we have failed to find anything

\* In connection with which it is of mournful interest to note that Origen (*Cels.*, vi. 27) says that when "Christianism" first began to be taught, the Jews spread about reports that the Christians, presumably in their secret rites, sacrificed a child and ate its flesh, and that their meetings were scenes of indiscriminate immorality; that even in his own day (c. 250 A.D.) such charges were still believed against them, and they were shunned by some on this account. The curious vitality of this slander is remarkable, for not only did the general Christians of those days charge the "heretics" of the Christian name, to whose assemblies they could not gain access, with precisely the same crime of ceremonial murder, but even up to our own days in Anti-semitic Eastern Europe it is still the favourite vulgar charge against the Jews—a strange turning of the wheel of fate!

of a definite nature which we can identify with some distinct detail of the Talmud stories.

To do this we must mount some quarter of a century, and turn to the fragments of Celsus preserved to us in the polemic of Origen, who wrote his refutation of Celsus's attack on the Christians somewhere towards the middle of the third century. Origen in his preface (§ 4) tells us that Celsus himself was long since dead, and later on he adds more precisely (i. 8) that Celsus lived about Hadrian's time (emp. 117-138 A.D.), and later. The most learned of the Church Fathers, however, seems to have blundered in this respect, and though there is still dispute as to the exact date, modern criticism, basing itself on *data* supplied by the passages cited by Origen from Celsus's *True Word*, is generally of opinion that Celsus survived till as late as 175 A.D. In any case Origen wrote a full seventy-five years after Celsus had withdrawn from the controversy, and though we may place the writing of the statements of Celsus as late as 175 A.D., we have also to allow for the possibility, if not the probability, that the memory of this sturdy opponent of Christianity may have reached back some quarter or even half century earlier.

Celsus in his treatise rhetorically throws many of his arguments into the form of a dispute between a Jew and Jesus (Pref. 6, and i. 28.) This Jew declares that the extraordinary things Jesus seems to have done were effected by magical means (i. 6), and Origen later on (iii. 1) says that this was the general accusation brought against the miracle-workings by all Jews who were not Christians. This is one of the main elements of the Talmud stories.

From a quotation from Celsus (i. 26) we further learn that the Jews asserted that "a very few years" had elapsed since the dogma of Jesus being the "Son of God" had been promulgated by the Christians, doubtless referring to the dogma of the "virgin birth," for the passage can hardly mean that Jesus began his teaching only a few years prior to the writing of Celsus's treatise.

Developing his argument, the Jew goes on to say (i. 28) that the dogma of the "virgin birth" was an invention, the facts of the case being: "that Jesus had come from a village in Judæa, and was the son of a poor Jewess who gained her living by the

work of her own hands ; that his mother had been turned out of doors by her husband, who was a carpenter by trade, on being convicted of adultery ; that being thus driven away by her husband, and wandering about in disgrace, she gave birth to Jesus, a bastard ; that Jesus on account of his poverty (had to work for his living and) was hired out to go to Egypt ;\* that while there he acquired certain (magical) powers which Egyptians pride themselves on possessing ; that he returned home highly elated at possessing these powers, and on the strength of them gave himself out to be a god."†

In this passage from Celsus we have precisely the main outline of the Talmud Jesus stories, and therefore an exact external proof that in his day at any rate (whenever that was, whether 150-175 or even 125-175) stories precisely similar to the Talmud stories were the stock-in-trade Jewish objections to Christian dogmatic tradition.

And if more precise proof is still demanded we have only to turn over a few pages of Origen's voluminous refutation to the passage (i. 32), where the Church Father again refers to the quotation from the Jew of Celsus given above, and adds the important detail from Celsus that the paramour of the mother of Jesus was a soldier called Panthēra, a name which he also repeats later on (i. 69), in a sentence, by the by, which has in both places been erased from the oldest Vatican MS., and bodily omitted from three codices in this country and from others.‡ Now this is precisely the name given in some of the Talmud stories ; in them Jesus is called Jeschu ben Pandera (or Pandira), or Ben Pendera simply.

But before we leave Origen it may be useful to note one or two scraps of information which he has let fall in the controversy, and which are of importance for us in our present investigation.

\* Can this possibly be based on some vulgar version of a well-known Gnostic myth of those days ? Jesus went down as a servant or slave into Egypt ; that is to say, the Christ or divine soul descends as a servant into the Egypt of the body. It is a common element in the early mystic traditions that the Christ took on the form of a servant in his descent through the spheres, and in many traditions Egypt is the symbol of the body, which is separated by the " Red Sea " and the " Desert " from the " Promised Land."

† The last two paragraphs are again quoted by Origen (i. 38).

‡ See notes on both passages by Lommatzsch in his *Origenis contra Celsum* (Berlin ; 1845).

Referring to the historicised mystery of the descent of the Dove at the Baptism, Celsus puts the argument into the mouth of his Jew (i. 48), that there is no testimony for this except the word of one of those who met with the same punishment as Jesus. To this Origen replies that it is a great blunder on Celsus's part to put such an argument into the mouth of a Jew, for "*the Jews do not connect John with Jesus*, nor the punishment of John with that of Jesus." Now in the first place it is to be observed that Celsus says nothing about any "John," and in the second that Origen gives us clearly to understand that the Jews denied that John the Baptist, who was a well-known historical character, had anything to do with Jesus. This is an important piece of evidence for those who believe that the Baptist element, which does not appear in the "common document," was a later development. Can it be that Celsus had in mind some early form of the Baptism story, in which some other than John the Baptist played a part?

Elsewhere Celsus, in speaking of the betrayal of Jesus, does not ascribe it to Judas, but to "many disciples" (ii. 11), a curious statement if Celsus is repeating what he has heard or read, and is not merely guilty of gross error or of wilful exaggeration.

But indeed Celsus categorically accuses the Christians (ii. 27) of changing their gospel story in many ways in order the better to answer the objections of their opponents; his accusation is, that some of them, "as it were in a drunken state producing self-induced visions,\* remodel their gospel from its first written form in a threefold, fourfold and manifold fashion, and reform it so that they may be able to refute the objections brought against it."

This may be taken to mean either that the Christians were engaged in doing so in Celsus's day, or that such redacting was habitual. If, however, we are to regard the "threefold" and "fourfold" of Celsus as referring to our three and four canonical

\* Lit., "coming to appear to themselves"—*εἰς τὸ ἐφθεσθάναι αὐτοῖς*. This very puzzling sentence is translated by F. Crombie (*The Works of Origen*, Edinburgh, 1872, in "The Ante-Nicene Christian Library") as "lay violent hands upon themselves," which does not seem to be very appropriate in this connection. But *ἐφθεσθάναι* is the usual word used of dreams and visions, and I have therefore ventured on the above translation. Celsus probably meant to suggest that these Christian writers were the victims of their own hallucinations; those who understand the importance of the vision-factor in the evolution of Christian dogma and "history" will thank Origen for preserving this expression of his opponent, though they may put a construction on the words that neither Celsus nor Origen would have agreed with

gospels, and his "manifold" as referring to the "many" of our "Lukan" introduction, it is difficult to imagine that this was going on in Celsus's time unless his memory went back some fifty years or so. It is, therefore, more simple to regard the statement as meaning that the external gospel story had been continually altered and reformulated to meet objections, in brief, that the latest forms of it were the product of a literary evolution in which mystic experiences played a prominent part.

We thus see that the testimony of Celsus, an entirely outside witness, not only strongly endorses the general testimony of Justin, but also adds convincing details which conclusively prove that the Jewish Jesus stories of his day were precisely of the same nature as those we find in the Talmud, and though we cannot conjecture with any certainty what may have been the precise date of any particular story, we are justified in rejecting the contention of those who declare that the Talmud stories are all of a very late date, say the fourth century or so, and in claiming that there is nothing to prevent most of them going back to the middle of the second century, even on the most conservative estimate, while some of them may go back far earlier.

Advancing another generation we come to the testimony of Tertullian, which is exceedingly important not only with regard to the Talmud Jesus stories, but also in respect of a far more obscure line of tradition preserved in the mediæval *Toldoth Jeschu*, or *History of Jesus*, as we shall see towards the close of our researches. Writing somewhere about 197-198 A.D., in his *De Spectaculis* (c. xxx.), in a highly rhetorical peroration in which he depicts the glorious spectacle of the second coming, as he imagines it, when he shall see all the Heathen opponents of the Christians, philosophers and poets, actors and wrestlers in the Games, tossing on the billows of hell-fire, the hot-tempered Bishop of Carthage bursts out that, perhaps, however, after all he will not have time to gaze upon the tortures of the Heathen, but that all his attention will be turned on the Jews who raged against the Lord. Then will he say unto them: "This is your carpenter's son, your harlot's son\*; your Sabbath-breaker, your

\* See also Jerome, *Ad Heliodorum* (Tom. IV., P. II., p. 12, ed. Bened.), and compare Theodoret, *H. S.*, iii. 11, as cited in Oehler's *Tertulliani quæ supersunt Omnia* (Leipzig; 1853), I. 62, n



Samaritan, your demon-possessed ! This is He whom ye bought from Judas ; this He who was struck with reed and fists, dishonoured with spittle, and given a draught of gall and vinegar ! This is He whom His disciples have stolen secretly, that it may be said He was risen, or the gardener abstracted that his lettuces might not be damaged by the crowds of visitors ! ”

All these elements appear in order in the mediæval *Toldoth*, and the carpenter's son and the harlot's son appear in the Talmud stories. We have thus exhausted our external evidence till the date of the final redaction of the Mishna, 200-207 A.D., beyond which it is of no advantage to go.\*

It may, however, be noted that the Pandera story must have had the most extensive circulation of all of them, and must presumably have further had some element in it, as far as the name was concerned,† which was so difficult to ignore, that it finally became incorporated, though confusedly, in Christian tradition. Thus we find Epiphanius (324-404 A.D.) stating (*Haer.*, lxxviii. 7), in the genealogy of Jesus, that Joseph was the son of a certain Jacob whose surname was Panther ; while John of Damascus, in the first half of the eighth century, in giving the genealogy of Mary, tells us (*De Fid. Orthod.*, iv. 14) that Joachim was the father of Mary, Barpanther the father of Joachim, and Levi the father of Barpanther, and therefore presumably Panther himself,

But enough has already been said for our purpose, which was the very simple one of disposing of the flimsy and superficial argument that the Talmud Jesus stories must have been entirely the invention of late Babylonian Rabbis, and that Mishnaic times were utterly ignorant of them, as being too close to the supposed actual facts, which unthinking apologists further presume must have been known to all the Jews of Palestine. We now pass to a consideration of the stories themselves.

G. R. S. MEAD.

\* See, however, Richard von der Alm (*i.e.*, Friederich Wilhelm Ghillany), *Die Urtheile heidnischer und jüdischer Schriftsteller der vier ersten Jahrhunderte über Jesus und die ersten Christen : Eine Zuschrift an die gebildeten Deutschen zur weiteren Orientirung in der Frage über die Gottheit Jesu* (Leipzig ; 1864), a continuation of his *Theologische Briefe an die Gebildeten der deutschen Nation* (3 vols., Leipzig ; 1863).

† Gerald Massey—in his *Natural Genesis* (London ; 1883), ii. 489—states that Porphyry (233-305 A.D.), another entirely outside witness, gives the name Pandera as “Panzerius”—presumably in some fragment quoted from his famous *Against the Christians* ; but I have been unable to verify this unreferenced statement.

## DOCTOR AND SAINT

BY THE POET

*A Dialogue*

Myself when young, did eagerly frequent  
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument  
 About it and about : but evermore  
 Came out by the same door wherein I went.

"ETHICS is a progressive science," remarked our Philosopher, in her most doctorial tone.

"O dear," sighed the Saint, "that seems to mix up things so dreadfully; it leads to the 'sliding scale' of morality."

The Philosopher snorted, absolutely snorted.

"What would you propose then? The same rule of thumb for saint and villain?"

"No," replied the Saint, hesitatingly. "I don't propose anything, I haven't sufficient brain power to formulate rules for anyone, but"—fondly—"I have a conscience."

"I see," said the Philosopher. "So, in the case of the 'Schools' *telling* you that two and two make four, and if in some particular instance, Ethics should cry aloud to you that they ought, by every moral rule, to make *five*, you would—er."

"I don't know what I should do," declared the Saint.

"Perhaps I should go home and ask God to strengthen my poor weak brain."

"I don't think you would," struck in the Poet grimly. "I think you would be much more likely to stand in a corner and thank God you were not as other men are, *i.e.*, the Philosopher and myself."

The Saint smiled. These dialogues were of frequent occurrence. The Philosopher and the Poet had set themselves what appeared likely to prove an impossible task, that of piercing the

apparently impenetrable shroud of Ethics which enveloped this sweetly unreasonable Saint.

Said the Philosopher to the Poet : " I know what *you* would do."

"What ? "

"Why. You would preen your plumage, flap your little wings and proceed to tell us that in *your* case two and two did actually *make* five. Because, as it was necessary, for artistic purposes, that the word should rhyme with 'strive,' and '*four*' did not rhyme with 'strive,' *ergo*, as the Beautiful is the only True, so two and two, by virtue of poet's license, did, could and should make five."

"Very likely," assented the Poet, with a fine carelessness. "And then, too, what joy it would give you to point to the Poet Decadent, deaf to that music of Philosophy which is supposed to rival Apollo's lute. The sort of creature to whom Tennyson allows the quality of 'fantastic beauty'

Such as lurks

In some wild Poet, when he works

Without a conscience or an aim."

"Without a conscience," murmured the Saint (automatically, as it seemed).

"Do you know what will happen to you ? " said the Philosopher, addressing the Saint severely. "Your apoplectic conscience will die, killed by pampering, and you will spend the rest of your life in a state of 'fantastic beauty' like our friend here (looking at the Poet) without one."

The Saint smiled. "Not in this incarnation, I think. I am not broad-minded, you know, like you and the Poet, but I can always see the next step, just the next, and no more."

"Good Lord !" exclaimed the Poet. "How hideously uninteresting. No horizons ! No free-breathing ; no nothing, but just that 'next step.'"

"I don't know," mused the Philosopher. "There are worse states of mind than seeing the next step, as certain even of your own poets have said," turning to the Poet :

"Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me."

"Quote fairly," screamed the Poet.

"What?" said the Philosopher.

"Quote fairly," repeated the Poet. "Give us the context."

"I can't," said the Philosopher.

"Why?"

"I have no memory for detail," loftily.

"Then don't play with edged tools," said the Poet, "or the knife may cut you—though that is quite a detail. But the reason that the author of 'Lead, Kindly Light,' asks to have his feet kept, and only to be shown one step at a time, is because he has seen so much in his previous experiences that he is eye-sore and brain-sick. He has had, as it were, a debauch of vision, and is *ennuyé*. The cure now is the 'next step' treatment. He tells us so, plainly enough :

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now

Lead Thou me on.

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Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me."

"The true history of the conversion of a soul," murmured the Saint.

"Conversion of a fiddlestick," laughed the Poet. "The man was brain-tired and heart-sick and wanted rest and an anodyne. He found it in the ever-welcoming arms of the Holy Roman Church!"

Here the dialogue was interrupted.

C. F.

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LIKE the Roman soldiers we have stripped from Him the carpenter's clothes, and put upon Him the purple rags of wonder working imperialism, and placed in His hand the sceptre of worldly ostentation, and in that guise we have bowed the knee to the purple and the sceptre, and doing homage to these things, we have cried, "Behold our God!" But now the time has come when we must take from off Him these tawdry trappings, and give Him back His workman's garments. Then we may find ourselves constrained to bow the knee again in purer homage, offered no longer to the clothes but to the Man.—BACON, *De Argumentis Scientiarum*.

## A GHOST-THEORY

NATURE, as everyone knows, or should know, takes her slow, sure revenges; administrating not merely without favour, but with pure indifference, be the result what it may.

It is disconcerting perhaps, yet most salutary, to note how convincingly, at length, her "plain story" will "put down" opinions long held for valid; to find that so far from his getting ahead of the great Mother, to any real purpose, she has at one stride distanced her self-appointed steward; marching past him, with the key to her mysteries yet safe at her girdle. The whirligig of Time, indeed, for the most casual observer, brings about startling changes, not only in the physical world, but also, and more noticeably, in that of knowledge, or experimental belief.

Were the issues involved but visible at one glance these changes, or, as the case may well be, *reversals* merely, would doubtless astonish us still more—less on account of what would appear as contrasts than by reason of the fundamental oneness marking the stupendous whole. Shut in, as we are, however, from our very birth by narrowing walls of visible matter, and depending, as we must, chiefly upon the bodily senses for almost every external evidence of cause and effect, it is small wonder that we early regard as substance what, at best, is purely accidental, and at the same time fail to realise that the "miraculous," so-called, may have, and almost certainly has, entire affinity with the accepted course of nature.

That which strikes us as being novel, as having no recognised precedent, need not, for all that, imply any real infringement of settled law; it far more probably represents simply another, and a clearer, view of given phenomena that have been in active, though unobserved, exercise from time immemorial.

It is a familiar truism that modern science has led to the re-

adjustment of many a preconceived idea ; that what may fairly be termed the spontaneous discoveries of any age more than keep pace with normal intellectual progress, is less generally admitted, though the significance of this last fact can scarcely be over-estimated.

The often cruel associations of primitive witchcraft, and the quasi-sublime enthusiasm of a Spinoza or Swedenborg, for instance, are but separate phases of one persistent intuition—an intuition that, while fluctuating as regards its practical results, age after age, yet at no single period has secured for its mysterious claims more than an arbitrary, inconclusive hold on the imagination.

And yet, notwithstanding the growth of general knowledge and the advance made of late years in the exact sciences, the vitality of this ever-baffling intuition has never, perhaps, been more in evidence than it is at present. Until yesterday, so to speak, it was usual to bestow merely a tolerant smile upon the old-fashioned belief in spectres, yet few up-to-date thinkers would now care to endorse, without reserve, Sir Walter Scott's sweeping dictum that "the increasing civilisation of all well-regulated countries has *blotted out* the belief in apparitions."

On the contrary, most candid minds would doubtless agree with Herbert Spencer, that "the propitiation of the spirits of ancestors is the first germ in all religion"; and would deduce from this that the revived spiritualism of our own day descends lineally from susceptibilities too closely bound up with general human consciousness to be lightly despised.

Here, however, it is sought merely to treat briefly of but one particular in connection with spectres, that would seem to suggest a fresh reading of an established tradition, that, *viz.*, which ascribes to the conventional *ghost* an air of deep, methodical reserve, if not of downright restraint.

Self-consciousness, as distinct from pre-determination, that is to say, does not seem to play any part in ghostly deportment ; still less are spectres represented as showing the slightest interest in the behaviour of a chance spectator.

A shadowy form, wrapped in preternatural aloofness, is the usual description given of such appearances ; the whole bearing

of the typical ghost agreeing in this respect with that of a somnambulist, and comparing even more closely with the effects of hypnotism.

Now, it is well-known that some hypnotists, besides possessing the power of influencing a subject, are also able to hypnotise themselves,—passing at will into a state of temporary unconsciousness. Is it not, then, at least possible that the preoccupation noticed in accredited spectres may be simply the result of self-hypnotism?—that, since the *will* when concentrated upon one's personality has been proved to produce in certain cases an hypnotic condition, the occasional tension of the mind at the supreme moment of so-called death may at times in like manner more or less permanently influence the bent of the disembodied form? The word *form* is here used advisedly; it being, in the writer's opinion, quite consistent with a belief in the immortality of the soul proper, to accept a theory recognising the existence of certain particles, or elements of humanity, that, underlying the visible structure of the living subject, are not *immediately* affected by its dissolution.

Upon these underlying particles the final effort of the true spirit, or intelligence, about to separate from its familiar instrument, the body, may conceivably make a relatively fixed impression; and it is at least thinkable that while during the body's life this elementary image, or form, remains unsuspected, beneath the tangible surface, it may yet after death, under certain conditions, not only become visible, but may haunt, indefinitely, places once inhabited by the living man.

Admitting that a ghost may itself possess a subjective value, by simply depriving it of all needless terrors the above hypothesis should, if anything, give new weight and prominence to spiritual realities.

Confronted as men are, at all seasons, by so grim a mentor as the individual conscience—that inviolate witness of God, standing in relentless condemnation of our former or later selves—we may well refuse to tremble before a mere empty shade; whether we can as easily afford to dismiss, out of hand, any theory that in the slightest degree tends towards a solution of life's graver problems, is another matter. "RHABDOS."

## THE MAYOR OF MAN-SOUL

ALMIGHTY God had heard for a long time the great groanings that came from the City of Man-Soul, and He determined to come and shew Himself to the Mayor.

So He came plainly garbed in white and stood before the main gate, which was called Heart Gate.

Being so large, it was never used at all ; it was covered almost entirely with thick hard grey lichen, and the lock was choked with the creeping hands of the ivy. It was supposed to be kept for great occasions, but on consideration the Mayor of Man-Soul never thought anything really great enough to justify his use of it.

The Stranger knocked for some time, and then passed on until He came to a number of smaller doors which banged incessantly, swinging to and fro.

Crowds, like peasants on market-day, flitted incessantly in and out. No one would listen. At last a man came walking rather more slowly, and reading rolls of paper, and frowning as he murmured to himself the words he read.

The Stranger said: "Will you give a message to the Mayor of the City as you are going in?"

And He traced a great Name on a piece of the rolls and told the student He wished for a personal interview with the Mayor.

The mysterious name was handed to the Mayor at last, after having been through many hands.

Now the Mayor was rather a scholar himself, and he said: "Dear me, this is very interesting—an ancient cursive handwriting," and he took it away to magnify it. After a few days he said to the student, who was still waiting out of pity for the stranger without the gate: "I cannot make it out, it is the most remarkable bit of MS. I have ever seen!"

The student suggested that if he would see the stranger he



would probably learn all about it, and he added that the stranger looked very tired, that he was a stately and beautiful man, and worthy to have an audience.

"Tut, tut!" said the Mayor. "We never see people straight off like that you know, without investigating the case first. Now I think of it, there is a fragment of MS. in the city archives very like this bit; it is somewhere among the most ancient records, I'll go and have a look at once."

"And what shall I say to the stranger?"

"Oh, tell him to wait," said the Mayor.

The student came again about a week afterwards, hoping to hear that a private audience would be accorded.

After he had been kept waiting half the morning, the Mayor came in hurriedly, and exclaimed: "It's a most extraordinary thing! Would you believe it, the old MS. I have found—took me all the morning to do—but I'm quite an enthusiast in these things you know—well, this MS. record is in the very same writing as this new scrap. Really I could almost believe in some sort of collusion between the writers—and these words therefore—your stranger's name—you see, if you transliterate them after the newest method, would mean—'the Lord of the Inner World'—and my old MS., as far as I have been able to make it out, is all something about the Inner World—most extraordinary thing!"

And the Mayor hurried away, having ordered his carriage punctually for one o'clock, as he was going to lunch with a great city magnate, who must never be kept waiting.

So year after year passed, and the Mayor became more and more learned and powerful and popular, and the Stranger waited outside the gate with a peculiar expression in His eyes, as if He could see right down the little dark twisted streets and through and through the City of Man-Soul.

\* \* \* \*

At last the Mayor died, and the tradition remained in his family that a stranger had once come and brought a piece of writing and that no one knew what his name was.

But the Mayor's old nurse told the whole story to the Mayor's daughter, and she added it was rumoured that the stranger was still waiting outside the southern wall, and that a

student had once told her that he was the kindest of men to speak to but very sad, and he looked very wise.

So the Mayor's daughter went to seek the Stranger, and she found Him seated under the trees on the southern slope outside the City wall.

And she listened to Him as He told her of the building of Man-Soul ages ago, and of all the events of the City from the earliest times. And at last He told her who He was and why He had come, and how He had tried again and again to speak to her father, the Mayor.

And then He said : " Child, return into the City, for the sun is setting, and tell to others all that I have told you."

" Oh, but how can I ? " she said. " No one would listen ! "

" Ah, you have learnt that too," said the Stranger. " Then, child, you have little more to learn from Me at present."

And again He looked away down across the City of Man-Soul with a peculiar look, as if He could see right through the dark streets, and as if He had the power to wait to all eternity, without taking His eyes from it.

Then He said to the Mayor's daughter : " Return, and take with you this paper, on which are seven signs, and try and understand it, and give it your daughter to give to hers, and in a coming generation it shall be explained."

So she returned and kept her own counsel, and in due time she gave to her daughter a seven-times folded script.

X<sup>n-1</sup>.

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NOTHING is so firmly believed as that which a man knoweth least. — MONTAIGNE.

AND humanity is that hero who ever dies and comes to life again ; who ever loves and hates, yet loves the most ; who bends like a worm to-day, and soars to-morrow like an eagle to the sun—deserving to-day a cap and bells, to-morrow a laurel wreath, and oftener both together ; the great dwarf, the little giant, the homœopathically prepared divinity, in whom that which is divine is indeed terribly diluted, but still there.—HEINE.

## READINGS AND RE-READINGS: "ZANONI"

It was a misfortune for Lytton that he began writing at a period when his own particular instincts were no longer on all fours with the instincts of the time. By nature a Romanticist of the pre-Revolution period, he found himself with the old stock of Sentiment and Passion face to face with a world that grievously suspected them. Intellectually he could do nothing less himself, and were his denunciations of the French Revolution a trifle less vehement we might almost imagine that he was a full-blown rationalist. But Lytton was always as far from rationalism as from the genuine idealism of the preceding century. Both in his life and in his books he made desperate efforts at reconciling the two points of view, and at finding in one and the same thing both Passion and Respectability. In this, however, in the majority of cases he failed. Where we can regard his passion as genuine it strikes us as ridiculous, and where he aims at respectability it is absurd. And between these two stools he was always coming to the ground. The fault was not entirely Lytton's. He was born out of his due time, and Sentiment, Passion, Art and all the capital lettered abstractions so dear to him, were beginning to lose their charm.

In *Zanoni* the problem of Lytton's life and character is raised to its highest terms. It was in the writing of *Zanoni* that he first understood his own position in relation to the world. Hitherto he had lived from hand to mouth, as it were, unaware of whither he was sailing, or, it might be, drifting. But the attempt to analyse the character of *Zanoni* was really the attempt to analyse his own, and Lytton thus became conscious of the problem of himself.

Quite a number of people have taken *Zanoni* more seriously than perhaps it deserves. As always happens with men who dabble in pseudo-mysticism, clouds of mystery have been hung

about Lytton and his books. People whisper that he was a magician, or a profound student of occultism, or a Rosicrucian very high up, or something equally vague and equally mysterious. It would be interesting to have the opinion of a really sane, sensible student of occultism on the occultism of *Zanoni*. It is so easy by means of a few mystical quotations and the liberal use of capital letters and italics, to convince some people that one knows more than one cares to say, and Lytton was quite the man to enjoy himself thoroughly in the comfortable folds of legend and myth. At the same time, it is clear that Lytton had not only read widely, but that he had read deeply and sympathetically. How far he had lived in experience it is more difficult to say. Judging by his books he was a waverer both in study and in practice; he belonged so essentially to the weak period of English literature, so essentially to the ebb of a great movement, that it is impossible he should have been other than weak. It takes a great man to be even respectable in a weak period.

*Zanoni* first appeared in 1842. There had appeared, however, in the *Monthly Magazine* of the previous year an unfinished story by Lytton under the title of "Zicci." Zicci is simply another name for *Zanoni*, and the story is the first sketch of the later and completed work. What actually happened appears to have been this. Lytton began a sketch of a sort of Rosicrucian romantic demi-god and hero without knowing exactly what he was going to do with it. As he went on he got enamoured of the idea, and grew more and more dissatisfied with what he had done. He therefore dropped the writing of "Zicci" and reconstructed—or rather constructed—the story under the form of *Zanoni*. Some such evolution of ideas he himself relates in a cheaply mystifying form in the introduction to *Zanoni*. He there explains that in his first attempt at deciphering the strange manuscript he used the wrong key. In reality he had no use for a key in "Zicci" at all since there was nothing to unlock.

It is curious from a purely literary standpoint no less than from a mystical standpoint to compare the sketch of Zicci with the picture of *Zanoni*. "Zicci" is excessively florid and superficial, it is decorated up to the eyebrows with Lytton's own sentiment; it is full of the bombast of an idea not yet grasped.

The writer is obviously groping about in the dark, he writes rapidly in order to discover what it is he wants to write. But in *Zanoni* he had discovered his idea, he had found at last what he had blindly been groping for; and in *Zanoni* he set himself more seriously to work than before. A single example of the kind of change he made will serve as a sort of scale of transvaluation. In "Zicci" there occurs this delightfully romantic description of a leave-taking: "He dropped a purse, heavy with gold, into Gionetta's bosom—and was gone." In *Zanoni* the absurd expression is reduced to this quieter scale: "He dropped a purse into Gionetta's hand, as he spoke, and was gone." There are still very visible traces of the old romanticism left, which maketh, as the Apocrypha say, to speak of everything by talents; but the change from "Zicci" is very great, and is the measure of the change in Lytton's own ideas. In order to understand the genesis of *Zanoni* it is not only necessary to have read "Zicci" but it is even more necessary to know something of Lytton himself.

Like his great predecessor Byron, Lytton was enamoured of his own personality and took immense pains to stage it with becoming magnificence. His moods he dressed up as individuals, his whims as complete characters, and *Zanoni* may be read quite consistently as the interplay, not of individuals at all but of moods of Lytton's mind. Now there had occurred early in Lytton's life an episode which had produced a profound effect upon him. He had fallen in love with a young Irish girl, and she had been married to somebody else. After three years of married life she died, leaving tender messages for Lytton. This tragic episode produced in Lytton the melancholy from which for a long time he did not recover, and it was in this mood that he wrote *Falkland*—his "Sorrows of Werther" as he called it—and it was in this mood that he imagined the character of Mejnour. This early disappointment also led Lytton to imagine that he was no longer capable of love. "Love," he said, "is dead in me for ever." He mistook his fatigue of passion for the lack of passion; the occupations into which his mind was forced he mistook for its natural bent, and hence arose quite naturally the idea of Mejnour, the cold, passionless, pure intellect. But as time passed and Lytton recovered from the first great shock to his

nature, he began once more to take an interest in love. His temporarily disabled emotions recovered something of their former natural exaltation. No longer did he aspire towards the icy heights on which he conceived that Mejnour sat, but he felt now inclined to descend into the valley—"for Love is the valley, come thou down and find him." And this newly awakened mood, which marked the recovery of his emotional nature, he personified in Zanoni, the fellow-disciple of Mejnour, intellectual, but yet capable of passion. The idea of a conflict between these two moods was the notion upon which he struck when writing "*Zicci*," and it was this discovery that led him into the writing of *Zanoni*. For Lytton plainly saw that these two moods of his own mind were typical, or might be made typical, of a vastly greater application. Suppose that the Mejnour-mood were elevated to cosmical dimensions (and the Romanticists were fond of imagining this), and became the Path of Intellect, or the Path of Knowledge; and suppose the Zanoni-mood raised and translated (in Bottom's sense) into universal terms to represent, say, the Path of Devotion—then without further to-do we have the purely personal conflict in Lytton's mind, bounding out of its narrow cell and filling all the world. It is in some such way that admirers of Lytton have been willing to regard his work; and, let it be admitted, that it was in this way that Lytton not only regarded it himself but wished others to regard it also. For Lytton was by no means humble. Beaconsfield once said of Greville that he was the most conceited man of his acquaintance, and added by way of emphasis—"and I have read Cicero and known Bulwer Lytton."

No sooner had the idea of making the world his stage dawned upon him than he threw himself with ardour into the study of his subject. Temperamentally mystic, he now began that wide and minute reading which manifests itself upon every page of *Zanoni*. Certainly of most of the writers who have attempted mystical romance Lytton is the best equipped. It is marvellous that, living in his time, he should not only have come across so much but that he should have understood so much. With the strange exception of reincarnation, almost every one of our modern Theosophical teachings is to be found in more or

less explicit form in his books. There are numerous allusions, too, to magic formulæ, and to much, in fact, which our literature ignores. But having said so much, it does not follow that Lytton was therefore equal to the task he had set himself. The *Bhagavad Gîtâ* contains, we are told, the analysis of the various Ways, and doubtless to those who understand that profoundest of books, the crown of the yet unfinished work of all philosophy, the matter is clear, but it is certain that Lytton was as far as most of us from understanding the real Path, either of Intellect or of Love. What he did understand much better than most of us were the personal problems of the newly self-conscious; he saw also, as has been said, the relation that necessarily exists between personal and universal moods; but he was not experienced enough to make the universal moods clear either to himself or to his readers. But let us take some passages which bear out Lytton's own conception of the problem he was working at. From Mejnour's first appearance, it is plain that Lytton intends him to stand as the type of perfected knowledge—of, in fact, the Path of Wisdom. It is unfortunate that he should always have confused Wisdom and Knowledge, and used either word indifferently; but that is one of his limitations. On Mejnour's introduction we are bid remark "the icy and profound disdain on the broad brow of the old man." "Wisdom," he says, "contemplating mankind leads but to the two results—Compassion or Disdain"; and it is to Disdain that Mejnour, according to Lytton's first conception, had arrived. Again, Zanonî describing Mejnour, says—and the description may serve very well for Intellect, the Separator—"Thou who lovest nothing, hatest nothing, feelest nothing, and walkest the world with the noiseless and joyless footsteps of dreams"; and once more Mejnour's advice to Glyndon strikes the same note: "Thy first task must be to withdraw all thought, feeling and sympathy from others. The elementary stage of this knowledge is to make self, and self alone, thy study and thy world. . . . I live but in knowledge—I have no life in mankind." Now all this, if only Lytton could have kept it up, would have done very well for Intellect—though not for Wisdom—but Lytton, as we shall see, could not maintain his idea always at this state of clarity. His sound instincts pre-

vented him doing so. When Glyndon "fell" from these lofty heights into a less inhuman kind of existence the writer—as well as the reader—proceeds more happily and more freely.

As a parallel to such an idea of Mejnour, we have also, in the early scenes, a picture of Zanoni, as the union of Intellect and Emotion; or as, say, the Path of Devotion. There are such passages as these: "The heart," says Zanoni finely, "is never ignorant, because the mysteries of the feelings are as full of wonder as those of the intellect. . . . True love is less a passion than a symbol. . . . Is there no guilt in the knowledge that has divided us from our race? Is not this sublime egotism, this state of abstraction and reverie—this self-wrapt and self-dependent majesty of existence, a resignation of that nobility which incorporates our own welfare, our joys, our hopes, our fears, with others?" All that, though intensely personal, is at the same time a fine expression of the other side—of the claim of the Emotions to share in the Life. And were we to consider the above extracts alone it would be possible to consider *Zanoni* in the light of a universal problem, of definite and realised factors. But it is only by the suppression of a host of contradictions that such an allegory can consistently be found. For with all his insistence upon the iciness and indifference, the passionlessness and general torpor of Mejnour's heart, it is plain that the real Mejnour is something quite different. Lytton was not the man to be able to realise the life of pure intellect in and for itself—still less the path of Wisdom. He could speak of it only under the illusion of his own dormant passion; he could see it only in the colour of his own nature. And it is this incapacity to realise the intellectual life that makes of Mejnour in Lytton's hands a monster of frigidity in theory, but in reality a most fascinating, passionate devotee of truth and progress. It is interesting to set by the side of Lytton's conception of Mejnour the Mejnour of Lytton's creation. How, for example, does the following passage square with the iceberg theory that Lytton had in his mind? Mejnour is justifying his sacrifice of thousands of aspirants for the sake of a single success. He is inspired in this, he says, by "the hope to form a mighty and numerous race with a force and power sufficient to permit them to acknowledge to mankind their



majestic conquests and dominion—to become the true lords of this planet—invaders, perchance, of others—masters of the inimical and malignant tribes by which at this moment we are surrounded—a race that may proceed in their deathless destinies from stage to stage of celestial glory, and rank at last amongst the nearest ministrants and agents gathered round the Throne of Thrones.”

Is that vision of the future that awaits us, that splendid idealism, quite consistent with Lytton's *Mejnour*? Such an ideal can be paralleled perhaps in the works of a real man, singularly like *Mejnour* in his apparent chilly isolation, and singularly like him too in his passionate devotion to humanity—Frederic Nietzsche; and the parallel is almost complete when one finds *Mejnour* saying of himself, “my art is to make man above mankind.” Lytton's conception of *Mejnour* was as wrong as a man's comprehension of his own work can be; and those who seek in *Zanoni* the lofty allegory of the two paths of Intellect and Devotion with the hope of finding them distinctly marked, will find more evidence in Lytton's intention than in his book. For those who realise the essence of Romanticism and the character of its literature there remains, however, a considerable value—though on lower slopes—in the meaning already suggested. For them *Mejnour* will represent not an individual at all, but a mood of Lytton's mind, standing out for awhile on the background of an emotional temperament; a mood only dimly realised by Lytton himself, and utterly distasteful to his nature. *Zanoni*, too, is no individual but the symbol of the *Mejnour*-mood returning and becoming re-absorbed in the general colour of Lytton's mind—the intermediate type between Intellect as Lytton conceived it and Emotion as he felt it. The problem Lytton thus set himself to solve was in reality not the antagonism between Pure Intellect and Pure Emotion, but the reconciliation of two factors in his own personality which seemed to him mutually exclusive and destructive. Confronted by a personal experience of the aridity of what he mistook for intellect (though he misnamed it wisdom) and the apparent senselessness of emotion, which he conceived ordinarily as sensuousness, he set himself to solve the possibility of their union. And it is interest-

ing that he should have arrived in spite of all his vagueness at the right solution. Whatever may have been the quality of his intellect—and nobody can estimate it very high—his instincts or intuitions were sound. He felt that some union of Reason and Emotion was possible; he dimly realised that the union was possible only by sacrifice; and at last he awoke to the fact that the sacrifice was the sacrifice of the personal self; and Zanoni is the type of this sacrifice. There are some fine passages which make it plain how clearly at last this problem presented itself to Lytton when once he had put his preconceptions of Mejnour on one side. So long as he had in his mind Mejnour as the type of pure Intellect—to which he felt compelled to yield some formal reverence—he was bound to regard Zanoni's sacrifice of intellect to love as a crime needing all his explanations, as a fall from great heights. But having once realised that the fall was no fall at all, that in fact his Mejnour was an impostor in whom he did not really believe, his sailing was straight. Here is Zanoni's address to his own soul—a passage referred to by H. P. B. with approval : " Soul of mine, the luminous, the Augoeides . . . how long, too austere taught that companionship with the things that die brings with it but sorrow with its sweetness, hast thou dwelt contented with thy majestic solitude ? " The secret of the union of the two natures Adon-Ai explains to him thus : " When two souls are divided knowest thou not that a third in which both meet and live is the link between them ? " Zanoni mistakes Adon-Ai's meaning, and imagines that it is a human child that is meant, but Lytton gets over that difficulty by making the child symbolic. At last Zanoni realises that it is only through death and sacrifice that the third can become; that it is by his death that the true union is to be attained; and looking back upon the intellect he was drawn to he says : " Even the error of our lofty knowledge was but the forgetfulness of the weakness, the passions and the bounds which the death we so vainly conquered only can purge away." He is still under the domination of the notion that emotion is weakness. Then he gradually rises to the true meaning of his act. " In this hour, when the sacrifice of self to another brings the course of ages to its goal, I see the littleness of Life compared to the majesty of Death." And Adon-Ai thus speaks to him : " Wiser

now in the moment when thou comprehendest Death than when thy unfettered spirit learned the solemn mystery of Life ; the human affections that thrall'd and humbled thee awhile bring to thee in these last hours of thy mortality, the sublimest heritage of thy race—the eternity that commences from the grave ; . . . through the portals of the grave lies the true initiation into the holy and the wise.” And Zanonì's last message to Mejnour, his dismissal of the passing mood that he had once imagined the permanent element of himself, is in these fine words : “ Fare thee well for ever upon this earth. . . . I go with my free-will into the land of darkness ; but new suns and systems blaze around us from the grave. At last I recognise the true ordeal and the real victory. . . . Purified by sacrifice and immortal only through the grave—this it is to die.”

It had been a long time coming about, and as is plain from even some of these last extracts Lytton was by no means certain that rationally the thing was right. However, the problem was solved, and *Zanonì* stands as a book in which the author, setting out to examine a problem of which he was not capable, actually succeeds in solving a profound personal problem which he himself would probably have despised.

A. J. O.

A MAN who loves to lead an animal life is an animal ruled by his interior animal heaven. The same stars (qualities) that cause a wolf to murder, a dog to steal, a cat to kill, a bird to sing, etc., make a man a singer, an eater, a talker, a lover, a murderer, a robber, or a thief. These are animal attributes, and they die with the animal elements to which they belong ; but the Divine principle in man, which constitutes him a human being, and by which he is eminently distinguished from the animals, is not the product of the earth, nor is it generated by the animal kingdom ; but it comes from God, it is God, and is immortal because, coming from a Divine Source, it cannot be otherwise but Divine. Man should therefore live in harmony with his Divine parent, and not in the animal elements of his soul. Man has an Eternal Father who sent him to reside and gain experience within the animal elements, but not for the purpose of being absorbed by them, because in the latter case man would become an animal, while the animal principle would have nothing to gain.—PARACELSUS, *De Fundamento Sapientiæ*.

## FINER STATES OF MATTER

IN the November number of this REVIEW the endeavour was made to show, on broad lines of consideration, the substantial harmony of chemical teaching with occult knowledge of the septenary order of the different planes of nature. Students of chemistry will know that certain of the elements show characteristics which do not accord with the classification of Mendelejeff's "periodic system," and that these appear to offer, in these particulars, exceptions to its general rule—for instance, Copper is divalent, Gold acts as a triad, salts of Thallium and Lead have properties that one would hardly have expected from their position in the table, etc., etc. But these minor points, however accumulated, do not invalidate the general principle indicated by the table, as is well expressed in Tilden's summary of the matter.\*

"That the periodic system of the elements stands for something which is actually based on natural physical relations no one can now be supposed to doubt. It brings into view a number of facts in the chemical history of the elements which would otherwise be less apparent, and it does undoubtedly support very strongly the idea that all the elements in Mendelejeff's and Meyer's synopsis belong to one system of things, and perhaps have common constituents, or may have arisen from a common origin."

Much additional light being thrown upon the questions broached in the last few lines by the results of recent scientific work; it may be interesting to tabulate those results, just as they are given, and to see how far they appear to parallel the broad lines of Theosophic thought. Any first views of things of this nature must necessarily be imperfect. The present idea is merely to throw them together in such form as may offer them con-

\* Tilden's *A Short History of the Progress of Scientific Chemistry in our own Times*, p. 100.

veniently for consideration and correction by abler students who may care to accord them that measure of notice.

The "chemical history" of the elements, in a Theosophical sense, is a far-reaching enquiry, and some indication of that longer history is suggested by Mendelejeff's wonderful application of his "periodic system" to the extension of our knowledge.

In 1871 Mendelejeff predicted the properties of the then undiscovered elements Gallium, Scandium and Germanium, with what precision the following single example will show. The last element was to follow Silicon on the "negative" side of Group IV., and, no name having yet been decided upon, it was referred to as Eka Silicon under the symbol Es; when discovered it was called Germanium and symbolised by Ge.

EKA SILICON (Es)	GERMANIUM (Ge)
<i>Predicted by Mendelejeff, 1871</i>	<i>Discovered by Winkler, 1886</i>
Atomic Weight about 72	Atomic Weight 72.3.
Specific Gravity 5.5	Specific Gravity 5.469
Oxide EsO <sub>3</sub> , Sp. gr. 4.7	Oxide GeO <sub>3</sub> , Sp. gr. 4.703
Easily obtained by reduction with Carbon	Easily obtained by reduction with Carbon
Dirty grey metal, fusing with difficulty	Grey-white metal, fusing at 900°C.
Oxidises when heated in air	Oxidises when heated in air
Chloride EsCl <sub>4</sub> , probably boils below 100°	Chloride GeCl <sub>4</sub> , boils at 86°
Will not be acted on by acids	Barely affected by acids*

The properties of the elements and of their compounds are here clearly seen to be a matter of precise and calculable law—a law definitely associated with the progressions referred to within each Group; their powers and their limitations are a fixed sequence within each type. In the larger aspect of the question the chemical history of the elements is that of the reincarnating elemental essence of the third elemental kingdom as it is built up into the succession of physical forms that we follow down these chemical Groups—of which there are "seven, each on his own lot." And the properties of Germanium, for instance, would appear to follow from and to be the development of the

\* Corresponding particulars regarding Gallium and Scandium are given in Meldola's *Chemistry (Inorganic)*, p. 173.

previous "incarnation" of that particular type of elemental essence—to be, in fact, the chemical karma of the case. Reincarnation and karma, as universal principles, must be as operative in the evolution of the chemical elements as in that of human consciousness and power; and in the former case their application should be more full and direct and discernible than in the higher kingdoms, wherein varying degrees of volition or choice introduce complex modifications of their working.

Recent developments of spectroscopic and physical investigation are approaching the discernment of these two fundamental principles as factors in nature, and if they are to be embodied in the thought of the time it matters little where and how they are most easily recognised.

Science is now very busy with the idea that the chemical elements do "belong to one system of things," with common constituents and a common origin. The evidences of the vacuum-tube and the spectroscope are leading to most interesting conclusions on these matters. Certainly the investigations are hardly out of their initial stages, and the conclusions drawn from them are little more than statements of the general view presented by evidence known to be incomplete. But this general view bears directly upon the problems of the constituents and the origin of these elements and of the system of things of which they are a part, and it may be presented in a form which seems to connect it directly with what we learn of the planes of nature and their relationship one with another.

We have been made familiar with the fact that cathode rays consist of streams of particles of extremely finely-divided matter, and that this latter results from the tearing or breaking up of the molecules of the gas in the vacuum-tube by the intense electric current driven through it. Perhaps it would be more accurate to describe the process as a tearing of fragments from the atoms of gas subjected to the current, for these fragments—*ions*, as they are called—are of much smaller mass than the chemical atoms from which they are torn, and of which they are constituents. These ions, in what may be called their free state, are observed to be in a highly electrified condition; they carry and can communicate negative electrical charges. Further, the

charges they carry can be approximately measured, and other data then permit of their mass being estimated as from the 500th to the 1000th part of the mass of an atom of Hydrogen—there being ions of various masses within about this range. Investigators appear to be in substantial accord on this point, though this determination necessarily involves considerations and calculations of no little complexity; so, for present purposes, the figures are accepted as they are given. In this connection one recalls the “scientific” views of things which were based on the assumption that all things knowable, our consciousness of them, and the wide universe itself, were comprised in what we should refer to as the three lowest sub-planes of physical matter; indestructible atoms were the beginning and the end of all. Nowadays, however, psychologists are recognising that human consciousness may play independently of the physical organism, and that its enormously-extended field reaches into undefinable states and regions and possibilities of knowledge; and, concurrently, physicists extend the concept of the Nature within which this consciousness lives and moves and evolves. The mere dealing with particles of matter so minute as to make Hydrogen atoms relatively gigantic structures forces the mind to picture a world which may extend as illimitably in the direction of the infinitely small as in that of the infinitely great. It is thus found that, whether from the side of consciousness or from the side of matter, “nature retreats within”—a direction hopeful for the further quest.

The importance of these ions, moreover, is in no direct proportion to their “mass.” Ions provide the material of which the chemical atoms are built up, whilst they are also the vehicle of electrical energy and themselves initiate what we call the chemical activities of the “elements.” Ions flow, impalpable, in ceaseless streaming, from all forms of matter—from wood, paper, gums and resins, as from minerals and crystals. They circulate through and radiate from metals much as water does through a living sponge. A few grains of Radium, at normal temperature, maintain an electrical disturbance for yards around, and quickly “burn” unwary fingers holding them. It has been computed that ions are normally freed in the atmosphere at the rate of twenty

of each kind, positive and negative, per second in each cubic centimetre of air ; and ions appear to be an accompaniment of light itself, sweeping from the sun in an immeasurable tide. They pour constantly from and through everything around, like rays of invisible light, and pervade all space about us. We are enveloped in ions, at every moment of our lives, as in a sea of strange activities—or as in another realm *within* the physical world, from which its matter is derived and its forces seem to flow. This is, roughly, the state of things pictured for us as the result of the study of the ions of cathode rays, Becquerel rays, and so forth. It is interesting, if only from the circumstance that, to many minds, facts of this nature must establish the *actuality* of much that we understand of the derivation and relationship and interpenetration of different planes in nature.

But when the spectroscope adds its subtle analysis to the evidence in hand, fresh facts arise which point to the possibility of grouping ions under *their* natural types just as Mendelejeff's table groups the grosser matter under *its* natural types. This possibility results from the records of what is spoken of as the Magnetic Perturbation of Lines—that is, the disturbance of normal spectral lines of given substances when the latter are vaporised in a strong magnetic field, as, say, between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet.

We are forced to think that under the sometimes enormous temperatures employed in these experiments, the chemical atoms of the matter under notice are more or less torn into ions, much as they are in the vacuum-tube, and that it is these ions which produce various lines of such high temperature spectra. When substances are so treated within an intense magnetic field, lines which normally appear single are seen as double lines—"doublets" or, in some cases, as triplets. These are the perturbations, various in character and magnitude, spoken of. Our chief point of interest in this intricate matter lies in facts of the following order : Whilst under these circumstances, certain of the lines characteristic of Magnesium are perturbed in a certain way and in a certain measure, certain *corresponding* lines in the spectrum of Zinc are affected in the same way and in the same measure when produced under the like conditions, and this is the case again with Cadmium



—all three metals belonging to Group II. of Mendelejeff's table. There is evidence establishing similarity of this nature among elements of other chemical groups, corresponding lines being similarly affected by the magnetic field.

From the facts of this order already accumulated the investigators are led to believe, or at least to suspect,\* that the same ions (or ions, let us say, of the same type) are present in the atoms of Magnesium, Zinc and Cadmium, and that the elements which lie in the same *chemical* group are built up, in part at least, of the same kind or type of ions. It is thought that the differences between the elements of a Group arise more from the *manner* of association of the ions in the atom than from differences in the fundamental character of the ions of which their atoms are built.

If this is an approximately correct account of the relation of ions to gross physical matter we might prolong the Group-divisions of Mendelejeff's table upwards to represent the corresponding types of the ions of this subtler realm of which the physical world is thought to be but a consequence. The application of the ground-plan of the table to other states of matter obviously suggests a stepping over the edge of things into all the risks and perils of other planes, "dimensions," etc.—an adventure not to be lightly undertaken. The stages to be passed in that direction are not unfamiliar to us, and the question presents itself whether any of the facts now recorded by science are evidence of what we hold to succeed the three lower sub-planes of physical matter in the upward or inward direction. If we accept the definition of the mass of the ions we appear to skip intervening sub-planes and to be dealing with components of chemical atoms which belong to the astral realm. A Hydrogen atom comprises eighteen units belonging to the fourth sub-plane higher—or at its fourth depolymerisation—and this is the matter-limit of the physical plane. So if the ions really are, not the 18th part only but *anything like* the 500th to the 1,000th part of the mass of a Hydrogen atom, they fall beyond that limit; and this leads one to think of the elemental essence of the astral

\* Sir Norman Lockyer's *Inorganic Evolution*, p. 114; and Dr. Preston's remarks quoted on p. 187.

plane, precursor of our chemical elements. If we then consider the careful description given in *The Astral Plane* of the permanent types of this elemental essence and its different sub-planes, we shall see that the order of Mendelejeff's table is a natural corollary, a physical replica, of characteristics of the plane above. The seven Groups of the table correspond with the seven types of elemental essence, and the seven Series of the table correspond with its seven sub-planes.

Should we, then, adopt the declared ion-mass and indicate the scientific statements under notice by prolonging the group-divisions and applying the order of the table a plane higher in the scale, we should, in any case, be representing what accords with facts. The risks and perils being thus reduced to a minimum, we may as well give this arrangement effect and turn to the consideration of what appears to be evidence of the four etheric sub-planes referred to as being skipped.

An immense amount of spectroscopic evidence is available which seems to shew that the molecules and atoms of elemental matter are continuously broken up, or dissociated, as they are subjected to higher and higher temperature—this term to include the action of electricity. As these changes take place the spectra alter correspondingly in character, and show marked differences in the number, the grouping, the intensity, and the position or colour of the lines produced. Some elements are easily vaporised, whilst others are exceedingly refractory, and the consequence is that their temperature-stages vary enormously and their successive dissociations have to be effected by very different treatment. Where laboratory means fail, evidences are afforded by the immeasurable temperatures of the stars, and in this way facts are accumulated from which it is deduced as a generalisation, that there are four distinct temperature-stages, four types of spectra resulting from them, four different states of matter in the case of our elementary bodies.\* It is not possible, here, to particularise on the subject, but what it leads to may be judged from one example of the application of the idea to questions arising from the study of solar physics and chemistry.

We know that if a substance under observation is intensely

\* *Inorganic Evolution*, p. 32, and the same author's *Studies in Spectrum Analysis*.

hot its spectrum-lines will be bright ; if relatively cool, the lines may be dark ; if it is rapidly approaching or receding from the observer the lines will be displaced towards the violet or towards the red end of the spectrum ; and under variations of pressure the lines are otherwise affected. If the spectrum of a given substance is produced by its indivisible chemical atoms one would expect the lines of that spectrum to be *similarly* affected under these diverse circumstances, and one would expect *all* the lines to be present in each case. But this is not so. The question can be put to the test by noticing the presence or absence or variations of recognisable spectrum-lines as we look down through the half-a-million miles' depth of the solar atmosphere towards the luminous surface below. Favourable circumstances are here provided, for in the depths of this chromosphere we have immeasurably high temperatures, whilst in its outer regions it is *relatively* cool ; and in the stupendous disturbances witnessed over sun-spot and in the up-rushing prominences, we see streams of matter displaced in all the conditions to which the different temperatures can reduce it. Thus spectra may be entirely modified and lines be variously affected, and long series of careful observations have been laboriously tabulated in order to decide whether and how the lines in a certain portion of the solar spectrum were affected under these varying conditions. The portion of the solar spectrum selected comprised 345 lines, representing twelve recognisable elements, including Iron, and the general results may be shown as follows :\*

	Seen over spots only	Seen in prom. only	Over spots and in prom.	Unaffected
The 345 lines together	40	54	68	183
Iron lines alone	17	29	33	25

It is noteworthy that these Iron lines are affected in groups, as though one definite group arose from Iron at one level and temperature and another group from a different level or temperature. The types of spectra spoken of deal, among other things, with just such natural grouping of the lines. It has been forcibly pointed out that we can hardly explain this remarkable diversity in the behaviour of the Iron lines, except on the supposition that

\* G. F. Chambers' *Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy*, p. 325.





Iron really consists of *four* different substances which, at solar temperatures, are separated, and which belong to different temperature-strata of the chromosphere. Similar evidence applies to other elements, but this example must suffice. We are evidently dealing here, not with Iron as we know it terrestrially, but with *four* simpler constituents of Iron. Each of these simpler constituents must yet be highly complex, for, on the average, each produces twenty-six lines—that is, twenty-six different rates of vibration—and it is being surmised that each separate line stands for a unit of matter of *some* kind. When, then, we hear of the spectrum of some given element having more lines than there are ultimate physical atoms in its chemical atom this *may* possibly be evidence of units of matter still finer than that of the etheric states, though it would be rash to assume that this necessarily *is* so in any particular case. What we have here considered in connection with the Iron lines seems to justify our filling in the four etheric sub-planes, so far left blank, to complete our diagram. This now represents, on given scientific evidence, a continuity through different grades of matter from solids, liquids, and gases, through the four etheric sub-planes and into undefinable levels of the astral plane. A blank occurs over Mendelejeff's eighth Group—"the rejected"—which, one would think, must be related to the higher planes as are the other Groups. Discussions upon eighth divisions or states or "spheres" have usually been more provocative of questions than of intelligible answers, so question-signs figure in the space left as expressions of a thirst for information.

From what has been said it will be understood that the diagram presented is but a tentative endeavour to show the general trend of recent scientific discovery in these fields and its general harmony with Theosophic thought. The subject bristles with difficulties as to the interpretation of scientific evidence, the precise implication of its terms ("mass" for instance) and many other matters which can hardly be detailed. Apart from these points, however, the wider question arises as to whether any particular form of astral material is capable of affording the evidences upon which scientific views are based. Without necessarily founding any assumption upon the circumstance, one looks about

in vain for any definite reason why it should *not* do so. On the other hand, there are references in our literature to the effect that the ordinary burning of organic matter *does* free some of its etheric and astral constituents. Why, then, should not the enormous temperature and violent disruption of the electric arc and spark do the same? And inasmuch as visibility or invisibility may depend entirely upon the volume of matter involved, or upon the amplitude of the vibration of its particles, why should not such material produce luminous effects and photographic lines in the ultra-violet portion of the spectrum when "electrified" to a temperature of thousands of degrees? What we call Light can hardly be thought of as a physical-plane energy at all; it flows from the elsewhere and should be generable and modifiable by the related material. If atoms and their vestiges are continuously subjected to the destructive disruption of electrical discharges of enormous intensity one must, surely, get to astral matter at last; it is, theoretically, merely a question of pounding fine enough!

We may not succeed in learning much about this higher realm by the most refined means that physical science is likely to employ. But there does seem to be reasonable ground for thinking that perhaps the facts already before us at least evidence the *actuality* of the astral plane; that something of the order, and even the properties, of its material is inferred; and that we perceive the causal relation in which it stands to the world in which we dwell.

G. DYNE.

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THE power of imagination is a great power in medicine. It produces diseases in man and animals and it cures them. But this is not done by the powers of symbols or characters made in wax or being written on paper, but by an imagination which perfects the will.—  
PARACELSUS.

## STORIES FROM THE TRADITIONS OF ISLÂM

### THE STORY OF THE SEERESS

IBN HISCHAM has related that the sister of the Christian monk Warakat, a deeply-learned woman and able to foretell the future, met the father of the Prophet, before his marriage with Amina, and told him she earnestly desired to be the mother of his first son. Abdullah, however, disregarded her and married Amina. Shortly afterwards he again met the seeress and she found favour in his eyes, but she in her turn rejected his advances.

"Oh Abdullah," she said, "the light which shone upon your forehead is gone. Behold Amina will bear you a son who is one of the predestined ones, and I desired that he should have been mine."

### THE BIRTH OF THE PROPHET

Just before the birth of the Prophet a Spirit appeared to Amina and said: "You will give birth to a child who will be the Lord of this people. As soon as he is born say, 'I commend him to the protection of the Only One, that he may be preserved from the harm of the wicked,' and call his name Muḥammad."

Amina has also related that when the Prophet was born she saw a light all round him which spread to the sky and mingled with the rays of the stars, lighting all the land around so that she saw the distant palaces of Syria. And then she looked at the child and he was lying on his back with his forefinger pointing to the sky.

So she sent for the wise men who knew the traditions and the writings to ask what she ought to do. Among them there came from Hîra a Christian monk, Abdoul-Mesih, son of Amron the Ghassanide, a descendant of the Kings of Syria.



Men said that he was 360 winters old and had learnt divination from his uncle Saṭīḥ the soothsayer in Yemen.

He had read many books and had heard that Isā ibn Miriam had said that if he went away he would send unto them Man-hamma (Syriac : Muḥammad), and that the time was now ripe. So she called his name Muḥammad.

#### HIS FIRST VISIONS

It is related that he said : " The instructions came to me at first like true visions in sleep and like the rosy dawn of the morning."

Sometimes he said he heard the sound, as it were, of a small bell followed by the message, and he said : " It was very hard for me to hear it then, but when it has ceased I remember what it says."

Sometimes it came like an angel in the form of a man of glorious beauty, who appeared as if with his feet standing on the horizon.

Another tradition says that Gabriel came in the form of Dīḥya the Kelbite, the most beautiful man among Arabs (*Chronique de Tabari*).

Yet another says that it was the beautiful Christian slave Djebr.

Some believe that the Prophet received instructions from the strange and semi-mythical Salman the Persian, whose story is given below.

#### KHADIJAH'S PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

Whatever the truth of the case may have been, Khadijah determined to investigate these abnormal phenomena as far as her woman's wits, which were considerable, would take her.

She plied the Prophet with questions : Did he see it always ? Did he see it with his eyes covered ? Who was it ? Why did it come ?

Muḥammad insisted that it was Gabriel, the Messenger of God. So Khadijah went in search of the learned monk Warakat, who had read all the books of the Hebrews and knew the most ancient traditions. He also wrote himself in Hebrew what God wished him to write.

He listened with great interest to the stories of Muḥammad's birth and the testimony of the aged monk which Khadijah had treasured in her memory. Then she asked him abruptly : " Have you found the name of Gabriel in any of your books, and what is Gabriel ? " Warakat cautiously replied : " Why do you ask me this ? "

So Khadijah told him of the first revealings and of the wrestling with the angel, who had three times overcome him and three times told him to " cry (or testify) in the name of his God " ; and how Muḥammad had three times protested and said : " How can I cry, I am not a prophet ? "

Warakat said : " Gabriel is the great *Namus* (*i.e.*, one who reveals a secret message). He is the intermediary angel between God and the Prophets who brings them messages from God. It was he who went to Moses and also to Jesus, and if you are telling me the truth, your husband is the next one, as it is written.

" Long years have I waited for this hour ! Would that I might remain and witness his ministry and his exile."

#### HIS WITNESS OF HIMSELF

The Prophet said once : " Verily I am the nearest man to Jesus in the beginning and the end, because there is no Prophet between me and Jesus, and in the latter part of the time, he will be my vicegerent and my successor."

He also prophesied that Jesus would come again and live to the age of 45, marry and have children and lead the nations. He would then be buried in the grave of Muḥammad.

" The Prophets are all brothers by one Father but their mothers are different, and the root of all their religions is the same. I have been sent in the first class of the children of Adam, age after age. I passed in the loins of my fathers until I came from the class from which I now come."

#### THE STRANGER IN WHITE

Omar has related that one day as they were sitting with the Apostle of God conversing about religious matters, a stranger in white entered swiftly and seated himself before the Prophet so that his knees touched his knees, and laying his two hands upon

the hands of the Prophet he gazed intently at him and said : " O Muḥammad, instruct me in Islām."

None present knew the stranger, yet he had no stains of travelling upon his robe, which was exceedingly white, and his hair was black and glossy.

And the Apostle said that Islām was to believe in one God—the All-Powerful—in the five calls to prayer, in the fast of Ramazan, and so forth.

When he had finished the stranger answered : " Thou hast spoken truly."

And the assembled company were much astonished because he first questioned the Apostle of God, and when he heard the answer he said it was the truth.

Then the stranger said : " Inform me of Iḥsan " (Rule of Life).

And the Apostle answered : " That thou worship God as if thou sawest Him, for though thou dost not see Him, know that He seeth thee."

And the stranger said again : " Thou hast spoken truly. Inform me about the Resurrection."

The Prophet answered : " I am as wise as the questioner."

When the stranger had asked about all the points of religious beliefs he arose and suddenly departed, and they all sat in silence for a long time. At last the Apostle said to Omar : " Did'st thou know who that person was ? "

Omar said : " God knows best ! "

And the Apostle said : " Verily it was Gabriel himself who came to instruct thee by means of his questions." (From the *Ṣaḥīḥ Muṣṭam*.)

(The Prophet's answer to " Gabriel " about the resurrection was therefore a skilful parry of a question which was not to be answered in public, not a confession of ignorance.)

#### HIS RULE OF LIFE

##### *Dreams*

The Prophet used generally to say in the morning : " Have you dreamt ? " and whosoever had would say so.

He said the truest dream was about daybreak.

*Vigils and Nocturnal Devotions*

The Apostle of God said once : “ The most excellent prayers are those in the middle of the night. The most illustrious are those who say prayers in the night.”

“ Verily there are houses in Paradise in which the external parts are seen from the internal and the internal from the external, and God has prepared them for those who speak gently, feed the hungry, and say prayers at night when others are sleeping. . . . The time of God’s being near His servants is in the latter part of the night after the middle of the night ; therefore if you are able to be of the number of those who remember God at that time, be so ! ”

“ When anyone of you goeth to sleep the Devil ties three knots upon his neck, and says over each knot : ‘ The night is long—sleep ! ’ Therefore if a servant awake and remember God it openeth one knot, and if he perform the ablution it openeth another, and if he say prayers it openeth the other, and he riseth in the morning in gladness and purity ; otherwise he riseth in a lethargic state.”

*Observing Dawn*

The Prophet often spoke of the importance of observing dawn ; it was one of the five calls obligatory to the Faithful. “ Verily the recital at dawn is witnessed (by angels). Angels come about you both night and day.” He, however, forbade Muslims to pray while the sun was half above and half below the horizon lest they should be open to the charge of idolatrously worshipping the physical disc of the sun.

*The Prophets’ Beads*

Someone once inquired of Ayesha how the Prophet performed his midnight devotions. She said : “ Why do you ask me this ? No one has ever asked me this before.

“ When the Apostle wakes in the night for the first time he says : ‘ God is very great ’—ten times ; then : ‘ Praise be to God ’—ten times ; then : ‘ God is most pure,’ ‘ Praise be to Him,’ ‘ Pure is the most Holy King,’ ‘ I ask pardon of God,’ ‘ There is no God but God ’—each of these ten times. Then he would

begin his prayers. He always rose when he heard the cock crow and washed, and then prayed. He would often stand for his meditation in the night so long that his feet were swollen and painful."

The Prophet said once that the Rule of King David was the best. He (the King) slept half the night, then he was awakened, and spent a third of the night in prayer, and he fasted every alternate day.

### *Women's Prayers*

The Prophet did not forbid women to go to the mosques, but he said it was better *for them* to say all the prayers at home.

He also said: "And if a man wakes to meditate and does not waken his wife he will be punished, and if the wife cannot waken her husband let her dash cold water on his face, and the husband the wife."

### HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE

Ali said: "He was of middle height; his face pink and white, with lustrous black eyes and thick beautiful brilliant hair which fell to his shoulders. His face was entirely surrounded by a beard. He walked as if he were pulling up his feet out of the ground, as lightly as if he were flying."

Another has said: "I never saw anyone walk more quickly, you might say the ground was wrinkled for him. He lifted up his feet and stepped like one stepping on low ground, and you knew he had been along the road by the smell of musk."

Ali also said: "He had in his face so much gentleness that in his presence you were obliged to look at him, and he had a great charm of voice. . . . I never saw a man more beautiful than the Prophet—you might say the sun was moving in his face."

Another says: "I saw the lord once on a moonlight night and sometimes I looked at his beauty and then at the moon and he was brighter and more beautiful to me than the moon.

"When he was pleased his blessed face would brighten so that you might say it was a piece of the moon and then you knew that he was pleased."

## THE STORY OF SALMAN THE PERSIAN

One of the celebrated "Companions of the Cave" was the mysterious Salman, a close friend of Ali and afterwards worshipped as the Bâb by the Ansairieh: "And there is no Bâb but the Lord Salman il Farisee," is their confession of faith. (Farisee=Arabic for Persian.)

A Persian tradition says that his real name was Rúzbih (*R.A.S. Journal*, July, 1901), which is curious, as the Ansairieh say that in the time of Jesus the Bâb was Rozabah ibn il Merzaban, a Persian.

The vowels being alike in Arabic and Persian, neither language having an *o* in it, Rozabah would be equal to Rúzbih; and the word Merzaban is the same all but a dot on the *z* (or *d*) as the word Merkabah, which Bunsen says means an "Indian Essene." Therefore the name of the Bâb was—Rúzbih, son of the Essene (Rozabah ibn il Merzaban).

Now if this Persian led a continuous existence through many centuries, according to the Ansairieh theory of reincarnation, it would, of course, account in their eyes for the otherwise quite impossible length and number of events of his life as related by himself to the first traditionists of Islâm.

He came, he said, from the province of Isspahan, and was an enthusiastic Magian. Going one day by accident into a Christian church he was so much impressed by the service that he asked where was "the cradle of this religion." They answered, "in Syria." So he went to Syria and asked for the most learned theologian, and was sent to a Bishop, who instructed him.

When the Bishop died Salman remained with his successor, who was one of the most perfect of men; he had forsaken all earthly pleasures and longed only for the other world. When he was dying, he said: "By God I know no one who is of my faith now; men are all gone astray, they are falsifying and destroying the greater part of their religion. I know one man alone who is firm in his faith as I am. Go to him."

Salman stayed with this man till he died, then with a man of Nissibin, who sent him to a man of Amuria. When this last was dying he said: "I know no one now of the Faith, but the time is near when a Prophet will be sent with the faith of

Abraham. He will come in Arabia and wander into a land between two stony places where dates grow in between. He has unmistakable signs. If you can reach this land do so." After many more adventures Salman eventually met the Prophet, and recognised him by certain signs.

While relating the story of his wanderings to Muḥammad, Salman added that his friend in Amuria had described to him a certain neighbourhood in Syria, and had said: "Go to the man who lives between two woods and each year passes from one to the other; to whom also the sick hasten and he cures them all by his command. He will tell you about the doctrines you are seeking for."

"I went," said Salman, "to the place described, and found there many sick collected. At last he came to pass across from one wood to the other. The people pressed round him with their sick, all of whom he healed by his word. The crowd was such that I could not get near him until he was already passing into the other little wood, then I caught his arm, and when he turned and asked what I wanted, I begged him to teach me the Hanefite doctrine of Abraham. He answered: 'That which thou askest is not inquired after in these days, but the time is near when a dweller of the Sanctuary will be sent with this religion; go to him, he will teach it to you.' Then he went into the wood."

The Prophet said thereupon to Salman: "If you are speaking truly, you have met Jesus the son of Mary." (From Weil's *Ibn Ischak*, p. 103.)

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

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## CAUSALITY

ON p. 69 of *Studies in the Bhagavad Gītā* causality is spoken of as one of the "time ripples in the mighty ocean of Self." Is it possible for the "plain man" to apprehend in any degree the meaning of this statement?

I read in a learned book not long ago a piece of advice to students, the gist of which was that they should leave metaphysics alone unless they were prepared to go into the subject thoroughly.

This is all right if it means that one must not devour in haste an elaborate and miscellaneous collection of refreshments which one is unable to digest. But it is not all right if it means that we may not secure a minute portion of the feast, and chew it patiently at our leisure.

Metaphysics is for every man, not for the highly trained thinker alone; all our thoughts, desires, and actions are founded on metaphysical assumptions of one kind or another.

Now the chain of cause and effect is found in all consciousness and in all evolution as we know them. Consciousness is a series of states, of which each is a modification of a preceding state. And, on the other hand, the evolution of plants, animals, individuals, races, solar systems, is also a series of conditions in which the chain of cause and effect is evident.

Wherever we have matter in any form, we have this causality, this methodical succession of events, and so long as the Self identifies itself with its vehicles, it is entangled with this chain of necessity. It suffers and enjoys by means of the sheaths which it has not yet distinguished from itself.

"Prakṛiti is called the cause of the generation of causes and effects; Puruṣa is called the cause of the enjoyment of pleasure and pain."

Let us take as an example of a chain of causes and effects



the series of states of feeling through which a man passes in a day. Each one of these states is at once a cause and an effect; it is modified by each preceding state, and it modifies each succeeding one. None of these states can exist apart, each is essentially part of a series.

At each moment forces from without act upon this series. But these forces are not the cause of change. They are only the means by which the tendency to change can manifest itself. The cause of change is inherent in the series of states.

Events occur which tend to modify conditions of feeling, but they are the occasion of modification, not its cause; they produce no effect except in so far as there is a capacity to respond to vibration.

The man himself may also act upon the series of states from within, but here again he cannot cause changes, but only supply conditions which can give an innate capacity an opportunity for development.

In proportion as he learns to do this effectively, he realises himself as separate from the chain of necessity, and a spectator of it merely; vehicles, whether mental, astral or physical, can only grow according to their own nature and laws, and in order to supply the requisite conditions for growth he must understand this nature and these laws.

As he learns to understand them, he becomes gradually able to use the series of cause and effect instead of identifying himself with it.

The omnipresence of causality in nature is one of the modes in which the principle of identity shows itself. But it involves also the principle of diversity. A cause is *related* to an effect, and here we have unity. It is *contrasted* with an effect, and here we have separateness.

When "The Dreamer" postulates the impermanence of causality, he only implies that when cause and effect become one, it must disappear. From a metaphysical point of view causality can be but temporary, because it involves succession in time.

In the meantime, if we hope to aid evolution in the future, it seems important to study the generation of causes and effects in

some of their numerous forms. The form selected is of little importance provided persistent work is done.

But what is the relation between cause and effect? Is it a necessary one or only accidental? Why is it that when the same relations are given we expect the same effects?

This universal assumption upon which all sciences rest was ascribed by David Hume and by John Stuart Mill to the result of habit. But both these philosophers had lost sight of the principle of identity, and treated all phenomena as isolated facts.

The fact is that the principle of causality is a metaphysical theory which cannot be proved by any logical process. It is a relation, and like all other relations, involves the dual principle of the one and the many. It persists so long as we have *the many* as well as *the one*, and can only disappear when all other relations disappear in unity.

S. CORBETT.

## THE LOST "CANON OF PROPORTION" REDISCOVERED

IN the first volume of *The Secret Doctrine* (3rd ed., p. 229), speaking of the "Great Initiator," H. P. Blavatsky writes:

It is under the direct, silent guidance of this MAHÂ GURU that all the other less divine Teachers and Instructors of mankind became, from the first awakening of human consciousness, the guides of human consciousness, the guides of early Humanity. It is through these "Sons of God" that infant Humanity learned its first notion of all the arts and sciences, as well as of spiritual knowledge; and it is they who laid the first foundation-stone of those ancient civilisations that so surely puzzle our modern generation of students and scholars.

Let those who doubt this statement, explain, on any other equally reasonable grounds, the mystery of the extraordinary knowledge possessed by the Ancients—who, some pretend, developed from lower and animal-like savages, the "cave-men" of the palæolithic age! Let them turn, for instance, to such works as those of Vitruvius Pollio of the Augustan age, on architecture, in which all the rules of proportion are those *anciently taught at*

*Initiations*, if they would acquaint themselves with truly divine art, and understand the *deep esoteric significance hidden in every rule and law of proportion*. No man descended from a palæolithic cave-dweller could ever evolve such a science unaided, even in millenniums of thought and intellectual evolution. It is the pupils of those incarnated Rishis and Devas of the Third Root Race who handed on their knowledge, from one generation to another, to Egypt and to Greece, with its now lost *canon of proportion*; just as the disciples of the Initiates of the Fourth, the Atlanteans, handed it over to the Cyclopes, the "Sons of Cycles," or of the "Infinite," from whom the name passed to the still later generations of gnostic priests.

We have searched through the ten books of Vitruvius Pollio *De Architectura* in vain for this canon of proportion; though perhaps with greater labour it might be indirectly deduced by some determined student. It has always seemed to us that H. P. B., to whom we personally owe more than to any other, has in this case (as in many others) relied too much on what someone has said or speculated about the famous work of Vitruvius; but be that as it may be, the fact of a "canon of proportion" she asserted unhesitatingly and with a confidence manifestly born of evidence within her inner knowledge. She did not make this assertion depend on Vitruvius, but cited Vitruvius, as one whom she believed to be a witness on her side before a sceptical jury.

But even if after an exhaustive investigation of Vitruvius we should find that he ought not to be called into court, the statement of H. P. Blavatsky will still be found to stand firm, for as it appears this canon of proportion has now practically been re-discovered. *The Athenæum* for November 15th gives us the following report of a paper on "The Natural Basis of Form in Greek Art"—with special reference to the Parthenon, read by Mr. Jay Hambridge, at a meeting of the Hellenic Society on November 4th.

The investigation of the symmetrical forms found in Nature, both organic and inorganic, led to the discovery that (allowing for modifications of growth) a certain principle of proportion is rigidly persistent throughout. The examination of the proportions of crystals, and of the proportions and outlines of living forms, such as the flower of the grape, diatoms, radiolaria, butterflies (these being but a few instances out of a very large number), shows that the proportions and curves involved in these forms may be analysed by (1) a primary series of circles which stand to each other in

a binary relation ( $1 : 2 : 4 : 8$ , etc.), combined with (2) a secondary series of circles derived by using as radii the sides of the triangles, squares, pentagons, or hexagons inscribed in the circles of the primary series. The proportions of symmetrical natural objects can all be expressed in terms of circles standing to each other in this relation, and the curved outlines of Nature can be analysed by a series of osculating circles which are similarly related. The same binary system, it was shown, can be used to analyse the proportions and curves of the Parthenon, down to the minutest detail. The use of this principle involves no abstruse knowledge of mathematics, but requires only the simplest geometrical methods. On this system, with a string and a stick and a sanded floor, proportions can be worked out which, if expressed arithmetically, would involve incommensurable qualities. The inference is that the Greek architect used some simple geometrical system of this kind and refined his curves by means of circles related to each other on the system already described. He was thus unconsciously following the principle on which Nature builds up her symmetrical forms; and the investigation of the proportions and outlines of numerous other works of art, such as Greek vases, shows that the works of the best period always approximate most closely to the same principle. The Parthenon is only the most striking and complete instance of the fact that the beautiful in art involves adherence (presumably unconscious) to the same law as underlies the beautiful in Nature.

The Greek architect and artist may have done these things "unconsciously," following a "rule of thumb," handed down from a remote antiquity: but who taught that rule of thumb to child humanity? Were the Teachers unconscious of the harmonies of Nature; or were they souls from a higher civilisation than the souls of this humanity?

In any case, those of our readers who are students of the geometry of Nature, curious concerning geometrical psychology, and lovers of the mysteries of the "Platonic" solids, will rejoice that that which was lost has been found, or at any rate a fragment of it.

G. R. S. M.

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For out of olde felde, as man seith,  
 Cometh al this new corn fro yere to yere,  
 And out of olde bokes, in good feith,  
 Cometh al this new science that men lere.—CHAUCER.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## THE KINGS OF EGYPT AND THEIR DEEDS

A History of Egypt from the End of the Neolithic Period to the Death of Cleopatra VII., B.C. 30. By E. A. Wallace Budge, M.A., Litt. D., etc. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd.; 1902, 8 vols. Price per volume 3s. 6d.)

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL are to be sincerely congratulated for their courage and enterprise in adding these eight useful volumes to their instructive and exceedingly low-priced series of "Books on Egypt and Chaldæa." The preceding six volumes by Dr. Wallace Budge, the Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, and the two by Mr. L. W. King, his Assistant, have been already made known to our readers, and form the best introduction to a study of the languages and religions of these two great ancient civilisations which is at present obtainable. The low price of the volumes places them within the means of the most modest purse, and the rapidity with which they have been bought up shows that there is a wide-spread interest in the fascinating subjects with which they deal. That the student owes a deep debt of gratitude to these two scholars, and especially to Dr. Wallace Budge, who is responsible for no less than fourteen of the sixteen volumes which have so far appeared, goes without saying; that, however, the mystic will rise from their perusal without much satisfaction is to be expected with books which have no other concern than pure objectivism. The time has apparently not yet come for the mystic element in the tradition of the land of mysteries *par excellence* to be treated with any approximation to knowledge, and it is, therefore, kept so far in the background that it may be said to be almost excluded. And yet without some knowledge of this the religion of Egypt is almost entirely inexplicable, and in proportion as it is neglected we are presented with the mummified remains and lifeless externals of a cult which has left behind it to mark its once strenuous life monuments unrivalled in the known history of the world.

And if we have to notice this to us very serious omission in Dr.

Budge's otherwise most excellent work on Egyptian religion, much more is it noticeable in the eight volumes under notice, in which history is the theme, and history not in the sense of the social or religious conditions of the people, but in the good old-fashioned style of kings and battles. Indeed, we have somewhat too much of the "accidence and adjectives and names of Jewish Kings" side of things. Doubtless Dr. Budge is not to be blamed for this, and cannot be expected to make bricks without straw; but when so many pages are filled with the identification of King-names as found in Manetho's lists, imperfectly preserved in quotation by later writers, with the names on the monuments, the attention of the ordinary reader is inclined to flag.

The great utility of Dr. Budge's history is that it enables us to see how much actual material we have so far got on which to base our speculations; and though it is very considerable compared to what was accessible, say some fifty years ago, it is nevertheless heart-breaking to see a vast stretch of some 5,000 years represented, except at certain periods, by ghastly blanks or at best the name of a King or two the records of whose deeds have vanished. And even when we have the records of the doings of the Kings, we feel we know nothing of the people and their deeds, their hopes and fears. What, for instance, should we know of France a hundred years ago, if we had preserved only the titles of Napoleon and a list of his battles; or of our England of to-day, if we had nothing but the long titles of the King and a record, say, of the hospitals whose incomes he is striving to increase? For this is mostly what we get in Egyptian history as at present made known to us: the names of Kings and their titles; their battles and conquests; their buildings and restorations of pyramids, tombs and temples.

Nevertheless, it is very necessary to have the tracings out of a chronological and political backbone in the first place, so that we can gradually reconstruct the skeleton, and finally reclothe it to some degree with flesh and blood. Dr. Budge has necessarily much to say on the "Neolithic" race which preceded the dynastic Egyptians, the recent "finds" of whose graves scattered over so wide an area have produced so many speculations. Dr. Budge regards them as an African non-negroid race enjoying a comparatively advanced stage of culture, living in huts made of reeds and mud, but unacquainted with the art of writing or of working metals. The Egyptians of history were, according to Budge, an Asiatic race, "the followers of Horus," coming from Southern Arabia, who invaded the Nile lands about

4,500 B.C. They were builders and workers in metals and had a civilisation and a script closely connected, directly or remotely, with those of Babylonia. They easily conquered the Africans, who gradually amalgamated with them. Dr. Budge is somewhat scornful of those who half a century ago refused to give Egyptian civilisation an older date than 2,500 B.C., but we cannot but think that his 4,500 years will have to be pushed back when the evidence of some new finds will clamour for recognition. So, too, with the question of the "origin" of Egyptian civilisation; the evidence at present accessible seems to justify the moderate conclusions of the Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, but we should be foolish to accept this as an acquired fact of science, when future discoveries may throw entirely new light on the subject.

Where Dr. Budge does best service is when he exposes the fallacies of those who have approached the study of Egyptian history with the Hebrews on the brain, and reduces the Hebrew Egyptian question to its proper proportions; in the preface to the sixth volume, moreover, he apparently gives the death-blow to Prof. Cheyne's theory of a "Jerahmeelite" kingdom in Southern Palestine, which he has brought into such prominence in the *Encyclopadia Biblica*.

On the other hand, Dr. Budge is never tired of insisting that the Great Pyramid was built for a tomb and for nothing else, and so with all pyramids, and this, to use his own words at a different valuation, "in spite of chambers with sliding roofs which admitted the invader to hollows filled up with masses of stone, and so took him out of the right path, and passages which led nowhere, and wells which contained nothing and ended nowhere." But indeed the question of the pyramids has not yet been settled either by "all competent authorities" or by incompetent amateurs, and we can possess our souls in patience till discovered fact replaces theory.

Dr. Budge, however, is no slave to the accepted order of things on his own ground, for he introduces a startling innovation into Egyptian chronology by transferring the kings known by their Rā names as the Antefs from the XIVth dynasty, to which they have hitherto been assigned, to the XVIIth dynasty. This we must leave to the specialists to decide; to the lay mind it appears to make not much difference in the paucity of our knowledge.

No doubt by this time our learned author is tired of learning from his reviewers that he has been ill-advised to use sixteenth century translations of Herodotus and Diodorus; "B. R.'s" translation of

Herodotus is no doubt charmingly quaint from a literary point of view, but it is grossly inaccurate, and if Dr. Budge desires his *History* to be of service to continental scholarship it is handicapped in this particular, for "B. R." is somewhat of a strain even for a German professor.

We, however, must end as we began with thanking Dr. Budge for his labours; of their utility there can be no doubt, and Budge's *History of Egypt* will at once take its place among standard works on the subject, and be the latest authority until a new authority appears. But when an author has written a book on *Egyptian Magic* and therefore must be supposed to know at least as much about it as the proverbial "lecturer," it is strange to find him commenting so naively on a magical incident in his *History*.

King Rā-Āpepi at Tanis in the Delta wanted to pick a quarrel with Seyenen Rā, the King of the South at Thebes. He, therefore, after consulting his chief magicians, sent a message to him to this effect: "Let one hunt on the lake the hippopotamuses which are on the lake of the city, so that they may let sleep come to me both by day and night." On this Budge comments: "The writer of the romance wishes to indicate that the hippopotamuses on the lake at Thebes made so much noise, both by day and by night, that Rā-Āpepi could get no sleep in Tanis, and we may readily agree with the magicians who composed the message that the King in the South would not know how to answer it, because he would probably think that Rā-Āpepi had lost his senses, for by no natural means known in those days could the King in the Delta be disturbed by hearing the plungings and splashings of hippopotamuses in swamps some six hundred miles away." We are not a magician and have never written on the subject; but "sympathetic magic" was known before Marconi's wireless telegraphy, and perhaps "hippopotamuses" on the "lake," not in the "swamps," may be other than the pachydermata known to zoology.

G. R. S. M.

#### A USEFUL INTRODUCTION TO THEOSOPHY

Diene dem Ewigen! Was nützt die Theosophische Gesellschaft ihren Mitgliedern? (Berlin: Schwetschke und Sohn; 1902.)

UNDER the title "Serve the Eternal," the author, who is one of the oldest pioneers of Theosophy in Germany, gives in a condensed but very attractive form a complete *vade mecum* for the pilgrim-soul of the would-be disciple. It is a manual for mystics rather than an exposi-



tion of theosophical teachings. The writer, however, uses the word "theosophist" in the sense in which many would use the words occultist, neophyte or mystic; hence he says: "not every member of the Theosophical Society is a 'theosophist.' Those only can be thus named who firstly have recognised the *goal* of the evolution of their egos, and secondly that they can and must each and all *attain* this goal; and thirdly have clearly recognised the *ways* and the *means* to this attainment, and fourthly have *begun* to walk in this way, and of set purpose to apply these means" (p. 7).

Theosophy can now be summed up in seven words: "The Eternal in all is the Self" and this ideal existed long before S. Paul used the word (1 Cor., 2, 7); it lived in Ancient India, in the Greek and Egyptian mysteries and in the sacred customs of many another time-honoured nation. It is the ideal of Eckhart, Tauler, Böhme and Angelus Silesius; it was spread by secret societies such as the Rosicrucians and Freemasons. To-day the follower of it is not persecuted, he is laughed at; but that is not a reason for us to make a secret of it if it is ours. For this reason the Theosophical Society was publicly founded, and it demands of its members an acknowledgment of this ideal and efforts after the practical realisation of it. Now how does the Society help its members, and what good does it do in upholding the ideal? It helps those who are ripe for the task. It expounds the deeper aspects of the world-riddle only to those who can grasp that riddle and steadily fix the eye of the mind upon it. The Thing-in-itself—the ultimate reality—is found by the evolution of self-consciousness. Those who have consummated this work and become the "first fruits," the great exemplars, are worshipped as gods in all the great religions.

Such are Osiris, Horos, Hermes Trismegistos, Kṛiṣṇa, Buddha, Zarathustra, and above all Jesus. That all men are equal is notoriously untrue, why then can we not believe in the Victorious Ones who have won at last the prize for which all are trying to fit themselves? But the best way to feel certain that the Immortals exist is to try and make *oneself* one of them.

The author then takes us rapidly through the main teachings of the Ancient Wisdom. The fact of repeated incarnations of every ego, he says is recognised by all nations, all races and in *all* times. (This may be so, but the present reviewer for one would be very glad to have chapter and verse, or even an oral tradition for it.) Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul Richter, Schopenhauer and many

modern celebrities have incidentally acknowledged their belief in it. Even in Kant there are passages suggesting it.

The next point is the importance of distinguishing between the personality and the individuality. Upon this follows inevitably the problem of responsibility, of the moral sense which hangs in its turn upon the instinctive longing for those things which belong to eternity and hence is in itself an earnest of our immortal life. The man with an awakened moral sense and the hope of immortality has now begun to tread the first steps of the inner life. A belief in spiritual things is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

The Master for any soul is the spiritual power most operative at any given moment. The person is always the mask. The *Master* as the *Spirit* is confined to no one *person*. There may be one or many of such *persons*, but it is "the same Spirit." "The person *quâ person* is never the Master himself" (p. 42).

The Spirit alone is the Wisdom and the Power, the Love and the Peace. For the Master there is no favouritism and no privileged people. "Where two or three are gathered together in the Spirit of the Master there is the Master among them." And the Spirit of the Master is a Presence of Peace.

This was what Böhme meant by the verse which he wrote in a friend's note-book: "Look at Time in the Light of Eternity! Only in so far as thou hast the Eternal in thy mind's eye, only in so far as thou sowest eternal things, only in so far as thou liftest thyself above all strife, only in so far as thou givest room to Peace within thee, only so far hast thou the power and the wisdom and the blessing of the Divine Masters—not otherwise!"

This spiritual communion must be won by each one for himself.

Merely joining the Theosophical Society, although this is a highly significant and important step, will not give the higher blessing. The pupil must raise *himself* to the Master's level. Then the author gives an account of the ways and means of this self-culture, with a digression on the misuse of occult powers, on dangers subjective as well as objective, the only safeguard against the former dangers being the absolute control of the thoughts by a conscious action of the will. With developing powers the desire to serve naturally arises in heart and stronger still the desire to merge self in the One Self. "If I lose myself I find myself," is the cry of the devout soul, and leads to its own fulfilment.

If we might suggest a fault in this little book it is in the notes

being put at the end. A busy man opening it at random for a good thought, as well he might, is confronted with runaway 1's and 2's attached to some word and looks down the page in vain for the meaning of them. By the time he has found the note he has probably lost his place and the thread of the thought and forgotten the number. In a large book which you have to "sit up to table" to consume with the help of a paper-cutter and a book-marker, it is more excusable, but even then not acceptable. There is also no table of contents, but then the headings, different on each page, are most felicitously chosen.

A. L. B. H.

#### THE LITTLE GENESIS

The Book of Jubilees or the Little Genesis: Translated from the Editor's Ethiopic Text and edited, with Introduction, Notes and Indices. By R. H. Charles, D.D., Professor of Biblical Greek, Trinity College, Dublin. (London: Black; 1902. Price 15s.)

STUDENTS of Jewish pseudepigraphic and apocalyptic literature owe a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. Charles for the excellent texts, translations, introductions and commentaries which he has been giving them for the last ten years. We have already acquainted our readers with the admirable work done by the Professor of Biblical Greek in Dublin's famous centre of learning on *The Book of Enoch*, *The Book of the Secrets of Enoch*, *The Apocalypse of Baruch*, *The Assumption of Moses*, *The Ascension of Isaiah*, and in his admirable volume *A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life in Israel, in Judaism, and in Christianity*, and, as we have said before, by this time it is recognised on all hands that Dr. Charles is *facile princeps* in his special line of research. *The Book of Jubilees* (so-called from its chronology, which follows the system of a Sabbath of Sabbaths of years, or forty-nine years), or *The Lesser* (? Detailed) *Genesis* (so-called not because of its shortness, for it is longer than canonical Genesis, but because of its greater elaboration of detail in true haggadic style), is the last contribution to the elucidation of Jewish apocryphal literature from the pen of this distinguished scholar. It is marked by all the thoroughness which has characterised the rest of Dr. Charles' labours and is a monument of exceptional learning and painstaking industry. Some six years ago Dr. Charles published a tentative translation of this very curious monument of Jewish scripture-making in *The Jewish Quarterly*, and now explains

that the delay in publishing it in book-form was not owing to the difficulty of revising and polishing the translation, but rather to the fact that his notes and commentaries had got into such a hopeless tangle when he treated the book as a product of the first century A.D. (as was generally supposed to be the case) that he was brought to a complete standstill, and could not understand the reason of his failure until he was led by studies on another line to come to the conclusion that *Jubilees* was of a far earlier date, in fact about 135-105 B.C. Once this key was found, everything fell naturally into place and difficulty after difficulty was solved. And indeed it seems that Dr. Charles has made out a case for this date which is strong even in its weakest elements. This being so, *The Book of Jubilees* assumes a far greater importance than it ever possessed previously for all students of the evolution of Jewish religion, and by it we can further establish definite date limits for portions of such famous apocryphs as *The Book of Enoch* and *The Book of Noah*. But what is most interesting to us (and for this speculation Dr. Charles is not responsible) is that we have before us a document that might very well have by a slight divergence of the wheel of fate been included in the Bible, for when we see such a book as *Chronicles* (a haggadic tendency-writing of the second century, which wrote up *Kings* and *Samuel* in the interests of later priestly views) included in the canon, and observe that *Jubilees* treats the matter of *Genesis* and *Exodus* in precisely the same fashion in the interests of a still later priestly view than that of the *Chronicles*' redactor in revising *Kings* and *Samuel*, we see the making of scripture in the workshop and the continuation of the same industry by the same firm, attended with very great success, but by some strange freak of fate failing to find a place among the permanent exhibits.

*The Jubilees*' writer was thoroughly ashamed of many of the crudities of the *Ezra* redaction of *Genesis* and *Exodus* and re-wrote the whole matter to suit the views of his own day and circle; Jewish enthusiasm was at the top of the wave in the palmy days of *Maccabæan* conquest and the ambition of the priestly fanatics was boundless. The whole spirit of the writer is further characterised by a detestation of all non-Jews, which fully justified the strictures of the classical writers of the first century and throws a flood of light on the nature of zealotism and the mania of exclusiveness that tickled the vanity of *Israel* and diabolised the gods of all other nations. Exceedingly interesting also is this document for students of later Talmudic develop-

ments, for it presents us with earlier forms of haggada and halacha which the Rabbis of mishnaic times were compelled to modify. An acquaintance with the literature of this period also shows us how erroneous is the general Jewish persuasion of later days that the "oral tradition" had been handed down unchanged. Of great importance also are the readings of the Bible texts, which often approximate more closely to those preserved in the Septuagint translation of the Pentateuch (*circa* 250 B.C.) than to those of the far later Massorah of the fourth or fifth century.

In brief, a study of the Jewish apocrypha is of as pre-eminent importance for the history of the evolution of the religion of Israel as the study of Christian apocryphal literature is for the evolution of general dogmatic Christianity, and Dr. Charles is doing yeoman service for an age that seeks to attain to a truly scientific appreciation of values which have hitherto been entirely falsified by tradition. The next work we are promised by this well-equipped scholar is a text and translation of *The Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs*, but we might suggest to Dr. Charles that we are without a representative English work on *The Sibylline Oracles*, one of the most fascinating of these pseudo-prophetical and pseudepigraphical phases of literature. Years ago we attempted some essays on the subject in this REVIEW, but have never ventured to publish them in a more permanent form because they were far too slight for the purpose, though not slighter than the few other attempts which exist in English on the subject; which means to say that the existence of this lacuna in our literature is somewhat of a reproach to English scholarship. G. R. S. M.

#### OLCOTT'S BUDDHIST CATECHISM IN GERMAN

Der Buddhistische Katechismus von Henry S. Olcott, Präsident der Theosophical Society, etc.; 35 (2. deutsche) Ausgabe mit besonderem Vorwort des Verfassers. Autorisierte Übersetzung nebst Erläuterungen von Dr. Erich Bischoff. (Leipzig: Th. Griebens Verlag; 1902. Preis M.2.20.)

COLONEL OLCOTT is to be congratulated on having Dr. Erich Bischoff as the translator and useful annotator of the thirty-fifth (the second German) edition of his now famous *Buddhist Catechism*, and he is to be further congratulated on the excellent way in which the firm of Griebens at Leipzig has printed it and turned it out. Indeed, we have seen no better edition of the work in any other language. This is a thirty-fifth edition of our President-Founder's useful compilation,

not a reprint or a thirty-fifth thousand, but a genuine edition, for this little catechism has been translated into no less than twenty different languages, and may be said, without the faintest risk of contradiction, to have been the busiest instrument of Buddhist propaganda for many a day in the annals of that long somnolent dharma. And this too without forgetting the great claims of that truly inspired gift to the Western world, *The Light of Asia*. Colonel Olcott's *Catechism* has this advantage, and it is a great one, that it is duly approved by the head of the Buddhist Sangha in Ceylon, the venerable H. Sumangala, and authorised as a text-book in Buddhist schools; it therefore presumably represents the orthodox teaching of that particular circle of the Sangha; whether or not the Tibetan Lamas or the Chinese or Japanese Bonzes would endorse it as well it is impossible to say, but, as far as it has been found practicable to get an opinion, it has been approved, and that is a great point in its favour; it is decidedly a feather in Colonel Olcott's cap that he, a Westerner, has been able to draw up a simple statement of this great religion that meets with the cordial endorsement of the highest official of Singalese Buddhism and a great Pāli scholar (in the oriental sense) like Sumangala. With *Der buddhistische Katechismus* before us our thoughts are naturally turned to the sublimely grand Dharma of the Buddha and all that it has meant and still means, in spite of the natural obscurations it has suffered at the hands of systematisers and dogmatists, and in spite of its capture by monkdom; its truly virile beginnings, its rejection of all biblical authority, its appeal to reason, are elements which should endear it to many thinking minds in the Western world to-day, as a phase of religious experience that deserves the closest study. And yet, strange to say, of late years the study of Buddhism in our ranks has receded into the background and we seldom see a paper published on this enormous volume of human experience. Perhaps it may be that it was felt to be unwise to give any colour whatever to the at one time popular misconception that all the members of the Theosophical Society were Buddhists, esoteric or otherwise, that the Society was only a cloak for Buddhist propaganda, and the settled policy of its leaders was to "convert" Christians to the Dharma. But that absurd misconception is a thing of the past; we are now said by many to be, in the West, at any rate, "turning" Christians, and we are to end up by being Roman Catholics. This is of course equally absurd, both accusations emanating from the ignorance which cannot understand the

Theosophical position of religious equality, and the recognition of all the great faiths as legitimate children of one Holy Family.

Nevertheless, we, for our part, regret and regret deeply that more attention is not paid by our students to the admirable Dharma of that truly Enlightened One, and we say it advisedly that the least the learned Buddhists of Ceylon can do to repay the debt of gratitude they owe to Colonel Olcott and other members of the Theosophical Society who have worked for them is to bestir themselves to throw some light on their own origins and doctrines.

G. R. S. M.

#### THEOSOPHY IN A DUTCH NOVEL

*The Deeps of Deliverance.* By Frederick van Eeden; translated from the Dutch by Margaret Robinson. (London: Fisher Unwin; 1902. Price 6s.)

THIS book is not pleasant reading. It is a psychological study, rather perhaps a study in psycho-pathology; and "cases" are usually only of interest to the student and to those who are suffering, or think they are suffering, from the disease of which the symptoms and progress are described. Unluckily—or luckily it may be—there are more people suffering from the disease of Hedwig Marga de Fontayne than there are afflicted by any one physical disease that flesh is heir to, for her ailment is disharmony between the higher and the lower selves, the pain and discord born of the struggle between the sensuous and the spiritual nature. Through such pain and suffering the transition is made, as the author puts it, "from self to Self, from the temporal self to the Ego, the eternal, which alone is"; but it does not follow that detailed descriptions of the symptoms can be read without a sympathetic nausea. Dr. van Eeden's method recalls the recent Scandinavian school, his realism is of a similar kind, and, as a mere matter of taste, however effective that realism may be as a piece of descriptive pathology, it jars on one's æsthetic sense. But as to the purpose of the book—the moral as it used to be called—there can be no two opinions as to the "higher life" the author wills to set forth. W. H. Dircks, who writes a preface to Miss Robinson's translation, attributes "a good deal of the inspiration" of the book to Tauler and his school of mysticism; and unquestionably there is much compressed mystical teaching with which many theosophists will heartily sympathise, and more particularly that large class of souls (not necessarily theosophists) whom Professor James, in his excellent book so recently reviewed in these pages, calls the "twice-born."

The story—that is the outward acts which a newspaper might

chronicle—is commonplace enough. Hedwig falls, and falls deeply, drinks the bitter cup to the very dregs; madness, morphia and the streets are her portion. But it is in the story of her regeneration that we find the unconventional, for in the methods and teaching of her saviour—Sister Paula—we have a treatment which, it seems to us, nothing but a practical knowledge of occultism—real occultism—could suggest. It is utterly unlike any of the ordinary methods of the district visitor, the parish priest, or Sister of Mercy of any branch of Christianity with which fiction (or experience) has familiarised us. One is much tempted to quote Sister Paula *in extenso*, but though occupying a very small proportion of the novel the history of Hedwig's rebirth is much too long for the space at disposal for this review. One can only say in brief that Sister Paula teaches the Evolution of the Soul and Dharma in such fashion that one can readily believe her a theosophist. She puzzles Hedwig with certain "dark sayings," and then illuminates them in simpler phrase. One of these sayings is: "It is harder to die to virtues than to vices; nevertheless, the one is not more necessary than the other to arrive at perfect union with God." Another runs: "At the beginning of the spiritual life we need most patience to endure our neighbours; as we advance we need our patience most to endure ourselves, and finally we need most patience to endure God." Hedwig is at one point told: "Words are full of snares. It is sometimes as difficult to discuss good things as to make lint with tarred hands. Do not think too much in words. Try to think also sometimes in colours or music." From this, and other things, we may judge that Sister Paula, like Hedwig herself, came into conscious touch with life's inner planes. And Hedwig passed into that higher life which her biographer says "is rather concentration, the bringing together of past and future, of All into One, than evolution or transition from one to another—rather a quietness full of increasing inward power than movement in this or that direction." And so she found a pearl of great price though she searched for it with a muck-rake.

E.

#### THE VEDĀNTA AND THE FOURTH GOSPEL

An Eastern Exposition of the Gospel of Jesus according to St. John being an interpretation thereof by Sri Parānanda by the Light of Jñāna Yoga. Edited by R. L. Harrison. (London: Hutchinson; 1902).

WE are of course not to expect in such a book as this any contribu-



tion from the critical side of the subject. Neither Paránanda nor Miss Harrison have the equipment necessary for the undertaking, and both seem to be unacquainted with the enormous literature connected with Johannine exegesis. But what is remarkable is that, setting this on one side, the general explanations are put forward in a form worthy of careful consideration ; if we may say so, the exegesis of the Vedántin author is of quite a Heracleonic nature, that is to say, in many things agrees with the interpretations of that little-read but highly instructive Gnostic writer, the first known commentator on the Johannine Gospel. It is of course a matter of no surprise to us that this should be so, for the standpoint has been long a familiar one to theosophical students, but it is a matter of congratulation that Miss Harrison should have managed to give the gist of the expositions of her Vedántin teacher in a so comprehensible form, and to have avoided as many pitfalls as she has.

G. R. S. M.

#### THE TEACHERS OF THEOSOPHY

*La Sagesse Antique à travers les Âges.* By Dr. Th. Pascal. (Paris : Librairie de l'Art Indépendant, 10, Rue Saint Lazare ; 1902. Price 1fr. )

UNDER the above title our esteemed colleague has collected and published a series of useful lectures, which he has from time to time delivered. In the first lecture Dr. Pascal deals with the Great Teachers of Humanity during the third and fourth races and discusses the documentary and other evidence in favour of the system of races as put forward in Theosophical literature. Of the second lecture the Great Teachers of the fifth race form the subject matter, and a brief sketch is given of the functions which we are told they came to fulfill. Under the heading "Present day Theosophy," Dr. Pascal treats of the laws of Karma and Reincarnation, and in the concluding two lectures we are given a very admirable account of the Path of Discipleship and of the qualities to be acquired by those who would tread it. We are, however, glad to note that, while describing the splendour of the goal, our colleague warns his readers of the dangers besetting those who attempt, as it were, to force their development beyond the powers which they have acquired. "Let us, then,"—he says, "patiently follow nature. Let us help those who are around us and press forward the wheel of evolution and of progress without concerning ourselves about powers which, under existing circumstances, can but lead to disaster and to misfortune."

G. S. A.

## MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

*Theosophist*, November. In "Old Diary Leaves" Colonel Olcott continues his narration of Mrs. Besant's tour in India at the beginning of the year 1894. Then, as now, Mrs. Besant's time was crowded with work on behalf of the Theosophical movement, and were it not that she has recently told us that she never oversteps the limits of her powers we might wonder why she did not break down. It is only left for us to marvel at these powers. In his concluding article on "Human Progress and Philosophy," S. Stuart makes the following wise remarks, which those of us who fear lest the least little breath of discord may destroy the Society would do well to bear in mind: "But the truth seems to be, that there exists in mysticism and occultism a vital force which nothing can overset; and no efforts directed against it can do more than to weed out the weaklings from among its followers. These any cause is mostly better without; but those who remain will . . . be quite sufficient to keep alive its study and carry forward its principles. It can never perish, though it may be periodically obscured." Miss McQueen concludes her article on Shri Kṛishṇa, and "Light on the Path" and "Yoga" are continued. P. Narayana Iyer writes on "Peace and Happiness," while D. Chamier and P. de Abrew respectively discuss "The Kabbalah and its Doctrine" and "Black Magic or Demonology in Ceylon." In the *Supplement* our President-Founder notifies that, owing to the Vice-regal Durbar at Delhi, which some members of the Society have to attend officially, the date of the Convention, to be held at Benares, has been altered to the 25th of December.

*Revue Théosophique Française*, October. Dr. Pascal continues in this number his useful series of articles on "Present-day Theosophy," and deals with the various symbolisms which relate to the creation of a universe. The translations of Mrs. Besant's "Thought Power," of Mr. Leadbeater's "Some Misconceptions about Death," and of H. P. B.'s *Secret Doctrine* and *Glossary* are continued. In the "Echoes" Commandant Courmes refers to the forthcoming inauguration of the new headquarters of the French section by Mrs. Besant.

*Théosophie*, Belgium, contains the report of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture, delivered in November, 1901, on "Vegetarianism and Occultism." Mlle. Aimé Blech contributes a short article on "Karma"; and A. C. P. publishes some fragmentary notes taken of Mrs. Besant's recent lectures at Brussels,

*Theosophia*, Holland, has translations from H. P. Blavatsky, Mrs. Besant, A. Schwarz, and A. S. Falkner—this last being a translation of "The Vengeance of Heaven," which appeared in our June number of last year. M. Reepmaker's Convention lecture on "Good and Evil," delivered in September of this year, is well worthy of perusal. The number also includes a poem by H. Laan, entitled "H. P. B.: Thoughts inspired by her Portrait," to which the well-known photograph of H. P. B. is appended.

*Theosophy in Australia* contains a further instalment of W. G. J.'s "Three-fold Theosophy," this time with the sub-title "Religion." The following statement contains much that is applicable to those who at present are suffering from the searching investigations made by the Higher Criticism: "It is true that at first the removal of any one faith from the pedestal of sole exponent of Divine Truth, will, if that faith has been our own, tend to a casting off of all connection with religious avenues of Thought, and it must be said that many of us live through many years of the dark time when all is blank. . . . Even these phases end, however, and we most of us come back to look again at the familiar presentations of forever sacred things, our intervening dark time now enabling us to see in them Truths which belong to no one time or place. . . ." Other articles are: "The Melody of Life," and "At the Lunch Table."

*The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, October, is a bright number containing many wise sayings of the great men of the world. "F. T. S." writes on "The Brotherhood of Man"; and W. Denne Meers contributes the first instalment of a series of articles on "The Study of Man."

We have also to acknowledge: *Teosofisk Tidskrift*; *The Theosophic Gleam*; *Pranahia* (Italy); *Sophia* (Santiago); *The Prasnotara*; *The Theosophic Messenger*; *Theosofisch Maandblad*; *Revista Teosofica*; *Lotus Lodge Journal*; *Bulletin Théosophique*, containing an account of Mrs. Besant's most successful visit to Paris; *Der Vahan*; *Sophia* (Spain); *The Dawn*; *The Indian Review*; *The Arya*; *East and West*; *Modern Astrology*, a good number; *The Central Hindu College Magazine*; *Anubis*; *The Light of Reason*; *The Humanitarian*; *The Pacific Vedantin*; *The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *Light*; *Review of Reviews*; *Little Journeys*, Cellini; *Mind*; *A Dream of Realms beyond us*, by Adair Welcher; *The Philistine*. We have also received "What Theosophy does for us," an able address delivered by Leadbeater in 1900, at Buffalo, New York.

G. S. A.

# THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

**THERE** is an instructive article in *The Tablet* for January 3rd, on "Christianity in India," written by a thoughtful Hindu, Mr.

A Roman Catholic  
Convert's View of  
Christianity in  
India

Brahmabandhava Upadhyaya, who is a zealous convert to Roman Catholicism. Mr. Upadhyaya frankly admits that, viewed from the standpoint of the missionary, things are in a bad way in India. Thus he writes :

It is unquestionable, and, perhaps, unquestioned, too, that Christianity is not at all thriving in India. . . . Conversions are almost *nil* so far as the Hindu community is concerned. There are, indeed, conversions of famine-stricken children, and also of non-Aryans not within the pale of Hinduism, but these acquisitions, too, are on a very insignificant scale. Even the indirect result of Christian preaching is extremely poor. The material civilisation of the West is leavening our society more than the spiritual principles of the Gospel. Our educated men are eager to acquire European culture which, with the advance of time, is more and more divorced from the spirit of Christianity. They, as a rule, come out of their colleges with

the notion that the Christian religion is an antiquated system incompatible with modern philosophy and science.

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AFTER showing that "English education stands as the first and foremost stumbling-block in the way of Christianity," that is to say presumably in the way of converting the Hindu educated on Western lines, Mr. Upadhyaya proceeds to explain why, irrespective of conversion, he considers this harmful. One of the most baneful effects of "English culture," he tells us, lies in its tendency to destroy the originality of the Hindu mind.

We Indians are poor. Our nakedness has been exposed to strangers. We have no position in the scale of nations. But one precious bequest we are inheritors of, and fain would we barter our life for its sake. It is Hindu thought. By Hindu thought I do not mean the various doctrines, tenets, or theories prevailing among different philosophical schools or sects in India. It is a trend of thinking which has given a peculiar direction to all Hindu speculations. There is one common mode of thought which has shaped more or less all Indian philosophies. This thought has flowed on uninterruptedly from the Vedic period, sometimes as a stream in flood, sometimes as an invisible undercurrent, down to the present age of Europeanisation. To a great extent the longevity of the Hindu race may be attributed to the innate vigour of its thought. Many ancient races have disappeared. Where are the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Babylonians? But the Hindu persists in existence notwithstanding tremendous convulsions, political and social, as well as religious. This wondrous survival leads us to cherish the hope of a glorious future awaiting our fallen race.

Thoughtful Indians have been seriously alarmed at the aggressive attitude of English thought. By its unceasing onslaughts it is attempting to crush Hindu thought out of existence. Our young men are being educated to think in a foreign way which is uncongenial to the development of the national mind. We shall never be able to think vigorously unless we are allowed to think as Hindus. The exotic nature of India's modern thought is seriously to be deplored. The new school of educated India is a bastard bantling of the West, and is, like a washerman's dog—to use an Indian proverb—of little service either at home or abroad. Our native intellectual vigour has been considerably weakened, and it has become extremely difficult for us to think rightly in a sustained way. Educated Indians are now victims to every wind of passing opinions and doctrines. It was Mill who ruled first, then came Spencer, and now reigns Theosophy and English Hegelianism.

IT is hardly necessary to point out to our readers that, seeing that the ideal of Theosophy aims at combining the best in every phase of Christianity with the best of every phase of the other great world-religions, it is hardly to be classed with Mill, Spencer, or English Hegelianism, though it would also embrace the best in these as well; but over and beyond this it has a wisdom which teaches that conversion from one form of faith to another is a mistake, and that it is better to try to convert men to the best in their own ancestral faiths. Mr. Upadhyaya, however, being a Roman Catholic, naturally desires to convert India to this form of Christianity. His theory is that, considered logically, it is not possible for a man to be a Christian previous to a belief in a rational theism. Hindu thought has reared up a magnificent theism which in its essential conclusions agrees with the philosophy of St. Thomas. This is the Vedânta. Seeing then that the main conclusions of the Vedânta are in agreement with Catholic philosophy, the most congenial way of teaching theism in India to the educated as well as to the non-educated in English will be through Hindu thought. Hindu thought may thus be made to serve the cause of Christianity in the same way in India as Greek thought was made to do in Europe. Mr. Upadhyaya has the courage of his belief in his Catholicism, but we ask him as students not only of the Vedânta, but also of the many forms of Hindu religion, what inducement is there to one acquainted with these things to become a Roman Catholic? What is the "better" that he can offer? Granted that a Hindu is induced to think, and think deeply, on matters of religion on the lines of the Vedânta, how then will he be any more ready to become a Catholic Christian, or a Christian of any other Church? If he thinks, he must soon learn that the most thoughtful Christians are themselves questioning the dogmas of the Faith. This questioning among themselves of the Christians is known already to all educated Hindus. Train a man on the lines of Vedânta and you make him think of problems that the ordinary Western religionist has not dreamed of. With these in his mind will he submit to the dogmatism of the Roman Catholic Church? We think not; and therefore do not see how such an enlightened

The Vedânta  
and Thomas  
Aquinas

form of missionary activity, if it should ever be practised, would bring about the conversion of India to Christianity as a faith apart. It might do something towards effecting the "conversion" of India to Theosophy in its best sense, but that simply means the purification of Hindu religion by the self-purification of the individual.

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THE Vedānta of Mr. Upadhyaya, moreover, is the Vedānta of the Theosophist ; the very view urged by our colleagues for many years is put forward by him ; what we

The Lower and  
Higher Knowledge  
of God

have argued against both Protestant orthodoxy and the materialism of some of our great Orientalists is repeated in this interesting article. There is an exoteric and esoteric side to religion. Roman Catholicism knows this, and in other respects can understand much in India that the ordinary Protestant cannot fathom, as may be seen by the concluding paragraphs of Mr. Upadhyaya's article.

Unfortunately Christianity in India has arrayed itself against the philosophy of Vedānta both in its metaphysical and social aspects on account of looking at it through the spectacles of translators who fail to appreciate the Hindu craving after the supernatural. English translators have, as a rule, misrepresented the Vedāntic idea of beatitude consisting in the knowledge of God transcending the veil of unreal causality or *māyā*, for Hindu Theists distinctly maintain that a man who has no knowledge of God beyond relations attains only to a lower kind of salvation. When Hindu reason touches the borders of the Eternal Absolute region, where all relations lose their opposition in a sympathetic unity, and baffled in its attempt to soar higher into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of Divine Life, it exclaims that God is beyond speech, beyond mind, it is ridiculed as agnostic. Vedānta rises above the desire of knowing God as related to effects, and points to a supernatural sphere which dazzles the eye of reason to blindness by the brightness of its glory. Dr. Thibaut, in his translation of the Vedānta (Sacred Books of the East) assails most cruelly this doctrine of a lower and higher knowledge of God, and supports a minor heterodox Hindu sect which holds that God is God because of his relations to creatures.

The system of caste, if divested of its later abuses, will serve as a natural bulwark against the evils of competition and mammon worship. The antagonism of Christianity to Hindu thought and Hindu social polity has repelled the Hindus most rudely, and they look upon the Christian propaganda as a denationalising agency.

UNDER the heading "Some Features of Educational Reform in China," the Shanghai correspondent of *The Times* (of January 7th), quotes a long report of the present state of affairs from the pen of the Rev. Gilbert Walshe, Recording Secretary of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese. This able survey of missionary enterprise in China is somewhat discounted by the fact that it is tacitly assumed throughout that the missionary is compelled by a divine command to force Christianity and Western education upon the Chinese. The Chinaman, however, does not want the former at all and the latter only in a very modified form; and it is difficult to understand how, in face of this reluctance on his part, we are justified before Heaven in saying: You shall have them whether you like them or not. The most interesting part of Mr. Walshe's report is where he quotes two testimonies from speakers at a recent meeting of the Educational Association at Shanghai, who set forth the Chinese point of view as follows. One speaker said:

"A careful reading of the various memorials concerning education which have recently been published will quickly dispel the idea that patriotism accounts for this opposition to foreigners, and will readily show that proud intolerance is at the root of it. These memorials in pointing out the value of a Western education all speak of it as something to be used—'Yung'—while the ancient classical studies are the principle, the real 'T'i.'" (Lit. "Accidents" and "Substance.")

Another represented the Chinese view thus:

"The Sages of China have interpreted the heart of nature, while Western students have been dealing with the surface of things. By this surface study they have gained a wide range of useful knowledge that has resulted in greatly increased political power and industrial prosperity. It is only necessary to superadd this surface knowledge to the profounder knowledge of nature and man which has been given through the teachings of the Sages to give to China political power and material prosperity, and restore her to her millennial position as the Central Civilisation, from which the light of higher knowledge and virtue has been shed forth upon less favoured nations. . . . As to the character and scope of this educational reform, their ideas are vague and obscure, but on a few points there is very general agreement—Christianity is to form no part and to stand in no relation to the new earning. Confucianism must continue to occupy the central and fundamental place which it has ever held."



IN the December number we referred to the storm raised by the Dean of Ripon's lecture on "Natural Religion," in which Dr.

"The Ripon  
Episode"

Fremantle practically abandoned his belief in the miraculous physical virgin birth of Jesus, and much else of a similar nature; since then

we have assisted at the unedifying spectacle of the Dean of Ripon swallowing his own words and singing a dolorous palinode at the suggestion of his Bishop. In the January number of *The Nineteenth Century* we are glad to see an article from the pen of the veteran writer W. R. Cassels, the author of *Supernatural Religion*, on this "Ripon Episode." In it he points out, what everybody who has in any way kept abreast of New Testament criticism was already well aware of, that what the Dean had said was not peculiar to himself, but simply the expression of a widely held opinion among the intelligent clergy and professors of New Testament research. But the humour of the situation is that Mr. Cassels puts the Bishop of Ripon, whose gentle request for an explanation procured the Dean's repudiation of his own distinct utterances, into the witness-box against himself, and by quoting from Dr. Carpenter's recently published *Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures*, he shows that "the language of the Diocese of Ripon is very uniform, for it is difficult to distinguish between the statements of the Bishop and those of the Dean, which Dr. Carpenter in his letter requests the latter to explain."

While, however, we follow Mr. Cassels in this part of his argument, we dissent from him profoundly when he characterises the endeavour to find a way out of the present difficulties raised by criticism, by having recourse to a mystic and spiritual interpretation of ancient dogmas, as an attempt "to make bricks without straw, of which no abiding city can be built." This is the way out because it was the historicising of just these very spiritual and mystic experiences which materialised the truth of the ever-living Christ into the dogma of a historic Man-God, miraculously born, miraculously living, and miraculously resurrected.

\* \* \*

THAT we don't know everything down in our modern "Judee" is at last being borne into the stolid complacency even of the

The Basuto Secret  
Intelligence De-  
partment

British press. True we must call it "Röntgen wave" clairaudience to save our scientific "face," still we are at last beginning to respond to stimulus, though the response as yet be feeble.

The *St. James's Gazette* of December 3rd prints the following paragraph, under the title "What the white man does not know."

An interesting instance of the exercise by Basutos of that faculty for that secret transmission of news which unquestionably exists among uncivilised and semi-civilised peoples both in Africa and Asia, is given by an officer lately returned from South Africa, who fought in the battle of Biddulphsberg (May, 1900).

The scene of the action was some seventy miles from the Basuto border with which it was connected by heliograph, there being two intermediate stations. The British, "having accomplished their purpose," began to withdraw from action shortly after 4 p.m., and a message was then heliographed to the Resident Magistrate in Basutoland, which reached him five-and-thirty minutes later. Three days afterwards, when the force entered Ficksburg, the officer in question was informed by the Resident Magistrate that "twenty minutes before the heliographic message arrived"—that is, within a quarter of an hour of the time that the troops came out of action—a Basuto had told him that a great battle had been fought in the neighbourhood where it actually took place, and that the British had been defeated. Of course, the strategic retirement of General Rundle's force presented itself to the native mind as a defeat.

The affair was a nine-days'-wonder in Ficksburg, and every possible hypothesis was discussed, but none could be found which would in the very least fit the facts.

It is at least possible that the superiority of the Boer Intelligence Department at the commencement of the war was due to their faith in this faculty of the natives, which would, naturally, not be shared by officers of the Imperial Forces, less experienced in native lore.

The only even possible clue is to be found in the fact that Basutos tending cattle on different hills at a distance from each other which not the most stentorian European voice can carry, will talk to each other without effort, pitching their voices in a peculiar high key, but not by any means raising them to a shout. It is not altogether impossible that, just as there are invisible rays of light there are inaudible waves of sound—sort of Röntgen waves, in fact.

This is only one case out of many hundreds observed recently in South Africa; the other day we heard of a hard-headed investigator who has been collecting the evidence, which seems to be

overwhelming, in favour of a psychic transmission of news. One thing is very clear, that the "tending cattle on the hills" and "shouting" theory is the most inadequate, for some of the most striking cases have occurred where there were no hills, and a calculation of the number of transmitters required in other cases staggers even the most robust scientific imagination.

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FROM a very sensible article by Mr. Harold Begbie, in *The Morning Post* of December 10th, we take the following paragraph on Buddhism and Christianity. The article in *In Praise of Buddhism* *The Contemporary Review* quoted in this paragraph is the one to which we referred at length in our December number.

A little study of Buddhism will convince the British people that the ordinary missionary must be a man of the sublimest discretion to convince intellectual India that Christianity, as he and the rest of us live it, is a more real, a more serviceable religion than its own. India, with its immemorial spirituality, its profound sense that things seen are temporal, its calm and beautiful detachment from the petty as well as the clamorous cares of the world, must not be regarded as a heathen child stumbling hellwards over the broken idols that a missionary has shattered with a single quotation from a volume of Dean Farrar's sermons. We must get ourselves into the more intelligent attitude of mind which makes it seem that we may even learn something from India. In the words of the writer in the *Contemporary Review*: "From the purely philosophic standpoint we must regard all religions as meeting some human needs and as showing some phase of infinite Truth, but if we would escape this death-grip of religious conservatism the progressive elements must unite their forces, sink their petty differences, and open the door to this new outpouring of the spirit." There is some reason to hope that the psychical researches of Western science may ultimately be the means of uniting the progressive elements of Christianity and Buddhism—that is to say, the spirituality of each religion recognising the other; we ourselves shall learn things new in Christianity, while Buddhism will be informed with the spirit and action of Christianity.

We need hardly point out to our readers that Buddhism in the India of to-day is almost non-existent; still Buddhist metaphysic and Advaita Vedānta are practically twin sisters, and so the argument fundamentally holds good.

## THE ETERNAL PROBLEM

THE progress of modern philosophic thought is ever further away from the dualism which has been the legacy of mediæval Christianity to the succeeding centuries. In place of the conception of two co-eternal and mutually irreconcilable Sources of Good and Evil, each effectually cancelling the other, the principles of a rational Monism are being increasingly applied to the many problems of our day that clamour for a reading. We are a practical generation, and it may be deemed by some more important to combat moral evil than to attempt to find its *rationale*. But the practical philosopher who is content to deal only with effects, leaving their metaphysical causes untouched, is but doing half the work. There are many to whom the existence of religion itself is dependent on an intelligent interpretation of the appearance and purpose of evil. To such minds a short study of the lines along which the solution is being at present sought, may meet with some acceptance.

Monism takes its rise from the premiss that the whole universe is the deliberate out-birth of one Creative Intelligence, "One without a Second," whose thoughts are the phenomena of Nature, whose will directs the whole course of mundane affairs. Matter has no source, no reality apart from Him; the opposing forces of Nature no power save that which is drawn from the one Reservoir of power. Dualism effectually kills this One Omnipotent by confronting Him with a counter-force which, being of a nature alien to Himself, He could not have originated, and therefore does not control. Dualism is dying hard, but its purpose for the rudimentary mind has been served. Like most half-truths it has entered into a new day by the simple process of completing itself. The climber comes at last to view the landscape as a whole, but in process of climbing he sees its features in succession. To regard good and evil as marked contrasts,

unrelated discords, is the insight of analysis, rather than the vision of synthesis. I do not wish to be misunderstood when I say that the years and steps that bring the philosophic mind bring also a lessening of the sharpness of the contrast, a softening of the appalling ugliness of moral evil when seen from the partial view. Still it is well for most of us that we see the question somewhat out of perspective. Few have yet reached the point when they may safely be "indifferent" to that which is rightly symbolised as the enemy of souls. Yet there is an indifference which comes of high vision, and in dealing with the problem from the intellectual standpoint, it is impossible not to see, at least dimly, the point to which we shall ultimately be brought.

But caution is needed in treading this higher pathway, for on either side are precipices of dangerous error. The full truth can never be shouted from the housetops. To understand the problem of evil is to have emancipated ourselves from its toils, and to have ceased to fear its consequences. Only the pure man can see; between whom and the clearness of the light is no self-made murkiness of doubt, gloom or despair. He who, having, in the language of the East, "ascended to meditation," is finally able to reach to the vision of synthesis, attains a calm of soul, of which the term "higher indifference" is a somewhat misleading and inadequate expression. The idea sought to be conveyed, however, contains profundities of philosophic thought. It is the Christian doctrine of faith raised to its highest power, the actual and active concurrence, at every moment and for every circumstance, in the ceaselessly operative will of God. Such indifference in no sense implies a cold aloofness from the world's needs and from the world's problems. Still less is it a state of passive yielding to a predestined Kismet. It is compatible with the highest output of remedial activity. As a matter of fact, the true makers of the world have been the men of faith, or the "higher acquiescence." Theirs was a force unweakened by personality, by reason of the fact that while they acted they were not themselves the actors. Their will was merely the channel of the Divine Will, and whether their action tended to failure or success—as men count such—the result was totally beyond their concern. What makes the practical mystic the most formidable of all

fighters in the moral ranks, is just this inner conservation of moral force, this quietude of the source from whence his activities flow torrentially outwards. "He is not afraid of evil tidings, for his heart standeth firm upon God"; he has traced moral evil to its root, and has no fear for the Race that is founded in the Divine.

Without a preliminary glance at the inwardness of this doctrine of the "higher indifference," we shall approach our problem in vain. Its solution does not lie on the plane on which it appears the most insistent. The symphony emerges from chaos only when we place ourselves at a proper distance from the players; so when we have felt most nearly tempted to be angry with God for the universe, our souls have been too close to the hurly-burly; we have cared too bitterly, too personally.

For this universe, whose ways we are so eager to straighten, depends for its very existence on that principle of antithesis which, when manifested in man, gives rise to so-called moral evil. Unless the creature were to remain for ever inert and unrealised in the bosom of Divinity, his going forth from the Unity into a condition of dark and painful contrasts was inevitable. It was inevitable also from the very nature of God Himself. For being and existence, manifestation and non-manifestation, are comprised in His Unity as its inseparable and complementary elements. Therefore He wills to come forth, to send the myriad thoughts of His heart through the age-long cycles of material existence, that the Divinity which was the attribute of the *whole* might become, by growth through conquest, the triumphant possession of each individual *part*. That He may be fulfilled infinitely in each sundered aspect of Himself, He breaks the harmony of absolutely adjusted parts, and passes into the limitations of the lower worlds, veiling Himself that He may reveal, conditioning His infinity that a universe may be born in time and space. The self-sacrifice of God whereby the worlds are sustained is the pouring into each part, as it is separated out from the Parent Source, the energy of that Source, His Life, His Love, the potentialities of His Divinity. Nevertheless this sending forth, by the Eternal Father, of His offspring as separated lives, that each may evolve an imperishable identity, is the

starting-point of the whole problem of evil. Though God is always at one with His children, they are not yet, for the most part, at one with Him. The human and divine are ever at war, yet ever moving through war to the ultimate goal of peace. This is only, as I have said, from the point of view of man, and it is from his present standpoint of isolation and displacement that the problem has to be viewed. The creature, by reason of his partially sundered condition, is confronted at the outset with duality. Blindly, automatically, he seeks after his lost Centre; blindly, automatically, he is drawn back by the strength of the conditions in which, for his growth, he is temporarily placed. So the struggle begins. The centripetal force of his nature helps to neutralise the otherwise overpowering vibrations of the physical plane; the centrifugal lends him the sturdy self-assertiveness which is absolutely indispensable to development and to conquest. Let us trace the working of these two elemental forces, and note their bearing on the moral problem. Moral evil, as we shall try to show, has both a positive and a negative aspect; positive, inasmuch as it is the direct outcome of sharply opposed conditions; negative, inasmuch as it is largely due to the absence or imperfect development, in man, of the vision that sees things as they are. The growth of vision is by means of the strenuous conflict of the conditions; the harmonising of the conditions is the outcome of the growth of vision.

Man begins his evolution, as far as our problem is concerned, on the confines of the animal kingdom. For long he is little more than a weak spark of consciousness, responding slowly to impacts from without. Such vibrations as reach him he translates in terms of animal sensation. Influences press upon him, urging to ever-increasing growth of receptivity, and the young consciousness expands with each fresh effort at response and interpretation. The moment a man begins to investigate the sources of the impacts, differentiating them from the responding centre in himself, he becomes dualistic. He starts a new line of development. The ceaseless stream of vibrations from without gives rise to a sense of "otherness" which marks the departure-line between the animal in which consciousness had begun to focus itself around a central "I," and the animal-human wherein

the "I" had begun to know itself. With the dawn of the self follows naturally the sense of the "not-self," but it is long before the weak mind-centre of the growing man ceases to give representations confused and distorted. The earliest terms in which he, in common with the animal kingdom, translates the vibrations of the not-self are those of pleasure and pain, and a last analysis will even discover these primary elements at the root of the most complex phenomena of his advanced life. Pleasure is man's first name for good. In following it he is instinctively, unconsciously, feeling after his lost Source. In him from the very beginning is that undying impulse to seek the highest good which will be his goad and guide unto the end of the way. Under the illusion of imperfect vision he will seek this good in dark places, and by methods laden with ultimate pain. The centripetal force of his being urges him to find the good; the centrifugal force blinds his inexperienced eyes as to the true nature of the goal he seeks.

Nevertheless the contrast of pleasure and pain is the best and surest method of education. It urges to growth as no other can do. Pleasurable vibrations expand the consciousness, and lead to a sense of "moreness," increase of life. The soul, by seizing pleasurable objects, becomes one with the objects, and so enlarges its experience. Similarly pain, which is a sense of "lessness," or contraction, repels the soul from objects which tend to lessen the free expression of life. Moreness and lessness become the criteria by which man first measures his environment. The pleasure and pain-producing elements in the not-self become to him the expression of two alien powers who have him at their mercy to bless or to curse, as the whim of either may dictate. These dual forces the rudimentary man seeks to propitiate by every means which his intelligence can suggest as likely to prove acceptable to natures that differ from his own in no respect save that of immensity. He, a tiny, isolated centre in a universe of unknown forces, feels only the surrounding pressure of impacts, and knows not that the source of each is God, and the heart of God is Love working for growth by progressive experiences of pleasure and pain. Blinded by egotism and ignorance, he falls into dualism, and has yet to learn that the determining element in every appeal to consciousness from without lies in the slowly



fashioning lens of self-hood, the growing centre of mental and spiritual vision in the man himself.

The problem of evil will never be cleared of confusion until this important philosophic truth is more fully accentuated. Man seeks the sources of good and evil outside himself, notwithstanding that he first finds them within. We question his wisdom in so doing. We may legitimately ask ourselves whether the terms in which he interprets the universe are accurate representations of the stimuli which reach him ; whether evil is a permanent and absolute reality, or, rather, the *mode* of the functioning of the growing soul in organs not yet perfectly developed, but essential to the acquirement of a necessary form of experience—whether, in short, the causes of evil are not as largely negative as positive.

Now man has but one test to apply to every object that is presented for cognition—the one supreme test of consciousness. In his consciousness objects live and move and have their being, but though consciousness is the ground of his knowledge concerning objects, it is not of them that he is conscious, but of his *ideas* of them. He knows, for Kant has told him, that the “thing in itself,” when submitted for perception, is largely modified by peculiarities of the perceiving subject. In other words, objects obey the laws of his mental constitution. The forms in which noumena appear are functions of the ego himself, modes of his intellectual sensibility which he cannot transcend without transcending his life in mind.

Our most elementary processes of knowledge take place within prison limits. We are conscious of appearances, sensations, ideas, of which the exciting causes—the things *per se*—are hidden by the very conditions through which they are perceived. This central fact of philosophy has important bearings upon the problem of evil. The scepticism to which at first sight it seems to lead, is the higher scepticism which is always a prelude to the higher faith. For by placing the key to the universe in man himself, it frees him from the slavish belief in Powers inimical to his soul. *He* is, in one sense, the centre of the universe, the interpreter and translator of every stimulus that is directed to his perceiving faculties from without. Indeed the conceptions “within” and “without” are themselves but modes of the

thinking subject. Abstract as we will, we can never escape certain innate, restraining boundaries which are the very conditions of cognition, the mould of mind in which for us the universe takes shape.

Since, then, the soul lends to all objects of knowledge the determining element of itself, it cannot assume its mental representations to be the exact equivalent, in terms of perception, of vibrations reaching it from without. The mind is not a passive and accurately reflecting mirror, or psychology would have but few problems to solve. The thing is not so simple as that. Man is endowed with the illusion-making faculty, and views the universe through a veil of his own weaving. This *Mâyâ*, to which for our education we are subjected, lies, as far as I can see, solely in the region of the perceiving mind. It is not matter, for the Divine Life cannot become "unreal" on any plane without negating His own existence; it is rather the result of the action of matter upon the soul unaccustomed to its vibrations.

This being so, there is hope for man's release from the distorted mirage in which he lives. One reality is behind all outward representations, all forms of phenomena, and man will, at some point in his evolution, give to the divine impacts a perfect and unfaltering response. There will assuredly come a stage in his infinite progress when representation will be no longer distortion. Our seeing does not come about—was never meant to come about—by a direct creative fiat, otherwise the seeming indifference of the Creator to the blindness of His struggling fragments would leave us no option but to curse Him and die. But we are patient with God because the world is not yet created, and we are watching the march of an age-long process through the eyelet-hole of a moment of time. By slow and painful stages man is learning the perfect adjustment of his mental and spiritual lenses. If evil is his imperfect response to impact, the outcome of the slow unfolding of powers and senses in a medium to which his essential nature is as yet untuned, it follows that the illusion caused by inexperience, and contact with an alien element, will disappear as soon as that element is known. Gradually representation will take the place of distortion, and there shall come forth from the darkness the vision that sees all things to be the

expression of one divine, all-perfect Love and Will, for whom both good and evil, as we know them, are alike preludes to a blessedness past conceiving.

A universe whose end and aim is the ultimate perfection of the creature must be good in every detail, if by "good" we connote that which conduces in the end to progress. But the same vibration can give rise to more than one effect, according to the matter in which it plays, and the senses which receive it. Enlarge, develop those senses, purify the matter in which they work, and the original vibration takes on a new character, receives a higher and subtler interpretation. The whole category of the carnal sins may be, at a very low stage, the distorted expression of an elemental impulse towards possession, growth, "good," which being at first beyond the control of animal man, as its purpose is beyond his comprehension, will express itself in terms of passion and sensuality. We may bewail the darkness of vision that sets the goal of happiness so low, but we must be chary how we condemn the primitive impulse to seek "good" under the only forms in which "good" can as yet be recognised.

Evil, in primitive man, is excess of the energy that is urging the growth by means of contact with objects of sense. There is a stage in which it has to be experienced in all the blackness of its separation from the Divine, but at that stage it has not yet become evil. Many there are whom the world calls men for whom evil is not evil because they have not yet been aroused to the possibilities of good. The sins they commit are sins only to those who judge them from a higher standard. They are thinking animals in whom the link is yet wanting that shall bind them to their true and nobler self. By the very heat of passion, crime and sin they are forging it—the link that shall one day join them to that which at present they dream not that they are. By sin some men come to realise their own souls. Evil (as we understand the term) is a necessary educator in the lives of such. By it the animal learns his animalism. He realises painfully and by a long process, that sin implies an opposite, righteousness. He learns by repeated experiences that actions which bring about suffering bring about also the end and purpose of suffering—a

realisation of the true Self, without whose co-operation the further evolution of the lower man is at an end.

Strange to uphold as an educator that which is generally regarded as the destroyer of souls! Can we, however, in reason deny to the sinner his place among the learners in the great school-house of life? The fact, moreover, that many are learning by contact with the abysmal depths of evil what they can learn in no other way, keeps us optimists when we might otherwise be tempted to despair. Our responsibility towards such is in no wise lessened because they know not what they do. Rather it is a thousandfold increased. If the solidarity of the race means anything, it means that the laggards must profit by the progress of the more advanced. It is not enough to trust, for their gradual enlightenment, to the pain that inevitably follows upon broken law. Their advance to the platform of responsibility is a task entrusted to us who possibly stood once where they stand to-day. We are our brothers' keeper, and our sacrifices, love, and teaching are as much a part of the method by which they grow as is the law that makes a dark and painful experience the condition of self-knowledge and self-mastery.

But the stage that more particularly concerns ourselves is that in which the soul sins—not by necessity arising from ignorance, but from choice. There is probably less of free-will in the commission of sin than our theologians would have us believe, since the only *free* man is he who is no longer in chains to desire, that fruitful source of all wrong-doing. Nevertheless, if there be many who cry, out of the darkness of spiritual infancy, "Evil, be thou my good," there are many more who sin against the light of a clear reason. Such, I repeat, have reached the point in evolution when sin alone becomes possible; such are the real and only sinners in the philosophical sense of the word. To those of mankind for whom the hour of at least *relative* responsibility has struck, the affinity of the soul for the grosser aspects of life is, or should be, an outgrown stage. A time comes in the Eden of the life of every man when, in the first thunderings of the mandate "Thou shalt not" is announced the birth of a higher state in which disobedience—and therefore its opposite—becomes one of the new powers of the growing soul. The birth

of evil is the birth also of the moral law. "I had not known sin," says Paul, "but by the law, for I had not known lust except the law had said 'thou shalt not covet.' But sin, taking occasion by" (or, better, taking its start from) "the commandment wrought in me all manner of concupiscence; for without the law, sin is dead."

The terrible malignity of moral evil to which none who have felt its power dare deaden themselves by any soporific of philosophy falsely so-called, is realised only in proportion as the higher light is seen. We deceive ourselves if we read evil at its blackest in the lower phases of animalism. Its most subtle poison is felt on the higher levels of life. When the soul, having sighted and recognised the highest, yet stoops again to the beggarly elements by which she was once enslaved for her ultimate freedom; accepting slavery no longer in ignorant mischoice of evil for good, but for its own sake, she sins indeed. She is no longer blind but deluded. Evil, we have tried to show, is the outcome of energy working through imperfectly developed faculties, which evil may be normally expected to pass as the growth of the inner man proceeds. Its source is ignorance; its cure experience. But there is a stage in which ignorance, persisted in beyond the normal course, becomes distortion of vision so terrible that nothing but a complete re-making in the crucibles of Divine Love can effect the soul's cure. The question involves grave problems as to the cause and measure of free-will in men who can so stiffen themselves against the course of orderly evolution. That a soul who is *perfectly* free, and *wholly* enlightened, will ever choose other than the best, which is the Divine, cannot be for a moment entertained, without lowering the origin of the race, and debasing its ultimate possibilities. Such measure of volition as man, as an independent entity possesses, he has necessarily power to use to his own temporary undoing; but the Divine Will plays in and through him, and because the universe is doomed to be saved, he, the little universe, cannot make ultimate shipwreck.

Still there is some danger lest we ignore the fact that, *from the normal human standpoint*, evil has a positive, as well as a negative aspect. Avidyâ—non-wisdom—is the root of all evil, but

Avidyā may produce, as positive result, a state of active hostility against God. The many severe things said by the old theologians as to the enmity of the carnal mind were, in the main, statements of actual fact. Man *has* in him an element of positive enmity and aversion from the truth ; it is well for him that he *has*. For the principle of struggle, even when directed against his highest interests, is at least an indication that he has not been overpowered by the inertia of matter. The animal is not at enmity against God, for he cannot combat an element of which he is as yet unconscious. Humanity fights the spiritual only after it has made some progress in the conquest of the material. If this be contested I would ask : At what stage does the arena of the battle—the psychic nature—first come into prominence ? Is it at the stage when the material world is exacting from a man his early and undivided attention ? At such a point a man may be wholly identifying himself with his carnal nature, but he is not necessarily fighting against God. That struggle comes later, and really marks a distinct advance in growth, though for long the victory is generally on the side of the lower self. Nevertheless, enmity is as much better than apathy, resistance than inertia, as life, however misdirected, is better than death. The man who sides with his lower self discovers eventually, by the pain that follows on the lower victories, that God in the end is bound to win. And he learns to use against the lower the powers he has gained by struggle with the higher, and fights for God as once he fought against Him. This is the use of the early and inevitable alliance with the carnal mind. The animal centre is not only the resisting agency whereby the spiritual is to push its germinal life upward, but also the source of the resisting principle itself. And as growth by struggle is one of the primary conditions of life, it is obvious that evil cannot cease until its mission as a resisting agency has been accomplished.

To affirm that the soul which is not yet full grown has more than a relative responsibility for his imperfection, is to load the human race with a burden it was never meant to bear. No two men are at precisely the same stage, and for the bulk of mankind the hour of full responsibility is as yet far off. Still, to each according to his measure is it given to rise above the past, and

utilise the elemental forces of a passing stage for the fashioning of a maturer future. Man cannot do this unaided ; it is difficult, even, to arouse the desire to do it. In elementary man, desire for the highest takes the form of desire for the pleasantest ; a step higher, and the two appear together as warring impulses. "We needs must love the highest when we see it " is only true for the average man within limits. Even after the highest has been sighted and desired, the " needs must " does not follow for many steps on the way. Will is weak, and the pleasantest will long overpower the best. To love God is the first and last commandment ; but how shall we love Him without something of the open vision that sees His loveliness, and how acquire that vision without the love that vivifies the deadened spiritual senses ? It is just here that religions interpose to help us out of the deadlock. Man in his blind unceasing search for the highest good is largely dependent on the aid of those who have gone before him on the search. He who as yet " sees men as trees walking," must, for the time, accept, at least provisionally, the seeing of those wise in spiritual things, until by their help he, too, has entered into knowledge. Hence the birth of religions suited to the need of special races and minds ; hence the imposition of moral codes, founded on exact spiritual science, and imposed authoritatively from without, only because man has not yet learned to evolve them naturally from within.

This wider view of the relativity of moral evil has been condemned as leading to a confusion of moral distinctions fatal alike to the teacher of ethics, and to him who would practise the growth of virtue in his own soul. On the practical plane, it is said, the doctrine is unworkable. If evil has no absolute existence, neither has its opposite, good. The one stands and falls with the other. Evil is not the prelude, but the eternal and necessary antithesis of good, pursuing the soul to the very threshold of perfection, for each is unthinkable apart.

We cannot deny the force of the objection. Existence is maintained by contrasts ; opposition and comparison are implied in, are essential to, the simplest mental process. And if good and evil are held to be abstractions existing apart from our mental conceptions of them, the objection will probably hold.

But, as I have tried to point out, evil is the result of energy working through undeveloped faculty. It follows, therefore, that good is the same energy expressed through wider and more perfect media. Evil being a result of limitation, albeit *for limited beings* it has a real and positive existence, can have no existence *apart from limited faculty*. The fact that good increases in man in proportion to his growth of vision, seems to indicate that the attainment of the perfect good is only a question of the development of the perfect stature. True, the consciousness of shadow is needed to awaken in us the consciousness of light, but the shadow need not abide for ever, once it has become part of the common experience of the race.

The doctrine of antithesis, then, has a relative truth, but if it is used to affirm that evil, as the opposite of good, has an equally real existence, or that, being in essence unreal, its opposite is unreal also, we are landed again in the old dualism from which we have been seeking escape; or—worse—are compelled to strip our ideals of all definiteness, substance, and meaning. The position is illogical, for the perfect—which is good raised to its highest terms—must absorb the limited; both cannot exist together. “When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.” And if we are asked, what is good? we can but reply: Good is not a manifestation of God, it *is* God. That it will differ for each individual according to his environment, training, and stage of growth, does not invalidate the reality and importance of those innermost ideals which are for him the highest aspect of the Divine which he is capable of recognising at any given period.

Esoterically, the only good is conscious union with God, as the only evil is separation from Him. All considerations of the problem must, it seems, take their rise from the fact from which we started, and to which we return in conclusion, that God and man have temporarily broken union. That the soul has come out from the Father and come into a world whose vibrations tend at first to overpower the spirituality of his true being, is the common teaching of all religions worthy of the name. But it is the tendency also of all religions to speak of the material plane as in itself evil, to depreciate the value of physical life, even to



the extent of desiring its annihilation altogether. But if restored union with God is by means of training in physical bodies, the question takes on a new aspect. God must be found in the physical world, if He is to be found in worlds outside the physical. Christianity, the religion that has most extensively condemned the evil of material existence, can show, perhaps, the most conspicuous example of One who, while living the life on earth, yet maintained unbroken contact with Heaven. In Jesus the two planes were blended into absolute harmony. And Jesus is to the Christian the promise and guarantee of his own possible attainment. He conquered; we too shall conquer, for he has shown us ourselves.

But of what is he the conqueror who has overcome the world? What is that ideal attainment in which good and evil play alike a needed part? There can be but one answer. He alone has attained who has learnt to live the non-separated life, who, despite the barriers of the atomic body, has realised in his innermost self that to find God is to find the abiding-place of the universe, and the inseverable bond of every sundered soul. "He who sees the Supreme in all things, and all things in the Supreme, sees indeed." Relative, truly, is the highest morality, the most stainless purity attainable here when seen in the light of That from whence we come forth, the return to whom is the only, the real good. Viewed from that standpoint, the one test of action is tendency. All things that conduce to union are good; all things that perpetuate separation are evil. It may be we are speaking counsels of perfection, but the root of the antithesis must be sought in the deepest place that human thought can reach. Good and evil, as seemingly separate and unrelated forces, are paving thither a long and painful way, but of the end it is, at present, presumptuous to attempt to speak. Only there, we believe, the eternal strife of opposites will have passed into harmonious resolution, and in the perfect whole there will be no longer the "broken arcs."

In speaking of the outbirth of the creature, and the problems consequent thereon, we cannot over-emphasise the optimistic note. We know that the purpose for which the universe was subjected to vanity must make that dire subjection transcendently

worth while. The soul is less than divine who has not become *consciously* so on the grossest plane, as well as in the subtle regions whence it came. For the "joy that was set before it," the creature "endures the cross, despising the shame," even though, to its superficial consciousness, that joy is a mere blind, automatic impulse towards material life. Behind the shallows of the personal consciousness the end is known, and this knowledge, which to the outer man is now but a vague and intermittent intuition, shall one day illumine the whole field of vexed and painful problems.

CHARLOTTE E. WOODS.

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## THE TALMUD MARY STORIES\*

It is in vain to seek for any historical element in the Talmud Mary stories, for they revolve entirely round the accusation of her unfaithfulness to her husband, and, therefore, in my opinion, owe their origin to, and cannot possibly be of earlier date than, the promulgation of the popular Christian dogma of the physical virginity of the mother of Jesus. When this miraculous dogma was first mooted is exceedingly difficult to decide. We know, however, that even at the time of the compilation of the canonical Gospels Joseph was still held to be the natural father of Jesus, as we have seen above,† and from this we deduce that even in the reign of Hadrian (117-138 A.D.) the dogma of the miraculous birth was not yet catholicised.

But how far back can we push the first circulation of this startling belief? For the instant it was publicly mooted even by a restricted number of the faithful, it was bound not only to have attracted the widest notice among the Jews, but also to have called forth the most contemptuous retorts from those who not only hated the pagan idea of heroes born of the congress of

\* This series of papers in consideration of the question: "Did Jesus live 100 years B.C.?"—began in the June number.

† See "The Earliest External Evidence as to the Talmud Jesus Stories," in the December number, vol. xxxi., p. 319.

divine and mortal parents as a Heathen superstition and an idolatrous belief, but who were especially jealous of the legitimacy of their line of descent as preserved in the public records of their families. In this connection there is a passage in the Talmud which deserves our careful attention. It is interesting in other respects but chiefly because it is found in the Mishna (iv. 3), and therefore puts entirely out of court the contention of those who assert that what is generally regarded as the oldest and most authoritative deposit of the Talmud contains no reference whatever to Jesus; and not only is it found in the Mishna, but it purports to base itself on a still older source, and that too a written one. This remarkable passage runs as follows:

"Simeon ben Azzai has said: I found in Jerusalem a book of genealogies; therein was written: That so and so is a bastard son of a married woman."\*

This Simeon ben Azzai flourished somewhat earlier than Akiba, and may therefore be placed at the end of the first and the beginning of the second century. He was one of the famous four who, according to Talmudic tradition, "entered Paradise"; that is to say, he was one of the most famous mystics of Israel. He was a Chassid, most probably an Essene, and remained a celibate and rigid ascetic till the day of his death. We might, therefore, expect him to be specially fitted to give us some information as to Jesus, and yet what he is recorded to have said is the very opposite of our expectation.

Ben Azzai, we are to believe, declared that he had found a book of genealogies at Jerusalem—presumably then before the destruction of the city in 70 A.D. This book of genealogies can be taken to mean nothing else than an official record; nevertheless we are told that it contained the proof of Jeschu's bastardy, for "so and so" is one of the well-known substitutes for Jesus and Jesus alone in the Talmud, as has been proved and admitted on either side.

If we are right in ascribing the genesis of the Mamzer element of the Jesus stories to doctrinal controversy, we can only conclude that the categorical statement we are considering was originally either a deliberate invention, or the confident assertion

\* *Jebamoth*, 49a.

in the heat of controversy of some imperfect memory that was only too eagerly believed to refer to Jesus. The Jewish apologist on the contrary can argue that this ancient tradition fully justified his forefathers of later generations for their belief in the bastardy of Jeschu as a historic fact authenticated by the records; while if he be an out-and-out rationalist he may even go so far as to claim that the "virgin birth" doctrine was invented in answer to this record, and that there has been no historicising of a mystic fact, as we have supposed, seeing that there are no mystic "facts" but only the baseless imaginings of unbalanced enthusiasm.

This we cannot believe, and therefore conclude that the earliest Jewish Mary legends came to birth somewhere towards the close of the first century.

It is exceedingly difficult to classify these Mamzer legends or to treat them in any satisfactory chronological fashion, but it is remarkable that in them there seem to be two deposits of tradition characterised by different names for Jeschu—Ben Stada and Ben Pandera, names which have given rise to the wildest philological speculation, but of which the current meaning was evidently simply "son of the harlot," whatever may have been their line of descent.\* Ben Stada occurs exclusively in the Talmud, where it is the most frequent designation of Jeschu, though Ben Pandera is also found; Ben Pandera is found in the Toldoth Jeschu, and as we have seen in the Church Fathers, while Ben Stada is never met with in these sources.

The Ben Stada stories are mostly characterised by anachronisms which are as startling as those of the Ben Perachiah date, but which are its exact antipodes. They are further generally characterised by either distinct references to Lud, or by the bringing in of the names of the most famous Rabbis of this famous school of Talmud study. I would suggest, therefore, that these legends might be conveniently called the Lud stories.

The Mishna School at Lud (Lydda) is said to have been

\* See Krauss (S.), *Das Leben Jesu nach jüdischen Quellen* (Berlin; 1902), p. 276, where full indications of the literature are appended. The most interesting speculation is that of Bleek in Nitzsch's article, "Ueber eine Reihe talmudischer und patristischer Täuschungen, welche sich an den missverstandenen Spottnamen Ben Pandera geknüpft," in *Theologische Studien und Kritiken* (Hamburg; 1840), pp. 115-120. Bleek supposes that Pandera is a caricature name to mimic the Greek *παρθένος* (Parthenos), "virgin."

founded by R. Eliezer ben Hyrcanus, the teacher of R. Akiba,\* and it was doubtless the great reputation of Akiba as the most implacable foe of Christianity which, in course of time, connected the name of Mary with stories of Akiba which originally were perfectly innocent of any reference to the mother of Jesus. Thus, in later times, we find tradition bringing Akiba and Miriam together in personal conversation, we find it still later giving her one of Akiba's contemporaries as a husband, and finally we meet with a curious legend in which Miriam is made the contemporary of a Rabbi of the fourth century !

But to consider these fantastic developments of Talmudic tradition in greater detail. The following is the famous academical discussion on the refinements of bastardy, which in course of time supplied the Ben Pandera legend with some of its most striking details, as we still find them in various forms of the Toldoth Jeschu.

"A shameless person is, according to R. Eliezer, a bastard; according to R. Joshua, a son of a woman in her separation; according to R. Akiba, a bastard *and* son of a woman in her separation. Once there sat elders at the gate when two boys passed by; one had his head covered, the other bare. Of him who had his head uncovered, R. Eliezer said, 'A bastard!' R. Joshua said, 'A son of a woman in her separation!' R. Akiba said, 'A bastard *and* son of a woman in her separation!' They said to R. Akiba, 'How has thine heart impelled thee to the audacity of contradicting the words of thy colleagues?' He said to them, 'I am about to prove it.' Thereupon he went to the boy's mother, and found her sitting in the market and selling pulse. He said to her, 'My daughter, if thou tellest me the thing which I ask thee, I will bring thee to eternal life.' She said to him, 'Swear it to me!' Thereupon R. Akiba took the oath with his lips, while he cancelled it in his heart. Then said he to her, 'Of what sort is this thy son?' She said to him, 'When I betook myself to the bridal chamber I was in my separation, and my husband stayed away from me. But my

\* But when we are told that the famous Jewish proselyte, Queen Helena of Adiabene, passed fourteen years in Palestine (46-60 A.D.) in close communion with the doctors of the Hillel school at Jerusalem and Lud, there was presumably a school at Lud even prior to the time of Ben Hyrcanus.

paranymph\* came to me, and by him I have this son.' So the boy was discovered to be both a bastard *and* the son of a woman in her separation. Thereupon said they, 'Great is R. Akiba, in that he has put to shame his teachers.' In the same hour they said, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who has revealed His secret to R. Akiba ben Joseph.' "

Eliezer, Joshua and Akiba were contemporaries, but Akiba was by far their junior; for Eliezer ben Hyrcarus was Akiba's teacher, while Joshua ben Chanania was a disciple of Jochanan ben Zakkai, who died about 70 A.D.; Akiba was put to death in 135 A.D. The setting of the story, therefore, places us somewhere about the end of the first century.

We may pass over the strange ascription of an act of heartless perjury to Akiba as the means whereby he extorted the confession from the boy's mother, and the far more curious addition at the end of the passage which blesses the God of Israel for revealing "His secret" after the use of such questionable means, with the remark that it would be interesting to know whether Talmud apologetics prefer to abandon the reputation of the Talmud or of its great authority Akiba in this instance, for here there is no third choice.

What is most striking in the story is that neither the name of the boy nor that of his mother is given. Laible† supposes that the story originally contained the names of Jeschu and Miriam, but that the compiler of the Gemara struck them out, both because the mother is described as a pulse-seller, while elsewhere in the Talmud she is called Miriam the women's hair-dresser, and also because of the startling anachronism of making Miriam and Akiba contemporaries. He holds that the story itself is of early origin, and was originally a Jesus story.

To this we cannot agree, for if it had been *originally* intended as a Jesus story its inventors could not possibly have been so foolish as to introduce Rabbis of the beginning of the second century among the *dramatis personæ*. This would have been really too inane even for the wildest controversialists at any date even remotely approaching the time when Jews and Jewish Christians were still in contact.

\* That is, the bridegroom's best man.

† Laible-Streane, *op. cit.*, p. 35.

The main intention of the story is evidently to enhance the reputation of R. Akiba, to display the depth of his penetration and his fine appreciation of the subtlest shades of bastardy, a subject of great importance in Rabbinical law. It was then presumably a tradition of the Lud school, and at first had no connection whatever with the Jeschu stories. In course of time, when the Mamzer retort to the virgin-birth dogma was popularised in legend and folk-tale, the details of this other famous story of bastardy were added to the originally vague Mamzer legends of Jeschu, and to this source we may conjecture, with high probability, is to be traced the origin of the coarse details of Miriam's unfaithfulness to her husband as found in the various forms of the Toldoth Jeschu. The link was simply the word "bastard"; the rich gain to the legend material finally entirely outweighed the inconvenience of the wild anachronism.

The story is introduced by the commission of a shocking act of disrespect on the part of one of the boys, for according to Rabbinical law and custom, a teacher was to be treated as worthier of greater honour than all else, even than one's parents. To go uncovered in the presence of a teacher was thus thought to be an act of utter shamelessness; in the West, of course, the very opposite would be the case. Disrespect to the Rabbis as shown in this and other ways is one of the main burdens of accusation brought against Jesus in the Toldoth Jeschu.

We are, then, justified in supposing that any folk-tale or legend of infidelity or bastardy stood a good chance of being gradually worked into the Mamzer patchwork. And indeed we find that this was actually the case. The following story is a good instance of this method of conflation.

"There is a tradition, Rabbi Meir used to say: Just as there are various kinds of taste as regards eating, so there are also various dispositions as regards women. There is a man into whose cup a fly falls and he casts it out, but all the same he does not drink it (the cup). Such was the manner of Paphos ben Jehudáh, who used to lock the door upon his wife and go out. And there is another who, when a fly falls into his tumbler,\* throws it out and drinks it, and this is the way of men generally.

\* Cup, surely! Did the Rabbis use tumblers?

When she is speaking with her brothers and relatives, he does not hinder her. But there is also the man, who, when a fly falls into a dish, sucks it (the fly) out and eats it (the dish). This is the manner of a bad man, who sees his wife going out bareheaded and spinning in the street and wearing clothes slit up on both sides and bathing together with men.”\*

R. Meir was a pupil of Akiba and Paphos (or Pappos) ben Jehudah was Akiba's contemporary. It is not necessary to enter into a consideration of the details of Rabbinic metaphor with regard to the “various dispositions.” All we learn from this passage directly with regard to Paphos ben Jehudah, is that he locked up his wife; we are, however, led to conclude, indirectly, that she ultimately proved unfaithful to her tyrannical spouse. What, then, more simple than for a story-teller to connect this with the details of unfaithfulness found in his Jeschu *répertoire*. The erring wife was just like Miriam; before long she actually became Miriam, and finally Paphos ben Jehudah was confidently given as Miriam's husband! So they had it in later times, had it, we may suppose, at Lud, that most uncritical of legend factories, and finally we find even so great a commentator as Rashi (ob. 1105 A.D.) endorsing with all confidence this hopeless anachronism, when he says: “Paphos ben Jehudah was the husband of Miriam, the women's hair-dresser. Whenever he went out of the house into the street, he locked the door upon her, that no one might be able to speak with her. And that is a course which became him not; for on this account there arose enmity between them, and she in wantonness broke her faith with her husband.”

But, even eight or nine centuries before Rashi's time the Babylonian Rabbis had found the Ben Stada Lud developments a highly inconvenient overgrowth of the earlier Ben Perachiah date, as we shall see later on, and it is strange to find Rashi so ignorant of what they had to say on the subject.

Startling, however, as is the anachronism which we have been discussing, it is but a mild surprise compared with the colossal absurdity of the following legend, if we interpret it in the traditional fashion.

“When Rab Joseph came to this verse (Prov., xiii. 23) ‘But

\* *Gittin*, 90a.



there is that is destroyed without judgment,' he wept. He said: Is there really someone who is going (away), when it is not his time? Certainly (for) so has it happened with Rab Bibi bar Abbai; the angel of death was found with him. The former said to his attendant, Go, bring me Miriam the women's hair-dresser. He went and brought him Miriam the children's teacher. The angel of death said to him, I said Miriam the women's hair-dresser. The messenger said to him, Then I will bring her [the other] back. The angel of death said to him, Since thou hast brought her, let her be reckoned (among the dead)."\*

Rab Joseph bar Chia was born at Stili, in Babylonia, 259 A.D.; he was head of the famous Babylonian Rabbinical School at Pumbeditha. The only R. Bibi we know of flourished in the fourth century, and that this Bibi was believed to have been the seer of the death-bed vision is quite evident from the following note of the Tosaphoth on the passage:

"'The angel of death was found with him,' who related what had happened to him long ago, for this story as to Miriam the women's hair-dresser took place in the time of the second temple, for she was mother of that so and so [*i.e.*, Jeschu], as is related in (treatise) Shabbath [104b]."

The writer of the Tosaphoth is evidently quite clear in his mind that the date of Miriam was the Ben Perachiah date; for him this was *the* tradition. It was in the days of the second temple, before Herod's new and splendid edifice replaced the meagre building that had become gradually overtopped by the gorgeous Greek palaces of the Jewish nobles of his day.

It must be remarked, however, that this explanation does great violence to the wording of the story as it is found in the Gemara. Can it be then that some other Bibi was originally referred to, and that the story was subsequently transferred by posterity to his far later but more famous namesake?

That the simple words "bastard" and "adulteress" were strong enough indications of suitability for the match-makers of legend to unite in marriage stories of otherwise the strongest incompatibility of age and date, we have already seen; that the

\* Chagiga, 4b.

very common name of Miriam should further expand this family circle of cross-breeds, is therefore quite to be expected.

And this will doubtless be held by most sufficiently to account for the transference to the address of Miriam the mother of Jeschu of the following two legends; but closer inspection warns us not too lightly to accept this explanation. In one of the tractates of the Palestinian Talmud we are given the story of a certain devout person who was privileged to see a vision of some of the punishments in hell. Among other sights,

"He saw also Miriam, the daughter of Eli Betzalim, suspended, as R. Lazar ben Jose says, by the paps of her breasts. R. Jose ben Chanina says: The hinge of hell's gate was fastened in her ear. He said to them [? the angels of punishment], Why is this done to her? The answer was, Because she fasted and published the fact. Others said, Because she fasted one day, and counted two days (of feasting) as a set-off. He asked them, How long shall she be so? They answered him, until Simeon ben Schetach comes; then shall we take it out of her ear and put it into his ear."\*

As R. Jose ben Chanina was a contemporary of R. Akiba, R. Lazar ben Jose was presumably a Rabbi of an earlier date, but I can discover nothing about him. The main point of interest for us is the sentence, "until Simeon ben Schetach comes." This can only mean that at the time of the vision Simeon ben Schetach was not yet dead, and therefore this Miriam was at latest contemporary with him and therefore can very well be placed in the days of his older contemporary Joshua ben Pera-chiah. As to Eli Betzalim,† I can discover nothing about him. It is true that a certain Eli is given as the father of Joseph in the genealogy incorporated into the third Gospel, a genealogy which would be quite useless if at the time of its compilation Jesus had not been regarded as the natural son of Joseph, but in the very different genealogy prefixed to the first Gospel, and also purporting to give the descent of Joseph, a certain Jacob takes the place

\* *Pal. Chagiga*, 77d.

† Krauss (*Leben Jesu*, p. 224) translates *Eli Betzalim* by *Zwiebelblatt* (onion<sup>n</sup> leaf) and (p. 225) refers to this Miriam as M. *Zwiebelblatt*, but does not venture on any explanation. The onion, however, was a symbol of lasciviousness and may therefore perhaps be taken as a synonym of harlot.

of Eli and the name Eli is not found. But even had the two genealogies agreed, we should not have been helped at all, for they are given as the genealogies of Joseph and not of Mary.

It would also be of interest to know in what Simeon ben Schetach had offended, for he is otherwise known as the Rabbinic president of the golden age of Pharisaean prestige in the days of Queen Salome, as we have seen above. In any case the story is an ancient one, for already in the days of Rabbi Lazar and Rabbi Jose there were variants of it.

The phrase "hinge of hell's gate" is curious and argues an Egyptian (or perhaps Chaldaean) setting; it may be compared with the "pivot of the gate of Amenti" of the Khamuas folk-tales, where they relate the punishment of Dives in Hades. "It was commanded that he should be requited in Amenti, and he is that man whom thou didst see, in whose right eye the pivot (?) of the gate of Amenti was fixed, shutting and opening upon it, and whose mouth was open in great lamentation."\*

Finally, in these Talmud Mary-legends we come to the thrice-repeated Miriam daughter of Bilga story, which runs as follows:

"Bilga always receives his part on the south side on account of Miriam, daughter of Bilga, who turned apostate and went to marry a soldier belonging to the government of Javan,† and went and beat upon the roof of the altar. She said to him: 'Wolf, wolf, thou hast destroyed the property of the Israelites and didst not help them in the hour of their distress!'"‡

This Miriam, daughter of Bilga, can hardly be supposed to mean the actual Bilga of I. Chron., xxiv. 14, the head of one of the priestly courses of the house of Aaron. It must mean simply that Miriam was the daughter of one of the priests of the Bilga course or line of descent, for in the days of Bilga himself we

\* Griffith (F. Ll.), *Stories of the High Priests of Memphis* (Oxford; 1900), p. 49. See also my *The Gospels and the Gospel* (London; 1902), pp. 175-180, where I have pointed out the importance of this episode in the new-found demotic papyrus as a probable source of the Dives and Lazarus story. Was Lazar the name of the seer in some Jewish variant of these popular Egyptian folk-tales? And has some alchemy of name-transmutation brought to birth the name Lazarus of the Dives story of the third Gospel writer? The speculation is a wild one, but not wilder than the transformations of legends with which folk-lorists are on all hands well acquainted.

† That is, Greece (Ionia).

‡ *Pal. Sukka*, 55d, also in substantially identical words, *Bab. Sukka*, 56b, and in *Tosefta Sukka*, iv. 28.

know of no attack on Jerusalem by the Greeks, as the story evidently suggests.

In this case, however, it does not seem to be the Talmud or the Jews themselves who connect this story with Miriam, mother of Jeschu, but Dalman,\* who leaves us to suppose that it is one of the censured passages of the Talmud. What ground, however, Dalman has for bringing this story into relation with the Mary-legends I cannot discover; he seems to depend on Laible,† who refers to Origen quoting Celsus as making his Jew declare that "Mary gave birth to Jesus by a certain soldier, Panthera."

If, because of this, we are to take the above as a Mary story, it should be noticed that the "soldier" is of the "house of Greece," and therefore the date of the incident must be placed prior to the first Roman occupation of Jerusalem by Pompey in 63 B.C.; so that in it, in any case, we find a confirmation of the Ben Perachiah tradition.

This brings us to the end of our Mary stories; our next paper will deal with the remaining Talmud Ben Stada Jesus stories.

G. R. S. MEAD.

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TRUTH is within ourselves; it takes no rise  
 From outward things, whate'er you may believe.  
 There is an inmost centre in us all  
 Where truth abides in fulness, and around,  
 Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,  
 This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.  
 A baffling and perverting carnal mesh  
 Binds it, and makes all error: and to KNOW  
 Rather consists in opening out a way  
 Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape,  
 Than in effecting entry for a light  
 Supposed to be without.

BROWNING's *Paracelsus*.

\* Dalman-Streane, *op. cit.*, p. 20 n.

† *Ibid.*, p. 19.

## TWENTY YEARS OF DARKNESS

IN a sermon at the Synagogue of the Reformed Jews in Upper Berkeley Street, on October 18th, the preacher, Morris Joseph, taking as his text *Psalms*, xvii. 15, related how he had heard the celebrated lecture of Prof. Tyndall's at the meeting of the British Association twenty years ago.

The preacher said that the immediate result of this lecture, which dealt with the constitution of matter, was to cause a great reaction against the spiritual view of life in the minds of the leading thinking men. But he thought himself that the weight of its influence had been much exaggerated. Only a small school of scientists ever maintained, or still maintain, that the physics of the body are the only real facts or that thought is a secretion of the brain.

The influence of this lecture, he continued, is now dead. A greater reaction still has set in towards the recognition of the facts of the soul's life. Science does not satisfy us as to the great "Why." "A tear!" said a well-known French writer, "can science say *what* it is? Yes! A little water—a little gum! But *why*? Science leaves the field! What of the pain—the pity—that melts the soul to tears? Why these tears?"

The soul of man will ever ask this why and the answer is as far out of reach of science to-day as it has always been and always will be.

Then the preacher, who had evidently been following the recent series of articles by Mallock in the *Fortnightly*, on "Science and Religion," maintained that there could be, properly speaking, no conflict between religion and science, since science is continually fluctuating and contradicting itself, and moreover is continually defining more and more certainly the inexorable limitations of its field.

(Readers of the above-mentioned articles will remember that

Mallock quotes Hæckel as saying that: "God, free-will and immortality are superstition's three buttresses." The only answer to such a disputant, Mallock replies, is that they are the buttresses of many other things besides, and of things which he himself is as unwilling to surrender as is anybody. The present writer has before her the following sentences out of Hæckel's *Monism* (p. 47): "*If we understood the nature of matter and energy, we should also understand how the substance underlying them can—under certain conditions—feel, desire and think.*" And again (p. 50): "It is often reproached against our Monism that it denies immortality—this is erroneous. Immortality in a scientific sense is conservation of substance, therefore the same as conservation of energy. The Cosmos as a whole is immortal. It is just as inconceivable that any of the energy of our spirit should *vanish* out of the world, as that any other particle of matter or energy should do so. At our death there disappears only the individual *form* in which the nerve-substance was fashioned."

Truly, concluded the preacher, "no man can see God and live," we cannot know Him on our mortal side, but the spirit of man *sees* and *knows*, and when it awakens in His likeness it will be satisfied.

X<sup>n-1</sup>.

If any man say to you: "Christ is in Christendom and not in Heathendom," take no notice of him, *believe him not*. Let him be to you as one who brags, and go thou and seek the true Christ elsewhere. . . . Settle it in your mind that whoever separates Him from the whole human race is not yet well instructed in the great mystery of godliuess. Christ is the Presence of God with the human race from the beginning to the end of the world. . . . The man-loving Logos cannot be absent from any human spirit.—JOHN PULSFORD.

TRULY wise you are not unless your wisdom be constantly changing from your childhood to your death.—MÆTERLINCK.

THE influence of the senses has, in most men, overpowered the mind to that degree, that the walls of time and space have come to look real and insurmountable; and to speak with levity of these limits is, in the world, the sign of insanity.—EMERSON, *The Over-Soul*,

## THE "GREAT REFUSAL" OF THE PRE- RAPHAELITE MOVEMENT

AMID the several reversions in Art of the last century—reversions to the Hellenic, Mediæval, and Renaissance types—there is none more remarkable than the Pre-Raphaelite movement of the fifties.

The critics who tell us that such a movement was due to the interaction of complex, highly sensitised temperaments, or to a refined embodiment of the formula "Art for Art's sake"—do not pursue the question far enough. The study of Pre-Raphaelitism involves wider issues than the analyses of acute and subtle temperaments, such as D. G. Rossetti and Edward Burne-Jones; or of many-sided individualities, such as William Morris and Ford Madox Brown, and later of profound symbolists, such as G. F. Watts and Frederick Shields. Rather does it mean the intuition of a crucial phase in the life of a century. The true function of the Art critic, as of the historian, is to look beyond the "brief chronicles" of events, characters, and temperaments, to penetrate that wider realm of Consciousness in which the primal forces of our being—forces of Order, of Harmony, of Beauty—are at one with the Divine Wisdom that "reacheth from end to end, sweetly and strongly ordering all things." The realm of Art is, indeed, as wide as life, as deep as religion, as transcendent as Divine Love. This being so, the problem resolves itself into the following questions:—How far has this movement brought men into vital, inevitable relation with the Divine order?—Has it offered to men, as all high Art should do, a permanent source of spiritual content?—Has it revealed the immanency of the Spirit in nature and in man?

We can only attempt to find an answer to these questions by taking into consideration the genesis and the final outcome of Pre-Raphaelite Art. Briefly, we look back to those mid-years of

the nineteenth century during which this form of Æstheticism came into being.

The fulness of the time for a mystic revival had dawned. Romanticism had culminated in Scott and Coleridge, Mediævalism had deepened into the spiritual conviction of John Henry Newman and Frederick Denison Maurice. Science, the great protagonist of the age, had stepped into the field and had taken captive the strongest intellects of the time. Victoriously Science passed on invading and extending the limits of human knowledge, venturing even to the borders of the vast out-lying kingdoms, where light and darkness blend, and the hidden infinite impinges on the human and the known. And the watchword was: "We search for Truth."

And what of Art? At that time she found herself confronted with new and untried problems of life; her world became extended both in fact and in spirit; many new emotions, that as yet had hardly found their place in active life, pressed urgently for concrete realisation on canvas or in marble. But with the advent of fresh material there came the difficulty that always makes itself felt when the substance suddenly overpowers the means of expression.

Form was for a time lost in feeling, and yielded to the conquering influences around her; the higher claims of the artist were imperilled amid the conflict of confused and unsettled passions. Poet and painter alike had lost for awhile the calm spirit proper to all imaginative productions. The rush and tumult of new ideas left them at the mercy of their material and it was difficult to distinguish rightly between the beauty that was permanent, and the grace of form and gladness of colour that might be only ephemeral. Art then roused herself and it was no longer a question of Art for Art's sake, but of *Art for the sake of life*.

She saw around her the dominion of scientific fact, a laborious empiricism, a patient and thorough investigation of the laws of the material universe. Like "La Gioconda" of Da Vinci, there fell upon Art a deep weariness; upon her also "the end of the world had come."\* Science, indeed, had given her facts, but

\* Walter Pater, *Renaissance Studies*.



Science could not interpret them, could not vivify the dry bones of the physical world with the flesh and blood of the imaginative faculties. The magnificent generalisations of Science—then in the air—when not so seized upon and vivified, were fatal to creative impulses.

For the truth of the "conservation of energy," in the hands of materialism, may be construed into a mechanical fatalism. The belief in the "underlying unity amidst apparent diversity," when confined to the physical plane, may drag down the soul, and place the imagination under lock and key in the narrow bounds of the "five senses." Even the laborious and self-denying search after the facts of Physiology, Natural Science, and Psychology, may fetter the spirit and produce only a limited and sensuous æstheticism. With the advent of the *Modern Painters* of John Ruskin, with the *Studies in the Art Catholic* of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, came the reaction of 1857 and of the years following.

John Ruskin, in his articles in *The Times*, and Rossetti and William Morris in *The Germ* challenged the vaunted "Realism" of the Art world. They challenged the Realism, with its hidden core of artificiality, which pourtrayed the sordid and ugly facts of nature and of human life, and which affected a pseudo-classicism. Rossetti and the men gathered in the "Brotherhood" proved, in their search after the beautiful and recondite truths of nature, after the mystery of the soul, as revealed in gracious form and subtle colour, that Realism could not be the truest exponent of the total life of their time. Many as are the human documents created by that school, its votaries depicted only a part of life—its gaunt realism, its lack of *imaginative* truth, its crude, hard, uncompromising pourtrayal of the facts of existence. The aim of the Realists was to depict the outward physical truths of life; to place these upon the stage in all their nudity or in their ultra-refined elegance, "exactly as they appeared in life." Needless to say this form of Art failed to grasp the very truths it sought. Historic truth is often imaginative untruth. The aim of the Pre-Raphaelites was to reveal, through nature, the inner life of the soul; to delineate for us that mystic world within the natural world. They sought to display that realm of artistic invention which is far more fair and strange, far more luminous and full of

precious form and colour, than the veritable physical universe wherein our feet stumble so helplessly.

"Beauty touched with strangeness"—in this phrase we have the note of Pre-Raphaelite Art; the blending of the truths of nature with a mystic symbolism. We see this in Rossetti's "Annunciation," where the old-world story is painted for us with an intense actuality, and at the same time with a wistful idealism, perhaps only fully interpreted in the sonnet he appended to the picture :

This is that blessed Mary, preëlect  
God's Virgin. Gone is a great while, and she  
Dwelt young in Nazareth of Galilee.  
Unto God's will she brought devout respect,  
Profound simplicity of intellect  
And supreme patience. From her mother's knee  
Faithful and hopeful; wise in charity;  
Strong in grave peace; in pity circumspect.

So held she through her girlhood; as it were  
An angel-watered lily, that near God  
Grows and is quiet. Till one dawn at home  
She woke in her white bed, and felt no fear  
At all,—yet wept till sunshine, and felt awed;  
Because the fulness of the time was come.\*

Science had sounded the trumpet call to battle, but these men turned away from a life of action to a world of dreams, of devout and delicate mysticism. They did this in no sentimental mood. Their "great refusal" arose out of no cowardly shirking of that ringing call to action. Indeed, they marshalled their forces to meet another challenge; their whole attitude was a conscious and defiant neglect of the materialism around them. They challenged the world to disprove their claim to the power of soul interpenetrating matter, nay, Rossetti went further and declared :

I fain would tell how ever more  
Thy soul I knew not from thy body,  
Thee from myself, neither our love from God.

"A great civilisation," writes Mr. Watts, "having reached the stage of (scientific) acceptance has turned back, and becomes

\* Sonnet; "Mary's Girlhood."

haunted by the sense of mystery as deep as ever." This "Renaissance of Wonder," as the movement has been called, asserted itself in its picturesque aspect with William Morris, Ford Madox Brown, and others; in its sensuous aspect with all the Pre-Raphaelites, more or less, while it became symbolic in the art of Edward Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and G. F. Watts. William Morris, with characteristic directness of vision, and in sheer delight in the "wonder and bloom of the world," sought to cut down to the centre, and there find the heart of Beauty—*Beauty as an end of life*. Defiantly he bids farewell to what he calls "all make-believes of life," all "would-be renunciations, and impossible faiths."

Wilt thou take all, Galilean ?  
 But these thou shalt not take—  
 The laurel, the palms, and the pæan,  
 The breasts of the nymphs in the brake.\*

Amid the many waste waters of human experience he sought to find :

A shadowy isle of bliss  
 Midmost the beating of the steely sea.

That Morris did not accomplish the arcadian life we all know, though his socialistic gospel perhaps has led the way to the "garden cities" of the future.

With the art of Edward Burne-Jones we seem to wander in some land "east of the sun, and west of the moon." Men and women, perfect in the flesh, look out upon us from his canvas as in twilight, or some "faery land forlorn." And though we may touch each precise curve of flesh and note every undulating wave of hair, yet their presence is mysterious with the light of a recollected dream. His "King Corphetua and the Beggar Maid" seem to have passed out of the tumult of mundane existence and to be crowned with rest and love in a quiet land far away, yet with the seal upon them from which no mere earthly beauty escapes :

The sunrise blooms, and withers on the hill,  
 And the noblest troth sinks here to dust.†

\* A. C. Swinburne, "Hymn to Proserpine."

† D. G. Rossetti, Sonnet, "House of Life."

Of the later development of Pre-Raphaelite Art, in the work of Holman Hunt, G. F. Watts, Sir Noel Paton, and others, this is not the place to speak. For these men, by virtue of a higher intuition, of a more profound symbolism, have touched the fine intentions of their older brethren to finer issues in the realm of Teutonic Art. They came very near to the swift intuitive vision of Keats, when he wrote :

Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty, that is all  
Ye knew on earth, or need to know.

The works of the earlier "Brethren" mark a distinct phase in the culture of their day, in the progress of concrete works of Art, in the evolution of the imaginative reason—that complex faculty which belongs in part to the lower mind, in part to the divine spiritual triad of man. Without them a stage in the struggle of the soul would remain unrecorded, a line of solution untried amid the complex problems of the age so recently closed. In the paintings, the poems of the "Brethren," the supreme aim and end was beauty of body shadowing forth beauty of soul. Here we touch the strength and the weakness of their form of Art. Beauty truly is the indispensable condition under which all great Art manifests herself, while in the greatest Art she is never separated from the Good and the True.

In the works of the Pre-Raphaelite school Beauty is both aim and end; it is not infrequently divorced from the Good and the True. Hence the ultimate failure of their work, when we apply to it the conditions before named—their power of bringing men into vital inevitable relation with the Divine Order; the gift of a permanent source of spiritual content; the revelation of the immanency of the Spirit in Nature and in man. Perhaps we may question whether Art has ever done this. Without doubt, the *greatest* art has always fulfilled these conditions. We have only to think of the sculptures of the Parthenon, the Cathedral of Chartres, the music of Beethoven, to feel assured of this. In this world of Pre-Raphaelite Art, this synthesis of Nature and of dreams, we have indeed flashes of inspiration, but no "clear dream and solemn vision" coming from the Higher Consciousness. We give thanks for the "quest" of the Brotherhood, for its earnest, devout, loving worship of Nature and beauty of form,

for its lovely, imaginative colour—colour rarely seen since the days of the master-painters, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. With gratitude we acknowledge the revolutionary power of their ideas, so “free, pungent, penetrating,” ideas often in confused solution, yet so near to the natural forces of an age. In spite of all the nobility of their “quest,” these knight-errants in the cause of Beauty failed to attain the highest “vision.” The flame of mystic passion in Rossetti, the natural æsthetic delight of Morris, the chivalrous remote idealism of Burne-Jones, each, in his turn, has made us know the truth of Wordsworth’s words: “The sense of death-like, treacherous desertion felt in that last place of refuge—a man’s own soul.”

With a certain bitterness of assurance they only tell us, in poem and painting, that intellectual certitude is vain, that spiritual content can never be, that amid “the weeping and laughter of man’s empty day,” the world of exquisite emotions, of rare colour, of glorious form, still endures, that earth is good, and life is sweet.

Their counsel of perfection sums itself up in the lines :

Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant,  
 Life have we loved, through green leaf and through sere,  
 Though still the less we knew of its intent ;  
 The Earth and Heaven through countless year on year  
 Slow-changing, were to us but curtains fair,  
 Hung round about a little room, where play  
 Weeping and laughter of man’s empty day.\*

Regretfully we ask, is this all then Art has to offer to the divine spirit of man ? Surely not.

Has Art even now forgotten the dictum of one of her truest exponents : “To live with steady purpose, in the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful— . . . to divert our mind from all that is transient and ephemeral and fasten upon *abiding relations*.”† There is the whole secret of great Art ; the “abiding relations” of man’s spirit with the infinite Being of all ; the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful.

I am reminded at this point of an intuitive passage in one of

\* W. Morris, Epilogue to *Earthly Paradise*.

† Goethe, *Conversations with Eckermann*.

Shelley's Letters in which he remarks upon the "Niobe" group in Florence: "All this," he writes, "not only consists with, but is the cause of, the subtlest delicacy of clear and tender beauty—the expression at once of innocence and sublimity of soul, of purity and strength, of all which touches the most removed and divine of the chords that make music in our thoughts."

The whole secret of Art's highest aim and end lies in this paragraph. For the synthesis of lovely form, of exquisite tones, of marvellous light and shade, these in the hand and through the spirit of a master-artist do indeed "touch" and awaken the "most removed and divine chords" in the Higher Consciousness of man.

Great Art is an appeal to the Divine Ego. It is its privilege to quicken emotion, to arouse in us what John Addington Symonds has called "indefinite, illimitable desire"—"desire," he hastens to add, "that is touched to fine pervasive spiritual issues."\*

All noble Art is an appeal to the inner harmony of man's Higher Consciousness; it beats in unison with the great rhythmic chord that is dominant in all sublime creation—the chord of the Good, the True, the Beautiful.

Here, then, we catch a glimpse of what I have called the "great refusal" of the Pre-Raphaelites: on the one hand, a refusal to join hands with materialism and with a form of Art purely sensuous; on the other hand, a sorrowful turning away, like the rich young man in the parable, from the Kingdom of the Spirit. It has ever been the privilege of the highest Art, nay, its urgent demand, to enter that Kingdom. When we look at, or listen to, any supreme achievement in Art, whether of painting, of poetry, or of music, we seem to hear again the wise counsel of the Mantineian Sibyl, words that contain the sum and substance of an artist's noblest aim and end: ". . . . If it were given to anyone to behold the absolute beauty, in its clearness, its pureness, its unmixed essence; not replete with flesh and blood and colours and other manifold vanity of this mortal life; but if he were able to behold that divine beauty (*μνοειδής*) simply as it is; do you think," she said, "that life would be a poor thing to one whose eyes were fixed on that; seeing that,

\* J. A. Symonds, *Fine Arts*, vol. iv., "Renaissance in Italy."

with the organ through which it must be seen, and communing with that? Do you not think, rather," she said, "that here alone it will be his, seeing the beautiful with that through which it may be seen (namely, with the imaginative reason), to beget no mere phantasms of virtue, as it is no phantom he apprehends, but the true virtue, as he embraces what is true? And having begotten virtue, and revealed it, he will become dear to God, and if any man may be immortal he will be."\*

MARGARET S. DUNCAN.

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## IN THE VIRGIN-MOTHER'S KINGDOM

SHE was abroad in the land, for the time was May, and the birds were singing; those who do not possess the faery sight might trace her only by the flowers which sprang where her white naked feet touched the meadows and were washed by the streams. The loud south wind swept from the sea, and bowed the pine-tree tops; it was soft, it was strong, but in the curve of meeting woods of pine, larch and budding oaks, it was so stilled that not even a milk-white blackthorn petal was loosed before the appointed hour.

A little pool lay in the curve of the woods, and thence a stream went shining across a broad turf alley, away to the wide heath close by, which was hidden by the trees. Round the pool grew flowers; fragile scented primroses, delicate wind-flowers, cuckoo blooms, stitchwort, and water forget-me-not; the banks of the stream glowed here and there with marsh marigolds.

A man lay by the side of the pool; he was singing, because the birds, the trees, and the stream sang, and good fellowship compelled him to do the same. Little speckled brown lizards sunned themselves, and slipped in and out of the dry stalks of last year's bracken; here and there new fronds were uncurling

\* Plato, *Symposium*, 210.

their brown heads. A glossy fox trotted by to his lair ; the wind blew from him to the man, so that the comely bandit of the woods picked his way among last year's leaves unconscious of a human presence ; the fox carried in his mouth a poor little limp heap of reddish-brown fur that had once been a squirrel. Even the Virgin-Mother's kingdom has its tragedies ; the only alleviating circumstances of which are that no one draws a moral from them, or attempts to offer either reproof or comfort. When the man began to sing the fox dropped the squirrel and ran away ; yet the cuckoo on the bough above his head called far more loudly.

Through the larch wood came a youth, his hands were locked behind him, his eyes bent on the ground. He was not watching the life of the wood ; he did not see the fox, he did not know the first swallow was sweeping over the heath he had crossed ; he did not mark the pink crab-apple blossom opening on a little tree growing among the pale green larches. He looked tired, ill, restless, and overstrained. When he was within a few paces of the singer he heard his voice and stood still.

"This is how you are spending your morning, is it ? I wondered where you were. You were not in the chapel this morning."

"No, I come and go in the chapel. I was here before the sun rose ; I bathed in that pool in the stream as the first ray of sunshine struck the water. Lie down by the pool ! To smell the wet moss and the primroses is worth all the fame, power and wealth the world can give. Hear the thrum of the wind on the open heath, it blows straight in from the sea."

"You are such a born vagrant, I wonder you can stay here as quietly as you do ; I should have thought one place would not have held you a month."

"I am such a born vagrant that there is no place on earth has power to hold me whether I stop in it or not. It doesn't matter. But honestly, I marvel to see *you* ; I thought only pagans like myself came to the woods on Sunday morning. And I understood from you that you had come to Brent for a 'retreat.'"

"I did. I came because town was playing the tune of a goblin's dance on my nerves. I came to find peace in the beautiful symbolism of the religious life at Brent. But it's no good.



I'm sick of symbolism, sick of religion. We never reach its heart, we only see the outer husk. I am weary of all forms and symbols, I am weary of matter. I want the life of the spirit alone. I think I may claim to have transcended purely sensuous delights. I want neither earth, heaven, nor hell. I want knowledge."

"If you want to realise spirit, you must realise it through matter. When you have passed beyond matter you have passed beyond spirit too, and reached—"

"What can be reached beyond spirit?"

"Perhaps you, who will be contented with nothing less, will tell me. I don't know. If you despise matter you must surely despise its directing power, spirit. You can't have one without the other; and if you don't want either, but want something beyond, or above, or within both, why are you here at all?"

"I didn't send myself here."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I'm not sure of anything, except that I am sick and tired of life."

"Excuse me; I don't believe that. I think you are greedy of life, only you believe you want it in some form other than those you know. But if you ever began to understand those forms, perhaps you would find at the heart of them all the knowledge you need; at any rate you would be less weary and less scornful of them."

"Do you think so?"

"I do; I'm sure of it."

The listener sighed.

"Look," said the other, pointing down the turf road. "Look where Spring goes like a laughing goddess, singing through the meadows. If you knew even a tithe of what lurks in the mystery of colour—if you knew why the Earth-goddess goes dressed in green—why the mist is pearl-grey and faint green in the shadows of the oaks, rosy and violet among the pines, and clear dusky brown under the larches—why that stream shines steel blue between the yellow marigolds and forget-me-nots—why birch boughs are amethyst, and lime-tree buds like rubies—"

"Are birch boughs amethyst?"

"They are when they're alive, not if you cut them to make brooms or birch-rods of them. If you knew these things—"

"Stop! We *do* know why these things are."

"You know something of the physical process which produces your impressions of colour. But you don't know the why—the meaning and power of it all; if you did you would draw near to knowing some of the mysteries of spirit; behind spirit and matter lies—silence. If you are not craving for knowledge of matter, you can't crave knowledge of spirit, and if you only crave knowledge of the Beyond, I don't see how you crave knowledge at all. Surely it means you are tired of knowledge too, for knowledge means duality; if you know, you must know something other than yourself, and if you have thyself and myself, you are in the world of matter. O believe me! You're not weary of knowing—therefore not weary of matter—therefore not tired of Nature—nor tired of life."

"Perhaps not, in this wider sense. I am tired of the life I know because it is so small. I crave for something *great*."

"You make me feel a certain shame. I have been contentedly looking at this stitchwort flower. It is very small, but it is very well made. If I could make a thing so well, I would make it larger, to please you. In case I should ever be able to fashion something like this flower with life as my chisel, would you mind defining the terms great and small? I should like to execute your order accurately."

"I—well, really!"

"Precisely. That's my own position to a T. I wonder which of the two, using the terms, as we must, in a purely relative sense, is the more important. I was looking at the sky last night; if you remember, it was wonderfully clear, and I arrived at some conclusion, but the stitchwort this morning shook it badly, the ant who is crawling up that grass had already given it a shock."

"Do you call an ant—who?" said the youth, laughing.

"In his hearing—I do. You would prefer I should wait for your departure before I spoke of you to him as—which."

The young man laughed, and threw pine cones at a squirrel. "Nature is your religion," he said,

"Do you really think Nature means nothing?" said the elder, seriously. "You were much interested a little time ago in the theory that 'thoughts are things,' and have form and colour. What then is the meaning in the world of thought of these forms and colours, the shapes and hues of a countryside in Spring? Must they not be the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace? Are they not a showing forth in form of intelligent forces, of ideas that endure? Think of a virtue, if you will, not as a vague abstraction, but as a conscious power or force; you can't think of naked force, it must have form; as you think you clothe it in a form which takes shape as colour, which is the effect produced on your brain by the abstract idea of the virtue manifested thus to you in concrete form. When you perceive the colour you are, in truth, perceiving in some measure that which colour expresses. Therefore, when you sit, as we sit now, and watch 'the Virgin-Mother clad in green,' you draw into the circle of your life that which is expressed by colour. Your mind embraces part of its meaning, and then stretches out to grasp the meaning of all beauty, which is ultimately the same as Wisdom, Power, Knowledge, Love, or any other great abstraction of which we talk much and know nothing. You get, as you sit here, a continual ebb and flow and interchange of action, as the life in these things which surround you beats on your life, and yours responds again. If you send forth your thought to all that this wood means, and then are still of thought for awhile, you will feel the throbbing heart of the wood answering you. Now, I mean that *literally*, and not as a poetic phrase. Wordsworth knew it when he said:

"One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the Sages can.

"For that which manifests the wood to our senses, manifests also angel, man, beast, and all the powers which be, and can reveal them all to us as one, with a single brief innermost touch of life on life."

"I met a man the other day who said the love of Nature was purely sensuous."

"Very likely. And how do we learn anything save through the medium of our senses in one or other region of our being. You may have a sense which includes all senses in all other regions; I don't know anything about that. I am not tying myself down to the thought of five physical senses and no more. I am stretching the term. There may be senses of the naked mind, organs whereby it perceives."

"What do you mean by the 'naked mind'?"

"I mean mind without brain, working by methods of its own, in a world of its own. I will grant 'a point of force' which is the ultimate Perceiver, or Thinker, if you will. But it must perceive through and by certain organs of which we know nothing. I am of opinion that mind, as the Perceiver, must clothe itself in matter in order to perceive."

"Your view, it seems to me, is very materialistic."

"Being a view taken in, and by means of, a material world, it probably is so. But when you have risen above the limits of the material world, stretching the term material very widely, and making it include every state of matter, however unthinkably ethereal, I do not see how you can express yourself at all in terms which I can understand, unless you descend again to me, and accommodate your terms to my organs of understanding. Why! you cannot even express the idea of a 'fourth dimension' of matter, so that people who can experience only through 'three dimensional' matter can understand what you mean, yet many of these very persons who can't understand you will talk of 'a spiritual world,' of 'pure spirit,' 'pure reason,' 'absolute unity,' and so forth."

"You think then that we cannot understand save through the medium of matter; you do not think we can learn silently of the one Life in all?"

"I do not know of any means of learning save through the one Life in all; and I think if we were more silent we should learn more quickly; but I think also that we learn through the working of this one Life in the one Form. It may be, I do not know, that we who learn have an enduring home, beyond all we can discover through, and concerning, the things seen and unseen."

**"One Life—yes! But how speak of one Form?"**

**"You grant one Life though you see many forces at work in Nature?"**

**"Yes."**

**"Why not—on the same principle—admit but one Form."**

**"I believe I see what you mean; but do you know your theory bids fair to drive you to some conclusions liable to shock, startle, and distress?"**

**"It does, but I only said it to you. When persons, like yourself, are tired of life, have exhausted the possibilities of manifested Nature, and are beyond learning anything by merely sensuous perception, they ought not to be startled, distressed, or, for that matter, shocked by anything. They ought to have no prejudices or predilections for any given methods; they should only view the suitability of the means to the end, and the desirability of bringing that end about."**

**"It brings in appalling possibilities."**

**"Fortunately Nature is not so easily appalled as those who have transcended her 'purely sensuous' effects; if so, we should have cataclysms when they were not needed. Let me entreat you to turn your attention for awhile from the problem of good and evil, which there is little probability of your solving until you know the difference between the two at all times, and in all places, and till you also know their origin and uses. Look at this little pond; it is the best place to see dragon-flies which I know, except the Black Pond in the Claremont woods in Surrey, which is better. Please look! See the little mosses on the verge, and the tiny water-weeds like emeralds; see the moor-fowl and the rushes; think of all the little worlds within worlds below the surface of the water and in the air above; think of the patient powers that balance and guide the whole. And 'you do not want earth, or heaven, or hell, but pure knowledge!' Don't scamp your work; as an honest scholar learn to do things thoroughly."**

**The youth laughed. "I did not need to stay at Brent for a sermon."**

**"A sermon! The Powers forbid! Have I indeed preached a sermon? Gods of the wood, forgive me!"**

"Nature preaches, doesn't she? Sermons in stones—and so forth."

"You have to extract your sermons by your own power of dealing with the stones, they don't swirl down on you unasked. There is a little purple cloud scudding across the sky. There will be a shower, and afterwards we shall watch the raindrops hanging on the pine-needles."

MICHAEL WOOD.

## "THE XIPÉHUZ"

[AMONG the writings of the now well-known French author, J. N. de Rosny, there was published, some years ago, a small booklet,\* which passed unnoticed as the product of this gifted novelist's peculiar imagination. On second reading, however, it seems to contain more interesting information and more accurate knowledge than intuitional writers of fiction generally give. If we may venture our own speculation as to the nature of the "beings" which he describes under the name of the Xipéhuz, it would seem that we have to do with creatures of an astral, or at any rate etheric, nature, whom the psychically-gifted early race dwelling on the future site of ancient Babylon, may have been able to see, but not to understand. The colour-language, the shape, the rapid changes of form, the vulnerability by sharp weapons only; the small central star, centre of the higher life-currents—all seem to point to the super-physical nature of the Xipéhuz. M. de Rosny's speculation is so curious that we have thought the readers of THE REVIEW would be interested in a rough *résumé* of his story.]

It was many years before the dawn of the attempts at civilisation from which, much, much later on, arose Babylon, Ecbatana and Nineveh.

A tribe of nomads were camped within the sight of a great

\* *Les Xipéhuz*, "Société du Mercure de France" (Paris; 1896).

forest called Khzur, in those antique realms which still teem with mysteries. They heard that a natural well was hidden in the freshness of its green aisles, and so they arose to go to it. But soon they halted, for a wonderful sight met them on the borders of the forest. This was a great circle of bluish conical forms, transparent, each of a grown man's size. On their surfaces were a few clear lines, a few dark convolutions. At the base they all had a star. Other forms stood farther off, cylindrical, of a bronze colour, starred with green, all with the mysterious star at the base.

The nomads halted; a strange awe made them unable to stir. Then suddenly there was a noise like the hissing of water poured on fire. The stars trembled; the Forms began to move towards them.

The first who were touched by the Forms fell down as dead. The shock paralysed like lightning, it brought death or a simple swoon. The Forms glided between the trunks of the darkening forest, striking with intelligent choice, with deliberation. The women and children were spared; the men, seized with unspeakable horror, fled and fled. At some distance, however, they perceived that the pursuit had ceased. It was as if a mysterious line had been drawn which the beings could not pass. They were still visible, faintly glimmering under the trees.

Children and wives came running back to them; then one of them took heart and lit a fire and sounded his horn to guide the last stragglers home.

With the first light of day the chief of the tribe went forth to see the peril again. Alone he passed the limit which had stopped the Forms. He saw them still under the forest trees, radiant in the morning sun. Their shapes swayed and changed from disc to spiral, from cone to cylinder. They shone like turquoise and copper and amethyst, and their stars were brighter than the rays of daylight. They saw the chief and stirred. And he, in spite of his courage, had to flee.

The struggle began between the mind of man and the unknown.

Larger and larger grew the area which the mysterious beings could enter in chase of man. At last, all attempts to destroy

them failing, man looked into the very face of destruction and awaited the end of his race.

But in the vast desert where later, much later, was to rise Ecbatana, there lived a chief whose name was Bakhun. He had settled down alone, passing his time in the cultivation of the soil, and in meditation on man, the stars and the reality of things. To him, renowned as he was for courage and self-control (some whispered, for magic) the priests and the people went for aid.

He meditated for two days and then went to live near this fatal forest, the Forest of Khzur. There he watched and the story of his watching was written on tablets of stone in antecuneiform characters in the "Book of Bakhun." Therein is written :

The hero said : These beings are the Xipéhuz. They are living ones. They display will and choice ; they associate and they act independently. Their mode of progress is a gliding, even as a ray glides, but they direct it as they will. They cannot ascend the trees, but they can kill the birds, drawing them down in some strange way. Birds and beasts they kill, burning them up entirely, without using them for food. They give death for death's sake, and to every animal indifferently.

Round a big animal they assemble in circles of ten to twenty, and they direct on it the rays of the star that burns within them. The action of that ray is not immediate, so that falling on a human hand it begins to burn on the skin only after a while.

What is marvellous about these beings is the instability of their forms, changing from cone to cylinder or disc in one day, and also the variety of their delicate and radiant colours, which seem to come as their passions play, and to give each of the beings an individual expression. Yet no observation of man enables him to be certain. He only sees that they love and hate, and wish and choose ; their wrath is terrible to behold. More than once the hero saw one of them launch his ray on another, so that under the shock the victim shrunk, fell, shrivelled up, and turned to stone. These corpses of the Xipéhuz look like yellow crystals with blue lines, irregular in form and of unknown substance.

At a distance the Xipéhuz cannot kill, and the wide, luminous



area surrounding them helps man and animals to perceive their abode or approach in time to take to flight. Thus are other creatures preserved from danger, and also by the strange law that the Forms cannot pass beyond a given distance from their habitat. This limit increases its area with the increase of the numbers of the Xipéhuz, and accordingly diminishes when that number decreases. It seems to be connected directly with the habitat prescribed to the race by mysterious circumstances, and no Xipéhuz can escape the law ruling the whole of his kin, which binds the life of individual and race among them closer than among men or animals.

Their numbers increase only by a kind of procreation—the strangest thing about these strangest of Earth's creatures. Four times a year, a little before the equinox or solstice, groups of three Xipéhuz assemble and unite till the three creatures form only one, extending like a long ellipse. The whole night they remain thus linked till full sunrise, when they separate, and high up into the morning air one sees new Forms ascending, vague, vaporous, enormous. Slowly these Forms condense, decrease, and after ten days turn into amber-coloured cones still much larger than the adult Xipéhuz. To bring them down to adult stature two and a half months are needed. After that time they become as others, and a few days after their "coming of age" the area of their invasion grows in proportion to the number of births.

Have they senses? They can see things at a great distance, and no absence of light or form deceives them, so as to make them take an animal or a plant one for the other. To kill a bird one Xipéhuz is sufficient; to burn up a large animal there assemble ten, fifteen, twenty, as the case requires. They see through obstacles, and select their victims. They destroy the warriors, the men, but the child, the woman, is safe in almost all encounters.

They also have the gift of language—its form, not its sound—but still they speak. When a Xipéhuz wishes to talk he directs his rays to another Xipéhuz, the latter stops attentive. The speaker traces rapidly, on the surface of the listener, luminous signs by a play of light. They remain visible a few seconds, then fade out. After a short pause the answer flashes back.

For hours and hours sometimes they stand conversing together through signs related to an order of things so out of all human experience that vainly did the wise Bakhun try to unravel the abstract, unknown thoughts they exchanged. Some on the contrary never spoke but sought solitudes; some loved to listen, lingering near the speakers, glowing columns of sapphire or cones of emerald. They seemed to cherish the sunshine, and enjoyed it, especially in its full vigour. And many a time an elder Xipéhuz would stand in the midst of quite young ones and teach them the glowing signs of the light-language, the children repeating every sign till each was perfect.

Yet was it necessary to find the means of destroying them, to extinguish on earth the light of life for that race, for that kingdom of which humanity has lost even the conception. The Xipéhuz, or mankind—one of the two had to go.

And Bakhun made attempt on attempt with his sling, but the enemy did not seem even to notice the stones that struck through their shining surfaces. One day the hero tried an arrow; the Xipéhuz fled. Then they began to chase him, turning so as to hide the star at their base from his arrows. It was a ray of light on the mystery; the star was the life-centre and only the sharp point of the arrow could penetrate there, deep into some unknown focus of life-energy.

One rosy evening the attack began. A hundred thousand men went forth against the Forms. The fire from the Xipéhuz' stars burned up thousands of warriors, but human ingenuity invented shelters of wood too fresh and too thick to be destroyed by sudden flashes of fire. Soon it was apparent that strong blows dealt under cover could bring the Xipéhuz to the ground and force them to show their stars. Then the man struck and the Form died. Yet Bakhun saw with wonder that such of the warriors as used weapons of brass to strike at the Xipéhuz fell dead themselves as if struck by lightning. Bakhun at once ordered his warriors to take long wooden spears with only a metallic point, thin and sharp, to plunge into the centre of the mysterious stars.

The fight went on and on, till at last, another sunset, crimson with the rubies of the sky, mingled with the earth-red mist,

the blood of men that ran from ears and nose and lips from the electric shocks given by the Forms—a sunset glowing with red rays in the sky and with blushes of anger and triumph on the faces of the warriors. The last group of the Xipéhuz was surrounded, thrown down by the rush of thousands, and slain, leaving only a heap of strange-looking small corpses strewn about like fragments of metal.

The army of men set on fire the forest of Khzur throughout the whole area which had been haunted by the now destroyed Forms, and earth knew no more of the Xipéhuz kingdom; its mystery receded with it into the inner spaces to the Source of all Life. And Bakhun sat under the pale moon of the desert and dreamed of the dead race of the beings that were forms of light and mind, beings of love even, for some were merciful to weak creatures, and many had their loved ones among their kin. And the hero mourned for them because of the law that makes the life of one form the price of the life of another. And those who called him chief he bade worship only the One Life and love only the rule of Wisdom.

A RUSSIAN.

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EACH soul must digest the heavenly manna for itself. For every sorrow the heart has turned from, we lose a consolation, for every fear we dare not confront, we forfeit some of our hardihood, and for every truth, I will add, that we fail to cherish, we forego a portion of our very souls.

HENRY McCORMAC.

WHILE theology and philosophy are often occupied with the vain task of bridging a chasm between the finite and the infinite, which they assume to be separated, the supreme facts in the life of man as a spirit spring from their unity.—HENRY JONES.

THROUGHOUT the world, God, who is above human laws and reverences them not, works with means which men would despise. What to Him are the virtues which we call morality and respectability? Nothing; but love, helpfulness, honesty, are precious as fine gold.—JOHN NETTLESHIP.

## THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 462)

### THE WAKING CONSCIOUSNESS

WE have already seen that the physical Consciousness is that which works in the materials of the physical body, and does not form part of what is called the normal waking Consciousness at this stage of evolution. This is part of the true "sub-conscious" in the human being, and purposive actions—actions directed by Consciousness—as they are constantly repeated tend to become habitual and then automatic, also sinking thus out of Consciousness into Sub-Consciousness. The Consciousness of the cell—shown in secretion, absorption, assimilation and similar activities, in the "memory of the cell," in the war waged by one species on another, etc.—belongs to a very early stage in evolution, that in which still exist such organisms as the amoeba. This forms a portion of the Sub-Consciousness, which never intrudes into human Consciousness, save in its effects. The activities of internal organs—parts of a body, specialised for particular activities within the body—were in many cases purposive at one time, but have now become automatic, and are carried on without any reference to human Consciousness; these have sunk into the Sub-Consciousness, and may be recovered therefrom by persevering efforts of thought and will, as is evidenced by certain practices in Hâṭha Yoga. These again, do not in their normal healthy activities intrude into human Consciousness, save in their effects. Closely allied to these, but nearer to the borderland of Consciousness, are the automatic actions of particular organs, the activities of which are concerned with the relations of the entity to the external world; these were once directed by its Consciousness to the preservation of its physical body, and having now sunk by habitual practice and consequent automatism into the Sub-Con-

sciousness, remain there as instincts, and occasionally irrupt into Consciousness with imperious energy, overbearing the dictates of reason, save in those who have reached an advanced stage of self-control. Consciousness working on the astral plane in the past has formed these instincts, and they belong to the Sub-Consciousness of the astral plane, and some elements from the working of Consciousness in the past on the mental plane, and belonging thus to the Sub-Consciousness of the mental plane, also mingle in them. Human Sub-Consciousness, working on the physical plane, is thus composed of very varied elements, and it is necessary thus to analyse and to understand it, in order to distinguish its workings from those of the true human Super-Consciousness, which resembles the instincts in its sudden irruptions into Consciousness, but differs entirely from them in its nature and place in evolution, belonging to the future while they belong to the past. These two differ as atrophied rudimentary organs, recording the history of the past, differ from germinal rudimentary organs, indicating the progress of the future.

We have also seen that Consciousness, working on the astral plane, built up and is still building the nervous system for its instrument on the physical plane; but this also does not form part of what is called the normal waking Consciousness at this stage of evolution. In the average man, Consciousness, working on the mental plane, is now building up and organising the astral body as its instrument in the future on the astral plane; but this again does not form part of the waking Consciousness. What then is the human waking Consciousness?

It is Consciousness working on the mental plane and on the astral, using mental and astral matter as its vehicle, seated in the physical brain as Self-Consciousness, and using that brain with its connected nervous system as its instrument for willing, knowing and acting on the physical plane. During waking Consciousness the brain is always active, always vibrating; its activity may be stimulated as a transmitting organ from outside through the senses, or it may be stimulated by the Consciousness from the inner planes, but it is ceaselessly active, responding to the without and the within. In the average man, the brain is the only part in which Consciousness has definitely become Self-

Consciousness, the only part in which he feels himself as "I," and asserts himself as a separate individual unit. In all the rest of him Consciousness is still vaguely groping about, answering to external impacts but not yet defining them, conscious as to changes in its own condition but not yet conscious of "myself" and "others." In the more advanced members of the human family, Consciousness, working on the astral and mental planes, is very rich and active, but its attention is not yet turned outwards to the astral and mental worlds in which it is living, and its activities find their outer expression in Self-Consciousness on the physical plane, to which all the outer attention of Consciousness is turned, and into which is poured as much of the higher workings as it is capable of receiving. From time to time, powerful impacts on the astral or mental plane create so violent a vibration in Consciousness, that a wave of thought or emotion surges outwards into the waking Consciousness and throws it into such furious motion that its normal activities are swept away, submerged, and the man is hurried into action which is not directed or controlled by Self-Consciousness. We shall consider this further when we come to the super-physical Consciousness.

In the earlier stages of human evolution, there is little activity in Consciousness on the inner planes except as stimulated from the outer; but as Self-Consciousness grows more vivid on the physical plane, it enriches with ever-increasing rapidity the content of Consciousness on the inner; Consciousness working upon its content, rapidly evolves, until its internal powers far outstrip the possibilities of their manifestation through the brain, and its latter becomes a limitation and a hindrance instead of a feeder and a stimulator. Then the pressure of Consciousness on its physical instrument becomes at times perilously great, causing a nervous tension which endangers the equilibrium of the brain, unable to adapt itself with sufficient rapidity to the powerful waves beating upon it. Hence the truth of the saying, "Great wits to madness near allied." Only the highly and delicately organised brain can enable the "great wits" to manifest themselves on the physical plane; but such a brain is the one most easily thrown off its balance by the strong waves of these same

"great wits," and this is "madness." Madness—the incapacity of the brain to respond regularly to vibrations—may indeed be due to lack or arrest of development, lack or arrest of brain organisation, and such madness is not allied to "great wits"; but it is a significant and pregnant fact that a brain in advance of normal evolution, developing new and delicately balanced combinations for the enriched expression of Consciousness on the physical plane, is the brain of all others that may be disabled by the throwing out of gear of some part of its mechanism not yet sufficiently established to resist a strain. To this again we must return in considering the super-physical Consciousness.

### THE SUPER-PHYSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS

Psychologists in the West have lately betaken themselves to the study of states of Consciousness other than the waking; these are variously designated as "abnormal," "sub-conscious," "inconscient," and often as "dream-consciousness"—because the dream is the most generally recognised and universal form of Other-Consciousness. At first there was a tendency to regard these states as the result of disordered brain conditions, and this view is still largely held; but the more advanced psychologists are out-growing this narrow idea, and are beginning to study such states as definite manifestations of Consciousness under conditions not yet understood, but not necessarily disorderly; some definitely recognise a "larger Consciousness," a part only of which can find expression in the brain as at present evolved. In the East this state of Other-Consciousness has for long ages been regarded as higher than the waking state, as that of the Consciousness set free from the narrow limits of the physical brain, and acting in a subtler and more plastic and congenial medium. Dream has been regarded as one phase of this super-physical activity, and as a touch with higher worlds, and means have been taken to arouse Self-Consciousness in the dream-world, to set Self-Consciousness free from the body at will, so that instead of the vague and confused answers to impacts from that world in undeveloped dream states, Self-Consciousness may be established therein with clear and definite vision. For this Self-Consciousness must be at first removed from the physical body and made

active on the astral plane, for until it knows itself out of the body it cannot separate out in the "dream" the extra-physical experiences from the chaotic fragments of physical experiences mixed up with them in the brain. As clear water poured into a muddy bucket becomes mixed up with the mud, so does an astral experience, poured down into a brain full of fragments of past physical happenings, become blurred, confused, incongruous.\* Eastern psychology hence sought after methods of separating the Self-Consciousness from its physical vehicle, and it is interesting to observe that these methods, wholly different as they are from those used in the West, and directed to the intensifying of Consciousness, reduce the body to the same state of quiescence as that induced by physical methods in the West, when the western psychologist betakes himself to the study of Other-Consciousness.

Trance is but the sleep-state, artificially or abnormally induced ; whether produced by mesmeric, hypnotic, medicinal, or other means, the result is the same, so far as the physical body is concerned. But the result on the other planes will depend entirely on the evolution of Consciousness on those planes, and a highly evolved Consciousness would not permit the use of hypnotic or medicinal means—unless, perhaps of an anæsthetic for an operation—though such a one might allow, under exceptional circumstances, the use of mesmerism in producing the trance-state. Trance may also be produced by action from the higher planes, as by intense concentration of thought, or by rapt contemplation of an object of devotion, inducing ecstasy. These are the means used from time immemorial by the Râja Yogîs of the East, and the ecstasy of the Saint in the West is produced by this rapt contemplation ; the trance is indistinguishable from that produced by the means above referred to in the Salpêtrière and elsewhere. The Hâṭha Yogîs also reach this same trance condition, but by means much resembling the last named—by staring at a black spot on a white ground, at the point of the nose, and other similar practices.

But when other than physical vision and physical tests are used, how great is the difference between the super-physical condi

\* The student will do well to read carefully Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's useful book on *Dreams*.



tions of Consciousness in the hypnotised subject and in the Yogî. H. P. Blavatsky has well described this difference: "In the trance state the Aura changes entirely, the seven prismatic colours being no longer discernible. In sleep also they are not all 'at home.' For those which belong to the spiritual elements in the man, *viz.*, yellow, Buddhi; indigo, Higher Manas; and the blue of the Auric Envelope will be either hardly discernible or altogether missing. The Spiritual Man is free during sleep, and though his physical memory may not become aware of it, lives, robed in his highest essence, in realms on other planes, in realms which are the land of reality, called dreams on our plane of illusion. A good clairvoyant, moreover, if he had an opportunity of seeing a Yogî in the trance state and a mesmerised subject side by side would learn an important lesson in Occultism. He would learn to know the difference between self-induced trance and a hypnotic state resulting from extraneous influence. In the Yogî, the 'principles' of the lower quaternary disappear entirely. Neither red, green, red-violet nor the auric blue of the body are to be seen; nothing but hardly perceptible vibrations of the golden-hued Prâṇa principle, and a violet flame streaked with gold rushing upwards from the head, in the region where the Third Eye rests, and culminating in a point. If the student remembers that the true violet, or the extreme end of the spectrum, is no compound colour of red and blue, but a homogeneous colour with vibrations seven times more rapid than those of the red, and that the golden hue is the essence of the three yellow lines from orange-red, to yellow-orange and yellow, he will understand the reason why; he [the Yogî] lives in his own Auric Body, now become the vehicle of Buddhi Manas. On the other hand, in a subject in an artificially produced hypnotic or mesmeric trance, an effect of unconscious when not of conscious Black Magic, unless produced by a high Adept, the whole set of the principles will be present, with the Higher Manas paralysed, Buddhi severed from it through that paralysis, and the red-violet Astral Body entirely subjected to the Lower Manas and Kâma Rûpa."\*

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

\* *The Secret Doctrine*, iii. 479, 480.

## JESUS AND MARY

POSTHUMOUS ROMANCE BY ALBERTO SORMANI

Restera nella mia povera parola  
Qualche cosa del mio pensiero ?

A. NEERA.

[THE memory of Alberto Sormani, whose conspicuous genius was torn from the world of art and the battle-ground of thought at the immature age of twenty-six years, is a still living grief to many. The new romance (but little known) that we now publish was a favourite with the author, and one of the most interesting documents of the artist and the thinker. It is impregnated with that mystical idealism which is characteristic of all his works. The epigraph, chosen by himself, sounds like a presentiment. Many of those who knew and loved him will find him living again in these pages.—ED. "Nuova Parola."]

AND it came to pass that at the tenth hour, when the sun was yet high in the heavens and the heat-rays descended in their strength, that Jesus went in unto his disciples and said unto them: "Peace be with you. Expect my coming; I will be with you at the evening hour." Then he departed.

Fatigue and a mortal heaviness weighed on him and his soul was sad even unto death. And he walked by the Street of Olives, mounting to the summit of the hill which bears that name. The ardent rays of the sun descended on his head, but he heeded them] not. At the farthest end the street was all shaded by the olive trees, the tamarind and the Indian fig, and standing in the midst of this refreshing shade was the tranquil abode of Martha and her sister Mary.\* He knocked at the door, and it was opened

\* *Note of the Author.*—The central figure of my story (which does not pretend to be historical) is the sainted Mary of Bethany, sister of Lazarus and Martha. I have made her identical (for artistic reasons) with the famous repentant sinner and with

by Martha, who bowed low before him. "Welcome are thy footsteps in my dwelling, O Master," she said. Then she prayed that he would enter and be seated in the best chamber.

At this moment Mary appeared before him. She was dark and pale, the most beautiful of the daughters of Judah. Though she had sinned deeply Jesus had granted unto her remission of her sins. Kneeling before him, she said unto him: "Lord Jesus, the blessing of this house wait upon thee!" Then, as was her custom, she sat at his feet waiting till it might please him to speak to her.

But Jesus spake no word. And the silence of peace dwelt on that house. From without came the loud murmur of the country, and within was shade and freshness. Gathered roses were there. In the freshness of the morning Mary had brought them from the valley of Cedron, for she loved the beauty of flowers.

And Martha now returned, carrying a refreshing drink of fruits, and with the hurry of domestic cares upon her, she said unto Jesus: "Will it please thee that my sister should aid me in the service?"

But he answered: "Martha, thou art busied of many things. Now, of all there is one thing needful, and she hath chosen the good part that shall not be taken away." And he remained alone with Mary.

Jesus was silent, and Mary, filled with the great and gracious words that once he had spoken unto her, bent on him her dark eyes full of faith and mystery, saying: "O Master, why art thou silent and why is thy soul sad?"

Jesus regarded her sweetly and gravely, but he spake not, and his gaze lost itself in the infinite as though it followed a vision it could not seize. There was none to understand him; no, not one. Among his disciples, even those most intimate and most dear, there was none who could comprehend his thought in their small and timid souls. His enemies gathered in threatening numbers, and his friends cowered in fear. How small was their

Mary Magdalene. In reading the Evangelists, these three women appear different while yet retaining something in common. But the legends and the religious traditions confuse the three, making them as one only. So, as an artist, I claim the right to lean rather on the legends than on the history.

faith in him and his kingdom that was to come! In their hard and material brains were thoughts of a world diverse from his, and there were no means of communication which could reach from his mind unto theirs.

Of what avail were his words, his discourses? If these were necessary, was it not a sign that they did not comprehend him? They could not *see* the truth; for them it could never come. After such heavenly, such tremendous hopes—after such struggles and so much love, love that had been so lavishly given, his heart failed him. All had been illusion. The crowd that had followed on his footsteps had caught no ray from the grandeur of his ideas, they had been simply fascinated for a moment by the novelty of his preaching, by the splendour of his wonders, it may have been even by his voice and his personality.

And the thought came to him: "Why should I still live for a people who understand me not? In such a world are not all things useless?" And to Mary he said: "I am tired and weary."

For all reply Mary regarded him stupefied, dismayed. He spoke again. "Mary"—he loved the sweet name of Mary—"Mary, marvel not that your teacher is tired," he spoke softly with his sweet and deep voice. "It is three years that I have wandered teaching in Judea and in Galilee, and all for nothing, for they cannot understand. Their minds are too small and the kingdom of God is too great. They see only with the eyes of flesh, and I with the eyes of the spirit. I offer them spiritual riches, and they demand of me only those that are material. They see not, they understand not, they will never understand." And, in mystic figurative language, he added: "Fools are they."

Then he continued: "Yesterday I spoke at great length to the disciples concerning the riches and gifts of the world. They disputed among themselves and asked of me which of them I would make greatest in my kingdom, and in such disputing they befouled and accused each other. When I told them that of such greatness I had gone to give, they became sad and began to think I was deceiving them. They tremble, they are timid and afraid of the enemy. For enemies gather about me and persuade them that I am deceiving them, and my teachings lead

them to error. What rests for me to do? Why should I go on? Is it not useless—all? Tell me your thought, Mary."

Never before had Mary heard such words from the lips of Jesus. For the first time she heard misery and desolation in the adored voice. What strange thing had befallen him? How could he, the divine teacher, doubt of his own work? But together with these confusing thoughts, a mystic sweetness invaded all her being. Leaving his work in the world, the Master took refuge in her. If all others failed him she could comprehend. For want of merit in the others, hers shone the brighter. And he would be hers—all hers—words, voice itself, and that ineffable regard that, from the first moment she had seen him, had enveloped her whole being in celestial beauty, and had drawn her vanquished and redeemed unto his feet. Filled with these thoughts, she raised her eyes to the face of Jesus, saying timidly and sweetly: "It may be true that the world understands thee not, O Master, but there is one who looks for the coming of thy kingdom, and who worships thee for no greatness to herself."

Jesus gazed at her with a mournful smile, and a long silence rested upon them. He was thinking that truly Mary seemed the only one in all the world who could read his soul. If only the others had been more like her, how easy would it have been to spread the light, to bring God's reign on earth! Yet she alone of all the earth—was it not better thus?—she, she alone; to speak to her, to teach her, to raise her thoughts together with his own to Heaven. Not enough one soul, but two souls entirely united—could they not form the celestial kingdom? Why struggle, why painfully seek a far-off unattainable good, while the supreme sweetness, the supreme victory of life, was here close to him? Why go from her, perhaps abandon her, lose her for ever—never see her more? For what? To carry light to the blind, to teach the truth to those who would not see it, and could not understand. In that quiet house, at ease, was the peace from which he had always fled, urged by dreams, luminous and chimerical. Was it not a misleading dream that he had followed even until now?

The leafy trees showed themselves outside the windows,

spreading through the room a soft and shaded light that invited to intimate and quiet thought. The hum of thousands of insects filled the air, and seemed a quiet solemn hymn that travelled upwards to the creator. And his soul, that had long been shut, began to expand in the sweet confidence offered to him, and breathed itself forth in a long recital of the terrible contrasts of his apostolate, telling of the ignorance and lack of understanding that surrounded him on every side. To her he spoke with a gentleness that surpassed all other talk.

Mary knew this, and felt herself to be the favoured one, the dear disciple. The sweet names unuttered in his speech, she saw and heard in the softness of his voice and look. And she sat always at his feet, so tender, so humble, so happy, to be thus honoured of the Lord. And she replied to him, she understood him, was the faithful echo of his thoughts most secret and profound. She found the words that comforted the suffering and unquiet heart. In this comforting talk his soul found peace. His mind relaxed and softened like a sore wound over which an unguent is gently poured.

What mattered all the rest if Mary was there at his feet, if the dear, the beautiful, the loved one was not lost, if she listened and understood. His speech was for her, his teaching was for her, to her he gave all his thought, to her he spoke the highest truth that as yet he had given to none.

"Dost thou think," he said, "that the woman or the man should be nearer to God?"

"Why dost thou ask? Surely the man!"

Jesus paused, and then said: "Maybe thou hast reason."

For a time there reigned a silence. Then the gaze of Jesus became luminous as one who saw all that lay in the future. "Verily, Mary, I say unto thee, the day shall come when woman shall be great as man and seated at his side."

"Thinkest thou so, Lord?" she asked, in wonder.

"Yea, for I behold it."

And yet she wished to stay lowly and humble at his feet, for there she found it sweeter. And again there was silence.

"Knowest thou, Mary," asked Jesus of her, "what is this thing called love?"

Mary raised her head. "Of which love dost thou speak, Lord?"

"Of the love of men. Of this I have never spoken, because even this they do not understand. The earthly love is base and vile, yet is there a love saintly and holy. Verily, I say that man is not truly man without woman, nor is woman truly woman without man. But I speak of the soul. Without seeing, without touching, man and woman may unite to form a single soul. And nothing is greater or more powerful than this union would be. Man is the heat and woman is the light. Without heat and without light whence cometh the flame? Man's life is of the outward being; woman only can bring consolation. Man is the action, but woman is the word. That which he knows, 'tis she who should teach it him. In this way their union is a saintly love and brings them on the road to Heaven. See'st thou this, Mary?"

"O Master," she replied, with fervour, "thou speakest of things too high for my comprehension, but not for my heart; for that which thou speakest I have felt for all my life. Thou dost know it, O my Lord."

Jesus gazed upon her fixedly. She saw the look and trembled. She saw the thoughts, troubled, obscure, of menace and condemnation; she read it all in those eyes, usually so soft, and on that pure and noble forehead. "Mary," he said, at last, and his voice was suddenly altered: "Wherefore didst thou fall into sin?"

At this strange and dreadful question, that she so long had feared, but that till now had never come, she grew pale. For from that day supreme in which he had absolved her from all her sins, he had never questioned her upon this theme; it had seemed to her that from her sighs, her tears, he had comprehended all that she had to tell. And now he was accusing her; now he had no more pity for her. His gaze was fixed; perhaps he despised her, thought her beneath all other women. She stretched her arms convulsively towards him. "O Master, why dost thou ask me what thou dost know? Hast thou not seen into my heart and known the mysteries of my soul? O Lord Jesus, was it not thou who didst speak to me the sweet words of pardon? And now dost thou condemn?"

But Jesus spake no word. She waited thus a moment ; then, wringing her hands, she cried : " O Lord, why dost thou not understand me ? What should I say to thee ? I cannot speak it."

Desperately she rose, tortured in her inmost being, her eyes dry and burning in a misery without name. Then she sank helpless ; her hair fell round her, but her clasped hands were still stretched out towards Jesus. She tried again to speak, but her convulsed lips could utter no word.

Then Jesus, moved to compassion, said : " Peace be with thee, Mary ; I understand thee, for I know. Thou soughtest the ideal, and loved as they love not in this world. Thou soughtest but didst find it not ; and thou hast followed the way of the shadows in searching for the light. And now, I say unto thee, thou art greater for thy sins ; and many another woman is small by her very virtues."

The sweet, divine voice calmed her, and infused her with a great hope. When she heard from his lips the words that she could never have pronounced, when she heard herself for the second time not only pardoned but even exalted and glorified, a wave of passionate gratitude seized her, and, dragging herself to the feet of the Master, she kissed the hem of his robe.

But Jesus drew the robe away, saying : " What dost thou, Mary ? Verily, I say the time will come when not the woman but the man shall prostrate himself before the spirit of the woman, adoring even her robe."

In wonder Mary listened to these words so new and strange, gently withdrawing to her post of humility and subjection, weak, weary, yet full of sweet hope and comfort. And again the silence fell upon them.

The day was beginning to decline. The surrounding atmosphere became more peaceful and profound. In the house the shade and the freshness increased. A soft evening air entered, moving the shadowy curtains that descended from the roof.

And Jesus looked at Mary. She was beautiful as the dark-shaded flowers of the garden, or as the lilies that bloom at night on the banks of the Jordan under the rays of the moon. She was lovely as that moon herself when she lights the Mount of Olives with a languid beauty, fugitive and fleeting. In the soft



shade she seemed like the figures that weep over the tombs of the dead, and make the thought of death beloved. The wonderful hair, dark and shining, gave back strange reflections under the soft green light that suffused the chamber. From her pallid face her dark eyes, so full of mystery, were raised and ever sought the face of the Master with an expression of infinite faith. A spell fell on the divine soul of Jesus. He thought that here was the true, the dear, the only loved one on the earth. In her tender and profound soul lay the potency of truth sublime; of her who had fallen low by the way in her ardent search for the ideal, and had finally found repose in him who was the way and the life. No, he could not abandon her. Were not their two souls already united in the love of which he had but now spoken of to her? He was the spirit of the fire; she was the light and the word. Again he looked upon her, and the spell fell more sweetly than before, as he mused on the sad face, the pensive head, and the arms that fell abandoned at her sides. The roses near her were now dying in agony and a spasm of passion; the petals curved inwards, straining towards the centre, some were breaking and falling. She was like one of these flowers, a poor, pallid rose which lacked its vital nourishment. But to the mystic gaze of Jesus it seemed as though flowers bloomed in all the chamber. He scented the delicate and fugitive perfume, and from its power there crept on him a morbid tenderness. He thought of things strange to him. He imagined her there close to him on his heart, and on his lips he felt her warm and trembling breath. Feeling her within his arms, he touched the wondrous hair with his lips in ardour and transport. No, he could not leave her. At this thought his soul and body sank together in a weakness and a bliss that had no name. What was this weakness? Was it passion, or was it that terrible human love which he had so often condemned, and which for him should never exist? Then he thought with joy and ecstasy that this was not the base love of men, but the soul-union of love with the ideal, the love of Heaven—the souls of two united in one single body in the Spirit, the love of saints. He yielded to the sweetness of that thought and dwelt upon it.

She was there before him with an added tenderness, a more profound regard. He thought to kiss her and caress the shining

hair. He raised his hand towards her but in the action stopped—for he remembered his high mission of peace to the world and glory to God. Had he then abandoned *that*? Was not this a polluting breath that he should chase from his mind? Was this not commanded of his celestial Father whose Spirit rested on him? But to follow this divine command, must he abandon Mary? His soul was torn and lacerated at this thought of separation. Was she not for ever a part of himself? Were they not one? Without her he seemed spiritless and powerless. And the eternal tempter, the very Spirit of the Great Abyss, made to pass before him the vision of a divine mirage: "Love her, love her, as men love, thou who art man and prophet of God. She is beautiful and saintly among the daughters of men. Love her in obscurity and mystery. Her tears, her kisses, will be thy purification. From her heart thy force will come with greater strength, better tempered for the hard struggles that yet await thee in the world of men."

Filled with these thoughts, the imagination of Jesus showed him a life of delicious peace and tranquillity lived by the side of Mary. To leave this arid world—this world without soul—to live with her in peace, in communion of spirit and of heart! With what ardour would she follow him, what joy would suffuse that sad and pallid face! But he would put her to the proof.

"Mary!" She started and look at him, "I must go."

The sweet face paled, "Thou wilt go, O Master?"

"My mission calls to me, wouldst thou not that I follow that call?"

The large eyes opened and shone with an internal light. "How, Master, couldst thou doubt it?"

"And the road I follow takes me far from thee, and thou wilt be left behind."

"Lord Jesus!" she cried in anguish.

"I must go whither my destiny calls me. That destiny is bitter and uncertain, I know not whither it may lead. Maybe I shall never see thee more." Mary hid her face within her hands; she sobbed.

"Believest thou, Mary," he asked, "that I should follow this path? My ideals are failing. The light that has illumined them pales and dies out. What remains for me to do if the souls

of men follow me not ? I have spoken so long—with the voice and with example. I have shown wonders. What now remains for me to do ? ”

At these words her hands fell from her face, and she fixed her tearful yet burning eyes upon the face of Jesus. “ What is this ? The ideal can never fail. Is it thou, Master, who speakest these words ? What remains for thee to do ? O Jesus, thou art great as is thy ideal work. Thou must follow it even to sacrifice, even unto death.” Her eyes were fixed on his, a light began to shine in her.

Jesus regarded her in astonishment, not comprehending well what she would say. “ Mary, thou wouldst die for thy ideal ? ”

“ I would die ! ” she answered proudly, vibrating to her inmost soul.

“ Mary ! ”

Her large dark eyes were flashing. He was thinking, looking within himself, penetrated for the first time with the terrifying idea of death. He saw his own solitary agony, the cold sepulchre wherein they laid him. He trembled, and a cold sweat broke out on him. The spirit was indeed willing, but the flesh trembled, and rebelled. On one side death, the sepulchre, while here was Mary, the supreme bliss of sentient life.

In a muffled voice, as though speaking to himself, with veiled eyes fixed on the future, as though following an anguished dream, he spake : “ The shade of death is cold and dark, and beyond there is the void and forgetfulness.”

But Mary started to her feet, saying : “ Beyond death there is life ! ” She was transfigured, a holy light irradiated her countenance as though the Spirit of God had fallen on her.

For the first time in his life Jesus asked humbly : “ Knowest thou this, Mary ? ”

“ I know it.”

“ How ? ”

“ Is it thou who knowest it not ? Was it not thou, Lord, who hast taught me ? ”

“ I have.”

“ I do believe, yea, for I see it even now before me.” She seemed inspired and exalted with prophetic genius. Risen to

her feet, the light from the window enveloped her head as with a scintillating aureole, and to the astonished gaze of Jesus she seemed endowed with a new beauty such as mortal eyes had never seen.

"O Lord Jesus," she continued, still gazing ardently upon him and calling him by name, "How canst thou fear? Art thou not the chosen one of God, chosen to set forth His glory, and couldst thou fail in thy promises? Dost thou think that I love thee if thou follow not that road? The love that I have given is to thy soul in its high calling. Couldst thou fall from that? Couldst thou fail even in one iota in the greatness of thy calling, my love would fail thee too; for thou wouldst no longer be that which I have loved. O Jesus, thou art the fire, and I the light; 'tis thou thyself hast said it. I am the word from thee, and in my soul is thine reflected—that which now responds to thee and illuminates thine own. Go forth, die, if it must be so; that is thy triumph. Go forth in thy greatness; and be this our marriage for all eternity. Farewell, O Jesus! Farewell, thou Lord and Master!"

Jesus, his head bowed down, stood pensively listening to the words of fate. This was his inner voice, the voice of his conscience. Thus did his own soul speak to him from the mouth of Mary. He was confused and astonished at a mystery so great. Their union now was for evermore complete. Love could do no more. Now once more his mission completely possessed him. When she had thus spoken he raised his face. It was calm and serene. To be humbled before her was not humiliation, for she was his own soul.

And then there came to pass a thing grand and new in all the centuries that had passed. Jesus prostrated himself before Mary, and raising her mantle to his lips, he kissed it.

Mary cried aloud: "O Master, what is this?" And, recalled to the reality of things, seeing that Jesus had risen to his feet and was about to depart, exhausted from her long exaltation, in anguish she fell on her knees, and with suffocating sobs and arms extended, she cried: "Stay, stay; oh, go not, do not leave me!"

But he knew that the true words were those she had spoken

when her eyes were full of light, and not of tears. The words that came from her now, were those of a woman in pain. His true spouse was the other. Nevermore could come one single moment of feebleness or hesitation. He placed his hand on her beautiful dark hair, but its touch was no longer mortal. He spake no word. His lips trembled not, in his eyes were no tears.

Thus he departed, and Mary, sunk to the earth on that spot where had passed the feet of the Master, lay there weeping in a grief that had no name. Outside the sun was sinking in flames of light. The figure of Jesus in the Street of Olives, on the summit of the hill, was enveloped in those effulgent rays of blood and gold. The sun spoke of martyrdom and of glory. Yes, this remained to him according to the divine words of Mary—the sacrifice and the death. And he thought of the approaching time of agony, of anguish supreme, without her. But he also thought that at the last moment the dearest and most faithful would come to comfort him, and love him the more with a love that would be eternal. And then was formed the irrevocable resolution—to brave the storm, to face the tempest, to go where his enemies, even the most powerful—were gathered. All that he had done was not enough. Other prophets, other apostles, had done as much before him. Something more was necessary, something that should strike the small minds of men and raise them towards Heaven. The Father had accepted him; the Father willed it. He who had spoken to him by the mouth of Mary, and now spoke from that distant Heaven, so tremendous and so glorious, that Father had guided and inspired him—that great Lord of Spirit, that gracious celestial Father, whom for a moment he had forgotten, but who now returned to his heart and mind, infusing him with a desire of work that until then he had never felt. Something within him seemed to burst into flame, a flame before which even the sun paled, something that he had suffocated, something that he had dominated, and over which he now reigned as complete Lord and Master.

And now with what gratitude he thought of Mary. Strong now, master of himself, body and soul, he gazed at the sun and the heavens. And then passed before his mind a splendid vision of that which was to come. Beyond the ignominious

betrayal, beyond the agony, beyond the martyrdom, he saw the glory of his never-dying name, the triumph complete and universal of his divine thought. The Spirit of God had descended into the humble soul so fearful and inert. That soul was shaken to its depths and illuminated. He could have now gone into the whole world to carry the glad tidings, to announce the Evangel, in the name of Him who had sent him.

And the world was large. The sun was sinking behind Lebanon in a supreme and effulgent glory of purple and of gold, and he thought that behind that far Lebanon was the spreading sea—beyond it, a new earth, a whole new world, and oceans greater, still grander, further than his mind had ever reached. He saw his great Evangel preached among these peoples in the infinite future, to bring a new humanity and a new civilisation that would take his name; and this civilisation would diffuse itself in all the world, making of his dream a splendid reality, a world of peace and of love, of great and strong works, the spirit elevated above the flesh, liberty obtained by knowledge and by love, an endless progress from light to light, from splendour to splendour. And in this future world his spirit would re-live, in each human soul would rest a ray from his own soul as guide eternal to the good and the beautiful, and thus that soul would be propagated from glory to glory, for ever and for evermore. And all this would come from the one sacrifice: his own death. And thus, as Mary had so truly said, after that death would come the life eternal.

In the exaltation of these thoughts he descended along the quiet hillside in front of which the last rays from the west spent themselves in mystic colours, like a tender prayer. And when he was come into the house he called his disciples unto him and said: "Make all in readiness, for to-morrow we will depart for Jerusalem." The disciples regarded him in fear and astonishment. Each would have wished to show him the too grave perils of this so sudden resolution, but no one dared to speak, for gazing on the Master they beheld a light, such as even in that holy face they had never before seen.

*Translated from LA NUOVA PAROLA by*

A. McDouall.

## HOW TO PROCEED TO STAND STILL

### A TRAVESTY

Meeting assembled, 7.30 p.m.

PRESIDENT—in chair. VICE-PRESIDENT—somewhere.

HON. SECRETARY—hidden beneath books.

HON. TREASURER—adding up accounts.

PRESIDENT: "Now we are all assembled, we will begin as usual, with the reading. Mrs. B—— has charge of it this month. Is she here?"

A MEMBER: "She cannot come to-night, but asked me to take her place."

PRESIDENT: "Oh! that's a pity."

Loud laughter, in which the President does not join, not perceiving the subtle depth of his own speech.

Reading begins.

Seven minutes spent in making public an impossible story on "Love." Most of the members in a beatific realm of conjecture, brought to the observance of present proceedings by the abrupt termination of a droning voice.

PRESIDENT: "Now we will meditate five minutes on 'Love.'"

Members immediately assume strange and wrapt expressions. Some eyes seek refuge on the ceiling. Others modestly regard the floor matting. Others, again, close their fringed lids; whilst a few blush, feeling the appalling efforts of public concentration entirely beyond them, and something to be avoided.

Happy release dawns at last! The President guesses the time to a second.

We now proceed to read half a page of a scientific exposition of Theosophical attributes.

"To a full stop," cries the HON. SECRETARY.

Most of the time is now well occupied in gauging the particular "full stop," preceding and terminating that sentence which by calculation should be yours. Thus one is able to polish the pronunciation to a startlingly fine point.

Trial past.

PRESIDENT: "The way is now open for discussion."

Then the fun begins. I mean the intelligences begin to work. The "Ego" is the centre around which there rages a whirlwind of supposition.

A MEMBER: "I should like a lucid explanation, please, or the 'Ego.'"

ANOTHER MEMBER: "What do you mean by the term 'lucid' as applied to the 'Ego'?"

FIRST MEMBER: "It seems to me (the rights of this phrase should belong exclusively to our Lodge, from frequent usage)—it seems to me that—that the 'Ego' in its sublime machinations in the sphere of matter, subdivided by the experiences, in the first round, under the influence of astral potentialities, merges itself, as it were, so to speak, on its planetary explanatory voyage—merges, I say, into the sub-atomic etheric."

We never quite got clear on this point, as, unfortunately, one of the members, doubtless wishing to help, released his "Ego" for the time being, and proclaimed the fact, with intense vibratory energy, through which the frail human voice of the speaker melted into silence.

Personal feelings could not be smothered, and derisive laughter lured our straying member back to the fold of conjecture.

After a hot (because of the temperature of the room) discussion of forty minutes time was up.

The meeting adjourned with the comforting words from the HON. SECRETARY:

"We will go over this, again, next week, from the beginning."

A few of us were glad of the information, and decided upon the engagement we would formulate for that day week.

L. B.



## CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

**CHRISTMAS!**—to whom among us does not this word unfold a panorama, open a door to memories grave and gay?

Christmas!—to the petted darlings of our nurseries a fairy vision of toys, subservient elders, and other enchantments of the Kingdom of Misrule; to the children of the poor, the culmination of parish benevolence, more than they can eat once in twelve months, possibly the rapture of games and unknown toys.

To those among us who are young no longer, whom the passage of the years has made so "sadly wise," a time of heart-searching, of counting empty chairs, of aching longing for loved faces gone before; of redoubled effort that the children may be joyous while their elders mourn—a time peradventure of progress, since every tender thought for others must bear fruit, and to smile when you fain would weep is a very real sacrifice to the spirit of the day.

This and much else was in my mind as I knelt in the little village church and listened to the story of the Nativity. Taken alone the sweet old myth, hallowed by usage, might have fallen on uncritical ears; taken in conjunction with the Athanasian Creed, which was also read, the whole mystery seemed to leap into blinding light when the solemn injunction rang out later from the altar: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." True now, as then, this utterance of the Mosaic law might surely in the dark ages of the Church have preserved the sacred memory of the great Master of the West in its beautiful simplicity, and emphasised the teaching of the Ancient Wisdom that fell so graciously from His lips!

Far off in the Chaos preceding Creation, a threefold emanation from the one indivisible God, the Holy Trinity was given to the worlds it was to create, ensoul, and preserve—God the Father, the Creator; God the Son, the Wisdom, the Sustainer;

God the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Understanding, who first moved in Virgin Matter, causing it to pulsate with the primary instinct of awakening Life. Behind this three-fold manifestation of the Godhead, so well grasped in part of the Athanasian Creed, dwells the Eternal One, to be described by no sign or symbol, He who endures, merging eventually the glorious Trinity in His own effulgence, so that in some dim future, well nigh impossible for us to understand, God may be All in All.

How far removed is this eternal truth from the glib irreverence of the Western Churches, which does not hesitate to incorporate the Second Person of the Trinity, the pervading creative Wisdom, with the life of a human teacher ; and, not content with seeing the spirit of that Mighty One incarnated in the Master Jesus' words and actions, ignorantly handles mysteries it cannot understand. God the Son, the revealed Wisdom, the Shaper of immature man through the weary evolution of mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, the gentle yet irresistible Power that guided him to the fruition of his manhood, and made known to him the certainty of immortality ! Surely when we grasp these facts we need no such reminder. It becomes impossible to take the name of such a God in vain.

And that beauteous life we celebrate to-day throughout the length and breadth of Christendom needs no falsehood to render it fairer in the eyes of those to whom it has revealed the Father and the Godhead dormant in themselves. On our knees we bless and worship the Master, who, giving up the Heaven He had won, suffered that we might learn it is enough for the servant to be as his Lord, died that we might live for the help of all who do not yet understand that self-sacrifice alone will bring the happiness they strive for.

Let that be our Christmas lesson. Love ; the love that does not fear to know, to sift facts from fiction, the spirit from the legend ; the one thing that endures when all around us fails, that is content to wait and trust, the love to which nothing is impossible, no Heaven too high to climb, no Hell too deep to sound ; the love that goes forth and works for the Master, weaving into the daily life the message of His Christmas bells.

*December 25th, 1902.*

ALICE C. AMES.

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

WHILE in England we have recently witnessed the unedifying spectacle of the "Ripon Episode" and the wild outcry of obscurantism against a candid statement of things as they are in intelligent clerical circles, in Germany the straightforward expression of the facts of the case has been encouraged by the presence of the Kaiser himself at a remarkable lecture of Professor Friedrich Delitzsch. The Berlin correspondent of *The Times* writes in the issue of January 14th as follows :

Delitzsch and  
Biblical Research

The Emperor appears to be taking a keen interest in what is known in England as the "higher" Biblical criticism. His Majesty recently gave public expression to views which he was formerly understood to regard with disfavour, and spoke of the necessity for "a further development of religion (*Weiterbildung der Religion*)."

The Emperor is well known to be on terms of personal friendship with Professor Harnack, the leading German exponent of the "higher criticism," but he appears to have been influenced in a still greater degree by the investigations and conclusions of Professor Friedrich Delitzsch, whose lecture, "Babel und Bibel," now published in pamphlet form, he recently caused to be redelivered by the author to a select audience in the New Palace at Potsdam.

Last night the Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, listened to a fresh lecture on the same subject which Professor Delitzsch delivered at the Singakademie to a large audience, which included the Imperial Chancellor and Countess von Bülow, the Prussian Minister of Public Worship and Education, and many of the leading members of the Protestant clergy. Professor Delitzsch, who illustrated his lecture by limelight views of Babylonian excavations and inscriptions, dwelt on the importance of Assyriology for the intelligent study of the Old and even of the New Testament. He went so far as to declare :—"There is no greater mistake of the human mind than the belief that the Bible is a personal revelation of God. The contents of the Bible really controvert this view. The Book of Job contains passages which verge on blasphemy. The Song of Solomon has lyrics which celebrate worldly delights. . . . Scientific theology long ago recognised and demonstrated that by constant reconstruction and adaptation of entirely heterogeneous literary elements the Bible has become the canon of Scripture

we now possess. The attempt to disintegrate these elements has met with some measure of success. Hand on heart—beyond the revelation of good which every man finds within himself we need no other."

Dealing with the origin of the ten commandments, Professor Delitzsch derived them from ancient customs and laws of households and communities regulating the relations of man with his fellows and with the Deity. "All these regulations were collected and were ascribed to Moses, and tradition made him the intellectual author of all that is contained in the Mosaic laws. Now we know that long before the time of Moses there existed in Babylon a well ordered State based on law and possessing legislation in which we find all the provisions which Moses enforces. Of prime importance was the protection of orphans, widows, and the weak. But who would dream of asserting that the laws of Babylon were of Divine origin? Just as the Babylonian laws are of human origin, so are those of Moses. It will be the work of future research to try to distinguish in the Mosaic law what is specifically Israelitish, what generically Semitic, and what purely Babylonian in origin."

Professor Delitzsch then traced the Babylonian origin of the conception of Jah-veh as a national deity, and attributed to this idea many of the evils of the exclusive and particularist monotheism of the Jews. He attacked the views of those who decline to admit any parallel between Babylonian and Hebrew civilisation, and maintained that in several points the Babylonians were in advance of the Hebrews, particularly in the position they accorded to woman. Among elements which were common to Assyrian and Biblical conceptions were the sacred character of the number three, the belief that the spittle was the element of life, and the idea of resurrection from the dead. A physician would have had a poor reputation among Orientals if he did not profess to raise the dead. With pointed reference to the New Testament, Professor Delitzsch spoke of the love of mystery and of the recital of fanciful stories which still characterised Orientals, and especially the Beduin. He attributed to this Oriental characteristic the discrepancies in the narratives of the New as well of the Old Testament, since many of these narratives had passed from mouth to mouth before they were ultimately committed to writing.

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POSSIBLY the following quotation from the number for October 15th of the *Journal of the Society of Chemical Industry*, p. 1250,

A New Chemical  
Experiment

may interest some of our readers. The rapid movements and collisions of the particles of gases in high vacua have long been recognised; but that the particles of a sufficiently sub-divided metal should show movements of translation and vibration, though to have been expected, is, we think, a fact not previously observed.

The author has studied colloidal solutions with the aid of a microscopic method, not yet described, worked out by H. Siedentopf and himself. First examining gold glasses, he found that a colourless glass, showing only a slight cloudiness, contained all its gold in grains of which the diameter was about a wave-length of light. In a glass somewhat more cloudy, but still almost colourless, the gold particles were about one-fifth the diameter of those previously mentioned. In other samples with red colour, the diameter of the gold particles was  $20\mu$ . ( $1\mu = 0.00001mm$ .) and in others of deep red and violet colour it was  $10\mu$ . But the colour is not a safe indication of the diameter of the gold particles. In liquids the existence of the suspended particles is similar to that in the glass, but in the former, whilst the larger particles remain simply in suspension, the smaller particles are in active motion, of which the activity increases as the size diminishes. For instance, in the case of gold, the smallest particles partook of two motions, one of translation, by which they travelled through a space of from 100 to 1,000 times their own diameter in from  $\frac{1}{4}$ th to  $\frac{1}{8}$ th of a second, and one of vibration, of shorter period. Hence such a solution remains thoroughly mixed for weeks or, it may be, even for years. In other colloidal solutions there may be a similar variation in the size of the particles. ("Solutions; Colloidal," by R. Zsigmondy; *Zeits. f. Elektrochem.*, 1902, 8 [36], 684-687.)

[S.]

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OUR readers are doubtless interested in what from time to time has appeared in our pages on the intractable fanaticism of the "Spirit Fighters," or Dukhobors, who have lately presented the world with an instructive subject for psychological study. It will therefore be of service to hear what they have to say for themselves. The St. Petersburg correspondent of *The Times* of November 14th gives the text of a petition which the leaders of the sect have addressed to the Sultan of Turkey and probably to other sovereigns. It runs as follows :

The Demands of  
the Dukhobors

Your Majesty, before appealing to your kindness, we must tell you in a few words about ourselves. We emigrated from Russia to Canada to the number of 7,000 in the years 1898-99. We had heard of Canada as a land of religious freedom, but that appears to have been a misunderstanding. Freedom of conscience does prevail in Canada, but not the freedom of conscience we desired. We believe that God rules our lives and leads us to eternity by His own holy ways. We obey only the commands of the Lord in our hearts, and can obey no other commands or laws. We cannot submit ourselves to the laws or regulations of any State, or be the subjects of

any other ruler except God. Our expectation that we should be allowed to live according to our belief in Canada has not been fulfilled. It is true that we are exempted from military service because we cannot bear arms or kill living beings, but they demand that we should become the subjects of Great Britain and not of the Lord. They refuse to give us any land unless we promise to obey all the laws of Canada. We declare before God that this is impossible, and that we would sooner bear any oppression than be false to Him. We only beg that compassion should be shown to us, and especially to our children, and that we should not be needlessly ill-treated, for we are in the Lord's power and will be true to Him unto the end.

Now we turn to your Majesty and beg you to show grace to us and to our families, not only as a Monarch, but also as a fellow-being. As pilgrims of God in this world we beg you to give us hospitality and shelter in your wide dominions. We beg for some tiny corner in your land where we can live by the labour of our hands and follow the law of God, where we shall not be compelled to obey laws made by man, and where it will not be demanded of us to be the subjects of any Monarch except the Lord. We venture to add that we eat neither meat nor milk foods, but only vegetables and fruits. As we give freedom to every living being we cannot bring ourselves to use force either towards men or even towards animals. We keep no domestic animals, but do all our work with our own hands. We therefore beg your Majesty to give us a parcel of land such as we can cultivate without employing beasts of burden and such as we can use for vegetable and fruit gardens in order to maintain ourselves. We pray God to move your heart to have compassion upon us, and we declare before Him that our petition is not dictated by selfish motives, but solely by the wish to be true to the Lord.

\* \* \*

*The Jewish Chronicle* lately contained a paragraph which declared that Palestine was made uninhabitable to the children of Abraham by the precession of the equinoxes. But the Races and Stars earth is about to return to the favourable tilt of its axis and Palestine will again be fit for habitation, and this is excellent news for all Zionists.

The theory is fully explained in *Bible Records of the Earth's Changes*, by Joseph Lewin ("Manx Sun" Office, Douglas).

The reason of course is obvious to "pious" astrologers. The tilting alone would not affect the happiness of the most sensitive race on earth, but it brings certain stars above the horizon or condemns them for many thousands of years to be below it. Thus the fate of the Arab race is bound up with Soheil, the talismanic star, which has also been grievously

affected by the change of the position of the poles. The Arab lives only where its light is shed. Soheil shines upon Damascus, Irak, India and Africa, and many centuries ago it shone upon southern Spain. Some say it was visible in Upper Aragon, but very low on the horizon and ever retreating imperceptibly southwards. Then the Christians gained victory after victory, and at last in Spain no Moor was left. But let them take heart of grace, Soheil will come again to shine upon the olives, the canes, the cactus and the palm trees. The ruined aqueducts and mosques will be restored. The City of Pomegranates and the Alhambra will glitter anew with gems and gold, and poets, travellers and men of science will gather together again in Salamanca, Toledo and Seville !

[B. H.]

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

### MAN AS SEEN FROM WITHIN

**Man Visible and Invisible : Examples of Different Types of Men as seen by Means of Trained Clairvoyance.** By C. W. Leadbeater. (London : The Theosophical Publishing Society ; 1902. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

OUR colleague's eagerly awaited volume is before us, and is without question the most striking production which has ever been issued by the Theosophical Publishing Society. In it Mr. Leadbeater does his best to give the normal man who is limited to his five physical senses, some idea of the inner vestures of the soul as they appear to the subtle vision of the trained seer. The difficulties which confront any attempt to depict the nature of the subtle vehicles of the human spirit, which in their very hypothesis belong to grades of matter beyond the physical, are almost insurmountable. When, moreover, the seer tells us, and we can very well believe it must be so, that man invisible is no longer a thing of solid flesh, but a tenuous sphere of subtle matter in rapid vibration, which appears to subtle sight as a kaleidoscope of living colours, colours that even in the lowest subtle

stratum, the animal soul or vesture, beggar all possibility of reproduction by means of ordinary colouring, we can very easily understand how exceedingly difficult it has been found to give any adequate suggestion of the inner "auras" of the human mystery.

If even the grosser nature of the so-called "astral" man—a name chosen by the mediæval alchemists because of the starry light of the state of subtle matter in which that "man" moves and has his being—can only be dimly realised here, by the analogy of the passage of bright light through coloured glasses, how much more impossible is it to give any conception of higher vehicles, the fire-colours of which surpass the brilliancy of the sun in its noonday glory? The higher vehicles of man, as we may very well believe, rise from intensity to intensity of light, and innumerable as are the shades of colour even in this our grey world down here, these colours are but a meagre earnest of the possibilities of the light-worlds. So much for an intuition of the ideal; and now to return to the actual.

The chief feature of our colleague's book is the attempt to depict various types of "auras" by the best means as yet available in the way of colour-printing. We have thus a coloured frontispiece, three diagrams in colours, and twenty-two coloured illustrations. The illustration work has been excellently done by the Photochromogravure Company, to whom it has been entrusted, and we have seen nothing better of its kind anywhere. It must, however, be noticed that one of the coloured diagrams is spoilt by the huge lettering which has been chosen; the diagram is useful but artistically it is out of keeping with the rest of the work.

But the praise for these illustrations does not in the first place belong to the reproducers, excellent though their reproductions are. The praise belongs to Miss Gertrude Spink, who worked up the original rough sketches into the highly artistic illustrations which are before us. Mr. Leadbeater is to be congratulated on having found a so skilful and sympathetic helper. Indifferent illustrations would have severely handicapped the suggestiveness and utility of this most recent contribution to Theosophical literature; Miss Spink's artistic taste has turned this somewhat hazardous undertaking into a success.

As for the letterpress, it must be said that Mr. Leadbeater has done his best to set forth the very difficult subject with which he has to deal, simply and clearly. As a frontispiece we have an illustrated table of the different colours and their main shades, with the meanings which are assigned to them; we have also illustration of types of the



causal, mental, and astral vehicles of the savage, of the ordinary person, and of the adept, pictures of the auras of health and disease, and illustrations of such sudden emotions as a burst of mother love, devotion, anger, fear, and of the ordinary person in love, of the irritable man, of the miser, and of a man in deep depression, also pictures of the astral aura of the ordinary devotional and scientific types of men; besides these we have coloured diagrams of the planes of nature and of the "three outpourings," and also one to represent involution and evolution.

Mr. Leadbeater tells us that "the past, the present, and the future of man may be examined at first-hand by all who will take the trouble to qualify themselves for the study"; doubtless this seems to be a simple statement to our seeing colleague, but, on the other hand, we know a large number of people who have been trying very hard and who have seen nothing, and we also know of others of whom it is said that they could not by any possible means develop clairvoyance in this life. In this our colleague seems to be somewhat too optimistic about the blind, doubtless because he has met with more myopic folk than ourselves, and for these he specially writes. Being, however, blind ourselves we cannot criticise the seers; we can only be glad that they tell us what they see, and as far as "man invisible" is concerned it must be admitted that there is much in what our colleague says which seems reasonable even to those who walk in outer darkness and the shadow of death.

That this pioneer contribution to the infant science of things invisible is little more than the spelling out of a single word of the mystery as compared to the "glories that shall be revealed," no one will admit more readily than our colleague; but so far no one else has spelled this particular word of the mystery so distinctly for us, and as most of us will never catch the utterance at all unless it is articulated very clearly, we owe him our thanks and our best regard. May many another work come from his pen.

G. R. S. M.

#### ESOTERIC ISLÂMISM

Études Théosophiques : L'Islande et son Enseignement Ésotérique.  
Par un M. S. T. (Paris: Librairie de l'Art Indépendant ;  
1903. Prix 1fr. 50.)

THIS book is a painstaking attempt to give a general sketch of Islâm from a Theosophical standpoint. It begins with a sympathetic de-

scription of the life and environment of the great founder of the faith, who single-handed shook the apathy of the ancient world, and whose followers, now numbering two hundred millions, established their dominion from India and beyond to the Pyrenees, and from the Caucasus to the cataracts of the Nile, and further south still. So far it is a useful work for the Theosophical student, giving many valuable references, but when it comes to the esoteric teaching of the Prophet the case is altered.

Was the Prophet an initiated esotericist in communication with other initiates ; and if so, how much of the secret doctrine did he give out in public and how much did he carefully exclude from his Book ? These are questions of immense interest to all engaged in research into religious literature, but in the humble opinion of the present writer they are very far from being answered, or even properly studied so far.

We may hold it as a "pious belief" that the Prophet was certainly an initiate of no mean order, and that he probably taught a certain few of his most intimate companions the secret doctrine.

The point to be emphasised, however—supposing this to be true—is that it cannot be established by hurling isolated texts out of the Qurân like so many brick-bats at the heads of those who are not so pious as we are ; and then being much surprised because you have not brought down your man to the ground with his forehead in the dust.

The verses which are quoted by our author, and which he thinks settle the question for ever, do not surely *teach* reincarnation, though they might certainly suggest it to someone who knew it already. Take the first quotation from Sura V., verse 26 (from the author's French) : "How can ye be ungrateful towards God, ye who were dead and to whom He has given life again, towards God who will cause you to die and later will make you live again, and to whom you will return one day ? "

Our M. S. T. does not say what version he used, but it differs from Palmer's ("Sacred Books of the East"), and from Wherry's ("Trübner's Oriental Series").

In Wherry the verse is 28, and runs thus : "How is it that ye believe not in God ? Since ye were dead and He gave you life, He will hereafter cause you to die and will again restore you to life, *then* shall ye return unto Him."

This might mean simply that the soul had no life before God

gave it this present one, then He will cause it to die and raise it up again on the Day of Resurrection, *then* it returns to Him. The "one day" of the French gives a different impression. But the "Day," or the "Hour," was a central doctrine of the Prophet. Besides, he taught the resurrection of the *body*. He said once: "God takes to Himself the sleepers and the dead, He sends back the sleepers but He *keeps* the dead."

Many other texts might be quoted quite incompatible with the theory of reincarnation. As a matter of fact there is limitless scope for conjecture in this field. Hear the Prophet himself: "We have covered their hearts with more than one envelope that they may not comprehend the Book."

One cannot help thinking that he knew perfectly well what a bone of contention his "Book" would be; a revelation perhaps to the few, but to the many a stumbling-block—"the letter which killeth," or greatly confuses; that he knew how seventy-two jarring sects would arise and argue over every letter, every vowel-point, each of them discovering a cryptogram of their own, and reading into it most successfully their own pet theory, thus "out-Galluping" Mrs. Gallup a thousand years before her day!

Now it is a curious fact that the Traditions are conspicuously rich in the subject of a future life, or lives, whereas this is the subject in which the Qurân is conspicuously poor. Was this intentionally arranged by the Prophet or not? No one knows. The Traditions are an even sorer point in the learned world of Islâm than the Qurân. The study of them is a science by itself, and the work of a life-time even to the finest native scholar. Of these scholars there is at present a small set whose exclusiveness has no parallel, except perhaps in that of the highest class of Brâhmins. They admit only "the man who has fought his way in," who proves that his learning is equal to others.

However, to return to our author; he is correct as far as conscientious reading of English and French will take anyone. His chapters on "Fraternities" and the secret societies in Islâm well repay perusal, and this is a subject which deserves more research than it has yet had.

Arabic scholars are still too rare in Europe, and the few that exist are seldom unprejudiced in religion; and even when unprejudiced, they are seldom interested in the esoteric side. Esoteric Islâm is therefore at the present day almost an untrodden field.

A. L. B. H.

## THE SEX-ELEMENT IN RELIGION

The Real Origin of Religion. By Jabelon. (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.; 1902.)

THIS pamphlet of forty-eight pages deals with the sex-element in religion. The author is, however, a man of one idea, and though he clearly sees the limitations of such one-pointed theorists as the sun-mythologists or the vegetation-god-ists (the Covent-Garden-ites, to echo Mr. Andrew Lang), nevertheless he falls into the same exaggeration when asserting that "phallicism" is the "real origin" of religion.

That sex played and plays a most important part in the religious culture of mankind is true, that it is the "origin" of religion is as false as all the other discarded "origins." It is to be regretted that "Jabelon" has not been able to get his values correctly. We have had enough of the old-fashioned "phallicism" of Payne Knight, Godfrey Higgins, Inman and Forlong. We are no longer impressed when we are told that about 1,400 books and papers have been used in the preparation of "Jabelon's" essay, especially when we see the vague and confused way in which his bibliography (mostly simply authors' names) is set forth; and least of all by that weird word-play which for so many writers on this subject stands for philology. What we want now-a-days is a just appreciation of the evidence, and not a piling up of curious scraps of information. It is no good girding against the priests; it is no good regarding the ascetics as the foes of human kind; we are recognising that it takes all kinds of men and women to make a humanity. It is no good telling us that the spiritual ideals of men are begotten of a perversion of sex. Sex is one of the manifestations, if you will perhaps the most potent manifestation so far, of a great mystery lying back of the whole nature of man, but it is not the "origin," not the "cause" of religion. In tracing the kârmic progress of an individual soul, it is said that the two factors which affect the character most deeply are "love" and that other something which is sometimes called "occultism." But the love which thus modifies the character is not physical passion, but something that is far deeper. The animal is not much affected one way or the other, and to that side of man, the animal, we will confine "phallicism." "Jabelon," however, has some ideas on "the transformation of adolescence" as connected with savage "initiations," and those who find it necessary in their studies to dip into the mysteries connected with sex, will find some curious bits of out-of-the-

way information which may be of service, but the utter materialism of the writer is ludicrous.

G. R. S. M.

#### SPIRITUAL ALCHEMY

Truths of Life as gathered from certain Hermetic Authors. By the Rev. G. W. Allen. (London: Reprinted from *Light*; 1902. Price 6d.)

WE are exceedingly glad to see that the admirable paper read by Mr. Allen before the Christo-Theosophical Society nearly a year ago is procurable in a convenient form. It is a valuable contribution towards an understanding of the mystic and spiritual side of "Alchemy," that is to say a thoughtful exposition of the Christ-mystery within us. From this point of view Alchemy is nothing else but a mediæval form of the Gnosis; the analogies, nay the identities, between the leading ideas of the mediæval masters of the science and those of the earliest Trismegistic literature and of the great doctors of the Gnosis are striking.

That this is so may be seen by quotation from our author :

"Before time was, the principles, the bases, the germs of all that ever was to be manifested, existed in God, in the sense of a pure Potentiality, or a First Principle. Therefore as now, force and inertia, and other pairs of opposites such as attraction and repulsion, light and darkness, cold and heat, bitter and sweet, exist, so these existed from eternity in the divine nature; but not as they do now—separated, and one of the pair in excess of the other; but in a way incomprehensible to fallen faculty; united and blended in an inchoate state, a state which would have been to us, had we been there, potentiality, latency, non-manifestation.

"But when the Verbum Fiat, the Word of Power to create, to say, 'Let there Be,' went forth, these hidden principles were manifested; and objects, shapes, forms, colours, and natures arose, manifested in a heavenly and glorious manner, in a universe of Beings Angelic, where all was Order, Light, Joy, and Praise. In this creation everything was in Temperature; each extreme so blended that nothing was too dark or too light, too hot or too cold, too bitter or too sweet, too wet or too dry. There was no plant that had learned, like the nettle, to extract, from the same sunshine that gives the violet its sweetness, the venom sting that causes pain; none that, like the nightshade or the hemlock, drew from the same earth and rain that

the apple, the pear, and the plum turn into wholesomeness, the poison that tortures and kills. Life and death, poison and healing, were then, as now, everywhere; for only through opposites can manifested Being Be; but then they stood in true Temperature. The night-shade and the hemlock, that now draw only the poison and the death into themselves, then drew also a due proportion of the opposites of these; so that the poison enabled the life to manifest, and the life neutralised the poison, whereby they became good and wholesome because the principles stood in them in Temperature. No thought of ever separating these opposites had then arisen, no shadow of any desire to do so had as yet dawned upon manifested faculty. The True Unity ruled in all things, and resulted, as ever, in beauty and wholesomeness, as this very word 'wholesomeness' implies.

"But though the state of these Beings was one from which sorrow was far removed, and therefore ought to have been a state of joy, the joy was only half realised. It was like the state of the undeveloped photographic negative, on which the picture actually is, but is not visible; and the only developer that could 'develop' and make it visible was its opposite, sorrow. Manifested faculty can realise nothing but by the mediation of an opposite: it requires the presence of opposites for its Being; and the separation and reunion of opposites for its realised joy, which is the life of its Being.

"How it took place we know not, but we know that something like this must have taken place. To one of the glorious Beings of that world of perfect Temperature there occurred the thought that it might be a delight to see what would happen if the qualities, hitherto always united, were separated. If a command had been given not to separate them, this itself might have suggested the idea. As I have said, we know not how the thought of separating them arose, or how the act of separating them was accomplished; but we do know that by some agency other than the *direct* volition of God, they were separated, and remain separated for us in this world to this day."

In the first paragraph we have the "all-seed" of the universe as so magnificently set forth by Basilides; in the second we have the *plerōma*; and in the third and fourth paragraphs we have the *Sophia-mythus*. We cordially recommend the study of this instructive pamphlet to those of our readers who desire to learn how the Gnosis has not remained without its witnesses in spite of Nicene dogmatism.

G. R. S. M.

## A ROYCROFT ÉDITION DE LUXE

WE have received from the Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, N.Y., a copy of their *édition de luxe* of Charles Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. It is admirably printed on excellent paper and the binding is charming. Those who love beautiful books at a very moderate cost cannot do better than send to the Roycrofters for their catalogue; they are a community of workers who make beautiful books—their work being, so to say, the product of the three H.'s: Head, Heart and Hand.

## AN EIRENICON

**Toward Unity.** Grounds for Reconciliation between Theist and Agnostic, Unitarian and Trinitarian, Protestant and Catholic, Spiritualist and Materialist. By the Rev. J. Tyssul Davis, B.A. (London: Philip Green; 1903. Price 6d.)

THESE four papers are written so entirely from our own standpoint, and we agree with what is said so heartily, that the least we can do is to wish them every success. In brief, Mr. Tyssul Davis' *Toward Unity* is a distinct contribution to Theosophical literature, and will be found a most useful little book to give or to lend to all broad-minded folk who are tired of the controversies of the warring sects. It was written especially for Unitarians, but it will appeal to all thinking people, and cannot fail to do good. As the writer says in his closing words: "Let us argue less, and try to understand more. Let us dispute less, and love more. For the way is long and the night is dark, and companionship is sweet. The joy of brethren dwelling together in unity is proof against all adversity. In religion as in politics, fellowship is the law of life."

G. R. S. M.

## MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

*The Theosophist*, December. In "Old Diary Leaves" Colonel Olcott continues his tour with Mrs. Besant in 1894. He relates how they "met the leading Pandits of Benares for discussion," and how amusing the contrast was "between the appearance and views of Annie Besant, the champion, for so many years, of the uplifting and education of women, and the hard, stony conservatism of those fossilised Pandits." They were at Allahabad in time to see the great pilgrimage of more than two millions of people collected on the plain

between the Jumna and the Ganges. The Colonel, as a practical man, seems to have been chiefly impressed with what he describes as the "pious humbug" of the yogis (so called) and the "pretentious humbug" of the gorgeously dressed gurus and family priests of the Indian princes. For us, the moral of the affair lies in a speech of Countess Wachtmeister: "What a wonderful crowd! See, there is not one single drunken person, not one booth for the sale of liquor, not one fight! Every man's and woman's face wears the expression of innocent enjoyment, and one feels as though the common sentiment of religious devotion was animating them all. Where else in the world, in any nation or town, have you ever seen so orderly and self-respecting a crowd as this?" And then remember that this is, to the English, one of the "dark places of the earth." One would think that to recall one of our crowds in England, and compare it, would be enough to make a missionary blush! The remaining contents of the number are solid and serious. S. Stuart begins an interesting paper on "The Forces of Nature, Manifest and Occult"; M. A. C. Thirlwall concludes a study of Yoga from the *Yoga Vāsishṭha Brihat*; N. M. Desai speaks of "Siva, His Names, Symbols, and Emblems"; V. Gopala Aiyer replies to a previous criticism on his views as to the date of the Mahābhārata War; and G. Krishna Sastri begins a valuable study entitled: "Why should a Vedāntin join the T.S.?"

*Prasnottara*, November and December, is mainly occupied with business matters of the Section; but has a reply on getting rid of Māyā, very pious and good, but one which does not enter on the more important question of how we should *use* the Māyā in which we live, and *not* want to get out of it till the time is come; and also portions of two Upanishads, and of a lecture on Religion by Professor M. N. Chatterji.

*Central Hindu College Magazine* for December promises considerable improvements for the coming year. We receive with somewhat mixed feelings the announcement that two more English Theosophists, Mr. M. U. Moore and Mr. G. S. Arundale, have offered their services free as professors in the College. We congratulate the College heartily, and say no more. Govinda Das gives an interesting account of the methods of study pursued by the aspirants to the priesthood in Benares; W. Babu Ras shows "the Hindu Religion a gold mine," and the article on Bhakti and Jñānam is continued. All Theosophists will regret the failure of Dr. Richardson's health, and join in the hope that his journey to Australia will restore him.



*Theosophic Gleaner*, November, has by way of original matter a paper read to the Theosophical Society at Srinagar, Kashmir, on Zoroaster and a "Bijou Study of the Noble Eight-fold Path," by N. R. Varma. We are very glad to welcome a reference to the Buddhist faith in one of our Indian contemporaries.

*The Vâhan*, January, has two columns of an interesting account of the last hours of our much-regretted friend Mme. Meuleman. "The Enquirer" contains answers to questions as to the evidence of the existence of Masters, the evidential value of the clairvoyant visions as to the origin of the Gospels, the Vedântin view of instinct in animals, and the Theosophical theory of insanity; the answers to the last question, however, leaving very much to be desired.

*Lotus Lodge Journal*, January, has much interesting matter in its twenty-two type-written pages, including a further portion of Mr. Leadbeater's "The Gospel of Wisdom." We sincerely hope the desire of the editors, Miss E. M. Mallet and H. Whyte, to attain the dignity of real print will soon be fulfilled.

From the *Bulletin Théosophique* we take a few lines of Dr. Pascal's fervid defence of H. P. B. He says: "Amongst all the multitude of the enemies of Madame Blavatsky you will not find a single soul above the petty matters of the lower personality, not one above the crowd; whilst on her side are found all who have received the benefits of her teaching. And (amongst these) her most fervent defenders, her warmest admirers, her most devoted partisans, are found to be those who have had the best opportunities of judging and knowing her, who have lived for years beside her under the same roof and as one household, those whom she has led to the feet of the Great Brotherhood; and most of all those who have developed the powers which give the true discernment of spirits."

*Revue Théosophique*, December, gives translations from Mrs. Besant's "Thought-Power," Mr. Keightley's "Sânkhya Philosophy," Mr. Leadbeater's "What has Theosophy done for us?" and S. Stuart's "Sun-spots and their Influence," and an extract from Mme. de Genlis' "Memoirs," giving an account of her girlish acquaintance with the celebrated Count de St. Germain—on the whole, a very favourable one.

*Theosophia*, for December, is entirely devoted to the memory of the late Mme. Meuleman, with a life-like portrait. The number is to be re-printed, with additions, as a volume. It contains notices from some of our English friends, as well as her own country folk.

The Antwerp *Théosophie*, for January, gives a long extract from Mrs. Besant's *Autobiography*; and amongst its other contents is a paper on "The Problem of Suffering," by Mme. Aimée Blech.

*Teosofia*, December, naturally begins with a report of Mrs. Besant's Roman lecture: "Theosophy and the Religious"; and gives some interesting examples of early anticipations of the truth from old books and manuscripts.

*Sophia* confines itself almost entirely to translations from Mrs. Besant and others.

*Teosofisk Tidskrift*, November and December, contains amongst other interesting matter, papers on "Evolution and Individuality," by Richard Eriksen "Theosophy and Socialism," by Pekka Ervast, etc.

*Theosophy in Australasia*, for November, has for its *pièce de résistance* a study of "Vicarious Atonement," by Mr. Martyn; also "Union in the Christian Churches." As to this last we doubt if the attempts at union on which the writer congratulates his Christian contemporaries are indeed the favourable symptoms he thinks them; they are really junctions as of separate army corps—the better to fight all outside.

*New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, December, announces that henceforth it must be run on business principles, and raise its price to make it pay its expenses. Its literary contents are quite up to its usual high level, and it thoroughly deserves success.

We have also to acknowledge *Revista Teosofica*, the organ of our Havana Society, and the *Theosofisch Maandblad*, from our Semarang brethren; of other periodicals *Modern Astrology*; the wonderfully well got up and illustrated *La Nuova Parola*, of our friend Signor Arnolfo Cervesato, which in this number opens its third volume; *Scienza e Diletto*; *Metaphysical Magazine*; *Mind*; *Theosophischer Wegweiser*; *East and West*; *N.Y. Magazine of Mysteries*; *Logos Magazine*; *Star Lore*; *Review of Reviews*; *Principles of Absolute Philosophy*; *Un seul Champignon sur le Globe*; *A donde Vamos* (Santiago); *The Indian Review*; *The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *The Philistine*; *The Light of Reason*; *Little Journeys*; *Whistler*; and a set of small pamphlets from Rangoon, published by the Buddhasasana Samagama, containing a paper on Buddhism read by Allan Macgregor, now Bhikkhu Ananda Maitriya, before the Hope Lodge of the Theosophical Society at Colombo, and an essay by the same on Religious Education in Burma, from which it appears that our Scotch Bhikkhu is setting himself to a similar work to that

which our President-Founder did for Ceylon. There seems abundant necessity for the undertaking, and we must wish him every success.

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#### A PRE-CHRISTIAN SOURCE OF CHRISTIAN DOGMA

THE following extraordinary passage, which I do not remember to have seen quoted by any of the writers who have asserted what it proves, is taken from Epiphanius (*Haer.*, li. 22) :

How many other things in the past and present support and bear evidence to this proposition, I mean the birth of Christ ! Indeed, the leaders of the idol-cults filled with wiles to deceive the idol-worshippers who believe in them, in many places keep highest festival on this same night of Epiphany, so that they whose hopes are in error may not seek the truth. For instance, at Alexandria in the Koreion, as it is called, an immense temple—that is to say the Precinct of the Virgin ; after they have kept all-night vigil, with songs and music, chanting to their idol, when the vigil is over, at cock-crow they descend with lights into an underground crypt, and carry up a wooden image lying naked on a litter, with the seal of a cross made in gold on its forehead, and on either hand two other similar seals, and on both knees two others, all five seals being similarly made in gold ; and they carry round the image itself, circumambulating seven times the innermost temple, to the accompaniment of pipes, tabors and hymns, and with merry-making they carry it down again underground. And if they are asked the meaning of this mystery, they answer and say : To-day at this hour, the Maiden (Kore), that is the Virgin, gave birth to the æon.

In the city of Petra also—the metropolis of Arabia, which is called Edom in the Scriptures—in the idol-temple there, the same is done, and they sing the praises of the Virgin in the Arab tongue, calling her in Arabic Chaamou, that is Maiden (Kore), and Virgin, and him who is born from her Dusares, that is Alone-begotten (*monogenes*) of the Lord. This also takes place in the city of Elousa (? Eleusis) on the same night, just as at Petra and Alexandria.

G. R. S. M.

# THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IT is with regret that we have to record the passing away of a tireless worker for Theosophy in the person of our friend Miss Shaw (of Harrogate), who fell asleep at Amsterdam, where she was on a visit of work among our faithful colleagues in Holland, on June 7th. Louisa Shaw was—and of course is still—one of those who form the real backbone of the Theosophical movement. For her Theosophy was not a theory; she carried it out in every detail of her life, it was her one thought and aspiration, and formed the mainspring of her every action. Trained in all the spiritual discipline of the excellent Society of Friends, for many years she has devoted herself to our movement, labouring chiefly at Harrogate, where she was the Secretary of the branch, and in the North, where she was a familiar and welcome visitor to all the branches of the Federation. Passing away at the comparatively early age of 45, it is to be regretted that we have not more from her pen, so that greater numbers might share in the help she gave so ungrudgingly to so many by voice and example, be-

queathing to them a memory that will ever be held in deep respect and affectionate remembrance. Our friend may indeed be said to be happy in her death, for the circumstances of it which we record elsewhere, have evoked an expression of such deep sympathy and good feeling from all, and have especially knit together so closely our colleagues of Holland and the North, that our natural regret in the loss of her physical presence is more than compensated by the good she has bequeathed to us. No better memorial of her could be printed and no better indication of her character given, than the paper, "The Purpose of the Theosophical Society," which we present to our readers in this number, a paper which we received on the very eve of the day of her passing from the body, and which contains the last words she addressed by voice to her colleagues of Harrogate, and now by pen addresses to the Society at large.

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At the International Congress for Applied Chemistry recently held at Berlin, Sir William Crookes delivered a remarkable address entitled "Modern Views on Matter :

The Realisation of  
a Scientific Dream

The Realisation of a Dream." The immense importance of Sir William's researches for students of Theosophy can be very clearly seen from the exceedingly suggestive article contributed by our colleague, Mr. Dyne, to our present issue. It therefore requires no apology for our appending the short report of our great chemist's address as given by *The Times* of June 6th.

The lecturer said that for nearly a century men of science had been dreaming of atoms, molecules, and ultramundane particles, and had been speculating as to the origin of matter. They had now got so far as to admit the possibility of resolving the chemical elements into simpler forms of matter, or even of refining them away altogether into ethereal vibrations or electrical energy.

Sir William Crookes then gave a brief account of some investigations bearing on the constitution of matter and the possibility of dissociating the chemical elements. He remarked that a number of isolated hypotheses as to the existence of matter in an ultra-gaseous state, the existence of material particles smaller than atoms, the existence of electrical atoms or electrons, the constitution of Röntgen rays and their passage through opaque bodies, the emanations from Uranium, and the dissociation of the elements were now welded into one harmonious theory by the discovery of Radium. After

paying a high tribute to the labours of M. and Mme. Curie and M. Bémont, he proceeded to describe some of the characteristics of Radium. He said that the most striking property of Radium was its power to send forth torrents of emanations. A convenient method of observing these emanations was to fit a blende screen at the end of a brass tube with a speck of Radium salt in front about a millimètre off and to have a lens at the other end. The emanations could then be observed in the form of scintillations on the screen. In conclusion, Sir William Crookes remarked with regard to this and other experiments :

"Indulging in a 'scientific use of the imagination' and pushing the hypothesis of the electronic constitution of matter to what I consider its logical limit, we may be in fact witnessing a spontaneous dissociation of Radium—and we begin to doubt the permanent stability of matter. The chemical atom may be actually suffering a catabolic transformation, but at so low a rate that, supposing a million atoms fly off every second, it would take a century for its weight to diminish by one milligramme.

"It must never be forgotten that theories are only useful so long as they admit of the harmonious correlation of facts into a reasonable system. Directly a fact refuses to be pigeon-holed and will not be explained on theoretic grounds, the theory must go or it must be revised to admit the new fact. The nineteenth century saw the birth of new views of atoms, electricity, and ether. Our views to-day of the constitution of matter may appear satisfactory to us, but how will it be at the close of the twentieth century? Are we not incessantly learning the lesson that our researches have only a provisional value? A hundred years hence shall we acquiesce in the resolution of the material universe into a swarm of rushing electrons?

"This fatal quality of atomic dissociation appears to be universal, and operates whenever we brush a piece of glass with silk; it works in the sunshine and raindrops, and in the lightnings and flame; it prevails in the waterfall and the stormy sea. And although the whole range of human experience is all too short to afford a parallax whereby the date of the extinction of matter can be calculated, 'protyle,' the 'formless mist,' once again may reign supreme and the hour-hand of eternity will have completed one revolution."

\* \* \*

EPIPHANIUS in his encyclopædia of heresy tells us (*Hær.*, lii.) of a strange sect called "Adamians," who supposed themselves to be restoring primitive innocence by calling their community Paradise and worshipping in a state of nudity. As Hort says (*Dict. of Christ.*

Modern  
Adamites

*Biog.*, s.v.):

They met for divine service in hypocausts. They stripped at the door (where chamberlains were stationed to receive the clothes), entered and sat down naked, both sexes alike, and so continued while the readings and other

parts of the service proceeded. . . . The whole sect professed absolute continence; and excluded from communion any offender against the rule, alleging as a precedent Adam's expulsion from the Garden after eating the forbidden fruit.

These Adamites are interesting enough in themselves, and much might be said of them and their allied sects of early times, but no longer are they only a theme of curious scholarship, they now suddenly step from out of the obscurity of heresiological history and ancient legends and appear again in the twentieth century in full daylight. Under the heading "The Dukhobors on the Saskatchewan" *The Times* of June 6th prints a most instructive account of a fresh outbreak of fanaticism among these unconscious "reverts" to a primitive type of "Christianity." From this account the quotation of the following paragraphs will prove of special interest.

Most of those who had been persuaded to go on pilgrimage were collected at Tambofka, on the north of the river; and it was determined to cross by Lovell's Ferry to that place, which was reached before sunset. The headman reported that there were about sixty pilgrims in the village, and that at dawn a number of them, after divesting themselves of all clothing, had marched down the village street, and then held a religious service in one of the houses. No notion of immorality attaches to this proceeding, their idea merely being that they must conform in such services to the condition of our first parents before the Fall—for which reason, among other things, they are vegetarians.

A meeting was called at the school-house; and the pilgrims were told that their march must be stopped, and that they must return to their homes. Parapotkin was asked how many believed in the extreme new doctrine; and he engaged to find out. After the meeting, while the agent and his party were watching the people from the front of the house, an elderly man suddenly ran across the yard, absolutely nude, followed by a number of girls and men and women of all ages, in the same condition, forty or more in all. They stood for a few seconds huddled together, and then as quickly disappeared. The interpreter, being asked the meaning of this, explained that he had been requested to find out the number of these people. Orders were given that such things must cease, and the law was explained to them; but these Russians seemed merely to be filled with wonder, and were most indignant at any idea of impropriety.

Here, as in so much else of a like nature, the whole trouble is the materialisation of mystical dogmas, and the trying to get back whence we came by physical means. But how intensely

interesting it all is ! We are indeed on the threshold of strange phenomena in things religious in this twentieth century, and may it be that the Theosophical Movement may keep a cool head and sane heart in the midst of these "reincarnations" of ancient notions.

\* \* \*

IN his report on the census of the united provinces of Agra and Oudh, which was taken just before the creation of the new North-

West Frontier Province, Mr. Burn makes some highly instructive remarks which deserve reproduction (see *The Times* of June 2nd) :

From the Indian Census Report

The Mahomedan increases more rapidly than the Hindu population, the followers of the Prophet being better fed, more fertile, longer lived, more prosperous, and wholly irresponsive to proselytism. Christians have increased by seventy-five per cent., but there are still only fifteen native followers of our faith in every 10,000 of the population. The increase is among the converts made from the very lowest castes by the American Methodist Episcopal Church. The chapters on religion and caste are of considerable value. Mr. Burn finds "freedom from dogma to be one of the most striking characteristics of Hinduism as a whole," and the general result of his inquiries is that the great majority of Hindus have a firm belief in one supreme God, between whom and the innumerable godlings there is no conflict, the former being too exalted to be troubled about every-day affairs, which are the proper care of the latter and lesser class. It would be an entire mistake to conclude from the absence of regular religious congregational worship that the Hindu is irreligious, and "his code of morality is much the same as that of most civilised nations," beyond the customs of which his reverence for his parents extends. The doctrine of Karma "that a man shall reap as he has sown, is an appreciable element in the average morality." The majority of orthodox Hindus profess a religion which is pantheistic as followed by the more highly educated, tending to become polytheistic as held by the illiterate masses, in whose case the use of material images is held to be necessary for worship. Of the average Mahomedan Mr. Burn says his standard is much the same as that of the average Hindu or the average Christian, and the more enlightened "are directing their efforts towards a genuine deepening of religious life." The caste prohibition of the re-marriage of widows, which, of course, British Indian law sanctions in all cases, obtains in respect of only a quarter of the population, of which among Hindus and Mahomedans less than three per cent. can read and write. "Infant marriage is characteristic of high, and widow re-marriage of low, castes." Mr. Burn agrees with M. S  nart and Mr. Risley in holding that the development of caste to its present condition is due to the fact that the



so-called Aryan invaders came in contact with inferior races from which they recoiled, an attitude which has been adopted by the peoples into whose countries they penetrated. He attributes less importance to occupation and sectarian divisions of religion in the formation of new groups, and sees that education and facilities for travel are powerful solvents of the caste restrictions on food and drink.

\* \* \*

THE following delightful story requires no ponderous commentary or dull drawing of a moral; it has the virtue of explaining itself

and its wisdom *saut aux yeux*, as they say in a country which understands these things better than our sober selves. The story-teller is

"He's got more sense."

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome in his recent novel *Paul Kever* (London: Hutchinson & Co.; 1902).

One girl, a dear, wholesome creature named Janet, stayed with us for months, and might have stayed years, but for her addiction to strong language. The only and well-beloved child of the captain of the barge *Nancy Jane*, trading between Purfleet and Ponder's End, her conversation was at once my terror and delight.

"Janet!" my mother would exclaim in agony, her hands going up instinctively to guard her ears, "how can you use such words?"

"What words, mum?"

"The things you have just called the gas man."

"Him! Well, did you see what he did, mum? Walked straight into my clean kitchen, without even wiping his boots, the —," and before my mother could stop her, Janet had relieved her feelings by calling him it—or rather them—again, without any idea that she had done aught else than express in a fitting phraseology a natural human emotion.

We were good friends, Janet and I, and therefore it was that I personally undertook her reformation. It was not an occasion for mincing one's words. The stake at issue was, I felt, important. I told her bluntly that if she persisted in using such language she would inevitably go to hell.

"Then where's my father going?" demanded Janet.

"Does he use language?"

I gathered from Janet that no one who had enjoyed the privilege of hearing her father could ever again take interest in the feeble efforts of herself.

"I am afraid, Janet," I explained, "that if he doesn't give it up —"

"But it's the only way he can talk," interrupted Janet. "He don't mean anything by it."

I sighed, yet set my face against weakness. "You see, Janet, people who swear do go there."

But Janet would not believe.

"God send my dear, kind father to hell just because he can't talk like the gentlefolks? Don't you believe it of Him, Master Paul. He's got more sense."

I hope I pain no one by quoting Janet's simple wisdom. For that I should be sorry. I remember her words because so often, when sinking in sloughs of childish despond, they afforded me firm foothold. More often than I can tell, when compelled to listen to the sententious voice of immeasurable Folly glibly explaining the eternal mysteries, has it comforted me to whisper to myself, "I don't believe it of Him. He's got more sense."

\* \* \*

A MR. HOVENDEN, who has published two considerable volumes under the titles: *What is Heat and Electricity?* and *What is Life?*

A supposed  
Resolving and See-  
ing of the Molecule

has sent us a leaflet purporting to detail experiments in which the molecule of a gas or vapour is rendered visible and resolved. He begins by denouncing Scientists in general as "a body of place mongers," and then, as H. P. B. would have said, "bears on gradually." One great complaint is that he is called to order when he rises at meetings of the Physical Society to talk about "seeing gaseous molecules" and that his papers are not published by that body, though, while being a life-member, he is yet asked to subscribe to it during its financial troubles. However, while recognising that scientific orthodoxy resembles most other 'daxies we are less concerned with his personal grievances than with the experiments he describes, which he claims to be quite *new*, and to make it possible for anyone to see the molecules of matter with the naked eye. These we shall proceed to discuss.

Having heated alcohol or water in a flask, he illuminates the space above the liquid with a powerful beam of light, and he observes particles floating and swirling about in the flask, which he tells us are the molecules of the liquid rendered visible to the eye; and he goes on to remind us that the human breath from the mouth becomes visible in cold weather though invisible in hot. So far there seems nothing specially new—except his bare assertion that what is seen is the molecules of the liquid.

Next he shows us—a very old observation by the way—that when the image of a heated iron bar or the flame of a spirit lamp is thrown upon a screen, a flow of liquid is seen oozing out and

“anti-gravitating” from the heated body. Here again he claims that the molecules are rendered visible.

But he does not even deign to discuss the possibility that the explanation usually given of these perfectly familiar and well-known observations may be correct, *viz.*, that when air is heated by contact with a hot iron or lamp flame it expands and is relatively lighter, and consequently refracts light rays to a smaller extent than the surrounding cold air, and that hence the convection currents rising from the hot body produce, through these differences in refractive power, the observed appearance of an upward flow of liquid. He prefers to put forward what he regards as “the only possible explanation” of these experiments, *viz.*, that “the minute spheres (molecules) soak in this fluid, increase in dimensions (just like a soap bubble when it takes in hydrogen and rises), and suddenly dart off the liquid and become enlarged and *lighter* molecules, and thus the invisible molecule in the liquid becomes visible in the vaporous or gaseous condition.”

All this is unadulterated non-sense, and we can only suggest that Mr. Hovenden should take a course of physics before setting any more riddles to the “immoral” scientists whom he denounces.

[B. K.]

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THE sovereign good of man is a mind that subjects all things to itself, and is itself subject to nothing; such a man's pleasures are modest and reserved, and it may be a question whether he goes to heaven, or heaven comes to him; for a good man is influenced by God himself, and has a kind of divinity within him.—SENECA.

## IN GOD'S VINEYARD

ONE day in Time's Annals, one of God's fair daughters awoke from dreams with a desire "to know."

What she wished to know she could not have told you, but would probably have answered, had you questioned: "Oh! something more than I see."

Some people, who ought to have known better, would have told her "not to be curious." Another might have said: "Just believe." A third might have cautioned her, with the grand truth of "fools walk in, where angels fear to tread," and so on.

But had they done so, I think their words would have carried little or no weight with my heroine. She is deservedly called a heroine; because "heroes" and "heroines" are epithets applied to those who "stand out" from the ranks of ordinary people, folks who require something like an earthquake to awaken them from their lethargy of mind.

Now my heroine, whom we will call Kweeri, because of her inquiring mind, was awake. Being awake is a very different state from being half awake. Many people are the latter. You meet with them every day. They assume a semi-contented frame of mind. They will quietly sit whilst rich gems of knowledge are poured into their laps, which they shake off the moment the weight thereof is apparent, and so they resume the apathy of contentment.

What did you say, gentle reader? Oh! no; they never dream of showing gratitude to their benefactors. Indeed, these members of what we may term a half-awake tribe, have managed to exterminate from their system both gratitude and desire. Now although we hear of a very happy state in which "desire" is so controlled that one might deem it extinct, I venture to think that it is unwise to crush so eminent a virtue, too soon; for the plant that puts forth perfection of bloom ere maturity is reached never reaches that state, but is maimed.

Kweeri was full of intense desire. It almost burnt her up at times. She questioned within herself, and rightly, "if such desire exist within the creature, there must be satisfaction for that desire."

"When I was a child," she would argue, "I wanted very much, as I want now, to pass beyond the wall that bordered the garden. The dear old garden that was my world; I knew there was something beyond that wall, though it looked to join on to the sky, and I was right. Now I know that something exists beyond the wall of my sight, which I must, and will find out."

How? What an answering that little word of three letters requires—How!

Someone has said, and personally I feel much indebted to that someone, that the answer to every question lies at the side thereof. Like many other wonderful things it makes no noise; does not sound a blast from a trumpet, saying "I am here! Behold me!" It simply lies there, awaiting the picking up.

Kweeri was toying with a book as she pondered over the "how." Presently her gaze became riveted upon the pages of the book. She became almost vacant in expression as she remained transfixed in thought. The letters on the page seemed to turn into human beings, and grew accordingly, until letters, page and book entirely disappeared from view, and Kweeri found herself sitting on a grassy mound in a very beautiful open place in a country she could not recall, having no memory of being there before. Yet at the same time she felt quite "at home," as we say, and was cognisant of all surrounding her.

She remembered asking herself questions; the book she was reading seemed to answer; and now she knew herself to be on the track of finding out.

With a sigh of content, she realised the possibility of attainment touching desire! At last she had begun. That was something to be very proud of.

To have begun! Here another saying runs through my brain, "A thing begun is half done."

True, oh! true, wise philosopher, wheresoe'er thou roamest! I would go farther in my enthusiasm and say: "It is done,



when begun, for eternity." For the mind conceives before the body manipulates, and that which is conceived in the consciousness is immortal; whilst the handywork of man, be it never so perfect, will return to dust in the course of ages.

At last she had begun! Now, what to do?

She was not left long in doubt, for again, if I may be pardoned the interrupting of my own story, who that is seeking diligently, with a high purpose and a single eye, is ever left in doubt for more than a brief second, during which realisation takes form?

In new and strange surroundings the eye of the mind is not at once keenly alive to the vibrations around.

Kweeri was only conscious that the brightness of this new country was very refreshing, and that the mound on which she was seated was very soft and of a very vivid green. She could not recall seeing such green grass before. It positively emitted a light from itself. Gazing around, she became conscious now that the trees were likewise of this intense colour, and indeed, all the foliage was delightfully vivid. She again drew a deep breath, feeling as though she had drunk deep of some pure water, such water as that which refreshes the weary climber of some mountain heights, drawn from a mountain lake. She observed that the heat of the sun was nicely tempered by a cooling breeze; and for awhile she did not notice that she had not the monopoly of this fair country. But presently, her gaze still travelling, for the first time she noticed some one busily employed close by. On close inspection from her seat of vantage she saw it was a man.

How strange! What could he be doing?

He was standing by a sheet of water, which to Kweeri's amazement, she had until this moment been in ignorance of; the water stretched beyond where sight could follow. Was he fishing?

No, for he had no rod, or anything approaching a rod. He was, to a casual observer, merely touching the water with his fingers.

To find out! Off bounded Kweeri, feeling light as air itself, and did not stop until she found herself just where she wished to be.

"Please can you tell me what you are doing?"

The stranger thus accosted turned on her a beautiful visage, full of the patience of one who imposes upon himself a task, however wearisome, for the ultimate good of all.

"Certainly I can tell you."

"I mean will you?"

"Yes, indeed I will, if you really wish to know."

"Oh! I do, I do."

"Very well then; you see this tiny shell?"

"Yes."

"It is quite empty."

"Yes."

"Now watch."

The stranger filled it with water from the lake. (Yes, it was a lake, though so immense that to the eye it looked like a sea, and stood as an object lesson for us not to judge from appearances.) Having done this he calmly emptied the water upon the land.

Kweeri gazed in astonishment at what appeared to her such a perfectly useless waste of time and labour.

"But why are you doing this?" she asked. "No benefit can possibly accrue to lake or land from such an action."

"Sometimes," answered the stranger, "the greatest thought is hidden under a seemingly flippant exterior. Likewise a grand purpose may conceal itself from the casual onlooker. When I was on earth——"

"Why!" interrupted the still astonished Kweeri, "where are you now?"

It was now the stranger's turn to look astonished. For the space of a moment he desisted from his unique employment, and faced his earnest questioner.

"I am in God's Vineyard," he replied; "where did you think I was?"

Kweeri looked somewhat puzzled; a silence reigned between them. Then she said, with a decided ring of I-intend-to-get-to-the-bottom-of-this in her voice, "Am I not then on earth?"

"Oh yes, you are on earth; but a difference exists between 'being on earth,' as you think of it, and 'being on earth' as I made use of the remark.

"Here, in God's Vineyard, are the Thinkers, and true Toilers of the world. You see earth, or the sphere we will call the world, it being the world to us, is really a much more wonderfully complex organisation than man, in the garb of a casualist, would deem it. It has chambers so secret that no mechanic has yet discovered the key to unlock the door leading to them. Indeed, there is no door to unlock in the ordinary way of speaking of locks and doors. Man ought to just walk in. But he cannot as yet, for these chambers defy him, with the exception of a very few indeed. And until man shall take himself in hand, saying, 'I *will* know!' he hasn't begun to dream about the first necessary steps leading to them."

"Oh!" said Kweeri, joyfully, "I have taken those first steps, for that is just what I have said."

"Of course you have taken the first steps, else you would not be here."

"Tell me more of the Thinkers," she plaintively requested. The stranger complied.

"As I remarked a little while ago, some few beings think it worth their while to 'stand still,' and ask the silence to tell them its story; and if they are truly seeking to know, they never ask in vain. For such asking is prayer. Then these few eventually find themselves in God's Vineyard, providing they never turn back. It is very serious to turn back from either a good thought, action or desire, because for every *one* step taken backwards *two* will be required to be taken for each one ere he or she can regain the deserted position: and when you begin multiplication who shall limit the sum total! So above all things, let me advise you not to go back by so little as half a step. Many obstacles confront the beginner, but none that he cannot overcome. Besides, in God's Vineyard power can always be drawn down to help you."

"What do you mean?" asked the still puzzled Kweeri, "how can I draw down power?"

"By earnest desire, or prayer. You are here through that very process of 'drawing down power,' though you were not aware that you possessed this faculty. Now, however, that you see the result, you will know. And knowing brings more power



and more power brings more knowing, and so on, in this realm of eternal eternities."

"Oh!" cried Kweeri, now in an ecstasy of joy. "Oh! how glorious it all seems. I don't think I ever realised before what a splendid conception Life was."

"Realisation is one of God's early blessings. Some people, when they are given this blessing, think God has none other in His storehouse, and so they stand still, very thankful for what they have got."

"Is God disappointed then?"

"God cannot be disappointed because He knows all, and knowing all includes the 'disappointed.' He waits with infinite patience, and infinite love, until that promising soul is touched from within or without, by some power which energises it afresh. That soul then sees that the first blessing, though great, was but a crumb from the whole."

"You are a Thinker?" ventured Kweeri.

"I am. But I had a great fault, which I am now striving to overcome. When on earth I found myself often disappointed because the people I worked with gave no heed to my 'thinking.' My thoughts were valuable because I drew them from the Great Thinker. But I made the mistake of expecting the 'person' to receive some scant attention as well as the 'thoughts' of the 'person.' Now, my fault lay in not separating very definitely the 'thoughts' from the 'Thinker.' The Thinker should pour out his power in the shape of words or actions, and should then recognise his duty to be done; so lest I again should fall into this mistake I am here of my own free will, teaching myself a never-to-be-forgotten lesson."

Again Kweeri murmured "How?"

"You see I am employed in continually filling and emptying this minute shell. The drop of liquid which it holds represents my power; the shell, myself; now, although I have taken a considerable quantity of my power from this lake of power, the lake is no wise disturbed, nowhere is its quantity perceptibly diminished. Such was I to the world. Such shall I be again in a future incarnation plus the knowledge of this little truth, though 'every little helps the Whole, man must not mistake his little for the Whole.'"

In the flash of a second Kweeri saw thousands of such God-like workers all bent upon the self-inflicted task of fitting Self for the Self-less. Each and all bore the unmistakable seal of happiness.

As for my heroine, a mist seemed to have passed from her understanding. One day she, too, would be in this great Vineyard working out her special work. Some power now seemed drawing her away. She closed her eyes very tightly and held her breath, and so awoke, to find the book she had been reading lying on the floor and her own little body full of aching pains, doubtless brought on by the cramping position in which she had dreamed her dream of being in "God's Vineyard."

L. B.

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## THE RELATION OF THEOSOPHY TO THE CHURCHES

I HAVE to-night to give the concluding lecture of this series\* and to indicate what I consider to be the relation which Theosophy bears to the Christian Churches. We have had speaking to us representatives, and I think you will acknowledge able and typical representatives, of the Church of England, the Labour Church, the Methodist Churches, the Congregational Churches, the New Church, the Society of Friends, the Salvation Army, and the Unitarians, and they have enabled us to see how much better it is to look at a belief or a Church sympathetically from within rather than antagonistically from without. When this series of lectures was contemplated it was hoped that we should have had representatives from the Roman Catholic Church and the Presbyterian Church, but we were unable to arrange this as we wished, and therefore I must be specially careful in what I say to give their own account of themselves.

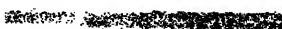
\* This series of lectures was delivered under the auspices of the Harrogate Branch of the Theosophical Society during February and March of the present year, under the title "Unity with Diversity in the Christian Churches."

I speak for myself and as representing the Theosophical Society in Harrogate when I say that we are very grateful to all those who have come among us and who have so earnestly, tolerantly and kindly expounded in our Hall their own beliefs.

To all alike we tender our hearty thanks, and we hope that those of us who heard the addresses and the larger number who read the excellent reports which appeared weekly in the press, may have caught a glimpse of the unity of the life working in the many and diverse forms of the Churches.

All these Churches are called and call themselves Christian, *i.e.*, they all acknowledge Jesus Christ as their Head, and look upon their own Church as His body or instrument for work upon earth. That work is twofold : individual and general ; it relates to each individual soul and to the general well-being ; its aim is to save from sin and to hasten the Kingdom of God ; its object the overcoming evil with good, darkness with light, error with truth. This was, is, and will be the work of the Churches.

Briefly and very imperfectly I propose to indicate what each Church has done and is doing for individual and general well-being. Beginning with the Roman Catholic Church. This Church keeps before us and emphasises the fact that Christ is still with us a Living Presence, a Sounding Voice ; by setting aside a special class distinct from all others, who could not absorb political power, who had no family cares to distract their minds, and who made private and public virtue their chief concern, the Catholic Church during the Dark Ages softened the harshness and tempered the violence of those harsh and turbulent times. She was the champion of the oppressed poor, of the serf, of the captive, of the defenceless, of the downtrodden. Her influence was most widely spread, overleaping the bounds of class and nation. For many centuries she was the ark in which was preserved much of the mental and spiritual life of the time. The beautiful cathedrals and abbeys which even in their decay adorn our country, as well as the continent of Europe, are a substantial and evident proof of the devotion and ability with which her adherents were inspired. Time would fail to tell of her good works, of her missionaries from Paulinus to Damien, of her Noble Army of Martyrs, of her Calendar of Saints, of lives refined,



sweetened and purified by her teachings and ministrations, and above all of her priests, who have laboured so often and so sedulously for what they believed to be the highest good of their fellows.

The truths which the Church of Rome affirms are the heinousness of sin, and the world-wide difference between truth and error; the incessant struggle going on between those two; man free to choose and God's Grace assisting him in the awful struggle.

The central Catholic truth is the birth, life, death and resurrection of Jesus, and the Living Presence of Christ in His Church which is symbolised and made real by the Sacrament of the Mass. The worship of the Virgin Mother has been an almost unmixed good, and has done more to check men's proneness to brutality than all the laws which only punished crime. This Church's prayers for the dead assure us that they are not removed from our love and our help, and her teachings as to Purgatory indicate that there is no sudden transition from human error, restlessness, and faultiness to the perfect peace and holiness of the heavenly life. Briefly, the great Catholic truths seem to be the Living Voice, the Sacraments, the Church visible and invisible, the Body of Christ. These are but different aspects of the same thing, the application of the work of Christ to the needs of all humanity. In Christ all men are one; His Church is the true Republic, where freedom is the law of duty, where all are sons of God, and whose brotherhood is the brotherhood of joyous service. Perhaps more than any other Catholic institution, the Sacrifice of the Mass is the most important and characteristic. It implies the need of prayer, the fitness of worship, the craving for Divine communion, and above all the personal realisation of the presence of God.

Next comes the Church of England with its Arminian liturgy and its Calvinistic articles, with its three fairly marked schools of High, Low, and Broad Church. According to Hooker's theory Church and State are not two societies but the nation under different aspects. Every Englishman is a potential Churchman. In idea the whole of humanity is the Church Universal, in fact those at present who are called out and live the higher life; in idea the Church of England consists of the

whole English people, in fact of baptised Englishmen and Englishwomen. To be a true man is to be a Churchman, and the promises of the baptismal service amount to an undertaking to be a true man, *viz.*, to give up the evil, to believe the true and to do the right. The Church of England is no aristocracy of the wise and good ; no common belief is insisted on from her members ; she is rather a sort of Noah's ark, and admits every unconscious child brought to her fonts simply because it is a human being. The Book of Common Prayer is its most characteristic feature, and carries us back to important epochs in our history. Henry VIII. gave us our Litany ; Edward VI. gave us our Communion Service, where the prayers for the King have special reference to his youthful promise and tender years ; Elizabeth is the sovereign mentioned in the Morning and Evening Services ; the family of James I. are the princes and princesses for whom the Prayer for the Royal Family was first drawn up. The High Court of Parliament for which we pray was the Long Parliament of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell. The Prayer for All Sorts and Conditions of Men and the General Thanksgiving were given to us by the divines of contrary schools in the reign of Charles II. The sovereign under the law of England is the only earthly head of this Church. Neither bishop nor archbishop can change its laws, nor prevent the change of its laws, in opposition to the declared will of the nation expressed in the supreme acts of the legislature or the supreme courts of law.

What shall I say of the Established Church of Scotland, the Presbyterian Church, which also flourishes in America, in N. Ireland, in the Netherlands, in France, in Germany, Hungary, Austria, Bohemia, Moravia, Poland, and Italy ? It is claimed to be the largest in numbers of the Protestant Churches, having four million communicants on its rolls and not less probably than twenty millions professing its faith and receiving its ordinances. It has a noble history. It is to Calvin that it owes its origin, and it bore the same relation to Protestantism generally that the Methodist movement did later to the Church of England. The distinction of Calvin lies in his comparative neglect of dogma. He seized the idea of reformation as a real renovation of human character. He conceived the Church of Christ as a Society of

Regenerated Men. The moral purification of humanity is the guiding idea of his system. The Communion of Saints is held together by a moral, not by a metaphysical bond. He discerned the crying need of his time to be social discipline, rather than intellectual correctness. He enforced the two cardinal laws of human society, *viz.*, self-control as the foundation of virtue, self-sacrifice as the condition of the common weal. His polity aimed to afford a positive education of the individual soul; to raise up the enfeebled will, to stir the individual conscience, to incite the soul to feel its obligations, to substitute free obedience for passive submission; this was the lofty aim of his legislation. It was self-government mutually enforced by equals on each other; and in my opinion Calvinism saved Europe. It is also to John Knox that Scotland owes its parochial system, with a house for every beneficed clergyman, and at the same time a school with a schoolmaster's residence and salary chargeable upon the land established in every parish. If until quite recently the Scotch were the best educated people in Europe, the most intelligent, the most frugal and the most religious, it is in great measure owing to the kirk and school-house in every parish.

As to the part played by the Methodist Churches, I can only emphasise what was so ably put by the Rev. J. Day Thompson in his course of lectures. Methodism is a life—a broad, practical, vital religion for every day, involving certain truths and implying certain doctrines; but these truths and doctrines must be realised and expressed in a pure, devoted, earnest, enthusiastic man-helping and God-serving life—life first and doctrine second, and always doctrine for doing. Joined with this broad practical religion is a most admirable organisation, equal if not superior to that of the Church of Rome for English-speaking peoples.

The Congregationalist Churches hold that Jesus is the Head of His Own Church, and within that Church should have supreme authority. His word should be their supreme law and there should be no appeal to the state, and no submission to the state in matters of religious belief or ceremonial observance.

The same position is held by the Baptists, with this addition, that the Baptist asserts, and acts upon the assertion, that no religious ordinance is of any worth to God or of any value to

man except as the individual has intelligence and spirituality to participate in the ordinance. Each congregation exercises perfect autonomy in the management of its own affairs, is independent of state pay or control, and is responsible only to Jesus Christ, its living Head. The influence of Independency upon the nation has been great and salutary. We owe to Independency a large share in our most necessary political reforms, and it has combined religion with liberty and liberty with religion.

The Society of Friends or the Quakers realised the authority and universality of the Inner Light, the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and emphasised the prompting of the Divine Spirit within the soul and its supremacy over both Church and Book. This principle was shown by them in silent worship, a free ministry, meditation and precise language. The application of their principles to small details such as punctuality, whispering, anonymous letter-writing, and the making of wills, may seem trivialities, but they are trivialities upon which much of our happiness depends. The effects of Quaker principles upon life seem to me to be an increased sense of personal responsibility, a profounder respect for each other's individuality, scrupulous veracity, great self-control, and much practical helpfulness. Enthusiasm and order, piety and punctuality, peace and progress, cleanliness, temperance, justice to women, the better education of the young, and the more humane treatment of criminals and insane, have been and are the effects of a partial following of that Inner Light.

The New Church emphasises the New Era of spiritual influence which has dawned upon the world, and the esoteric or symbolic meaning of the Scriptures according to the science of correspondences, which means that every outward object has a spiritual basis and is related to a spiritual condition. The key to this interpretation was supplied by Swedenborg.

The Labour Churches cannot be called specially Christian nor prominently religious. With them the order of importance is first economics, second ethics, and third religions; and they are too young at present to speak at all confidently of their further developments. Their two principles of trying to know the facts and loyalty to truth are principles which ought to unite them to

other investigators and other conscientious men, even where there is diversity of opinion.

The Salvation Army forms a strong contrast outwardly to the Quakers in its noisy methods and its love of military organisation, but both are eminently mystical and practical. The Salvation Army is conducting a Holy War against evil within and evil without. Its soldiers solemnly engage in their Articles of War to fight for God against the sinful pleasures, companionships, treasures and objects of the world ; to abstain from all intoxicating drinks or baneful drugs, to use no bad language and read no obscene books, not to speak or act falsely, deceitfully, or dishonestly, but to deal truly, fairly, honourably and kindly with all, whether employers or employed. They promise never to treat any woman or child in an oppressive, cruel, or cowardly manner, but to protect them to the utmost of their ability and promote their well-being. Besides this very comprehensive pledge the officers must be specially holy men, with a soldier's spirit, full of compassion for man, intelligent, determined to improve themselves in body, mind and soul, humble in prosperity, persevering in adversity, obedient, gracious, orderly, punctual, loyal and business-like. If you read over General Booth's *Orders and Regulations for Field Officers*, you will get an adequate idea of the aims and methods of the Salvation Army. Many of those aims have been accomplished ; sinners have been converted to saints, thieves, drunkards, and " ne'er-do-weels " to honest, sober, and industrious men. The Salvation Army has out of the roughest and most unpromising materials trained a company of officers and soldiers who are intelligent, enthusiastic, orderly, devoted, and obedient, and has grappled with human misery, incapacity, sin, and crime in a markedly successful way. The youngest of the Christian Churches, she is by far the most earnest, vigorous and disciplined. All success to her work and increased knowledge and wisdom to her workers.

Lastly the Unitarians, though they are not very numerous, are a by no means unimportant branch of the Christian Church. They stand for freedom, for veracity, for fellowship, for character, for personal, social, civic and national duty. Their great affirmations are the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and



each man's reason, conscience and heart as his ultimate authority in matters of religion—against that he is to submit to no authority of pope or priest or presbyter or General Council.

Now these Churches, the Roman, the Anglican, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Independent, the Baptist, the Swedenborgian, the Salvation Army, the Unitarian, and others we have not mentioned, are parts of a great whole, and that whole is the outward and visible Church of Christ. Each is a sharer of the wealth of the whole as well as a producer, a contributor and a recipient, contributing its own special view of truth, or example of devotion or organisation, and receiving as much of the common truths as it is able or willing to receive. This may be illustrated by any of the Church Hymn Books, for it is in their feelings of devotion, aspiration, praise, penitence, dedication, faith, hope and love that the Christian Churches draw closest together. For instance, if I take up the Primitive Methodist Hymnal, I find the authors of the hymns belong to almost all branches of the Christian Church. All branches of the Christian Church thus contribute to the public and private spiritual life of the devout Primitive Methodist, and the same is true, though in a lesser degree, of the other Hymnals.

In idea these Churches form the Body of Jesus Christ, that is, they are the vehicle through which and with which He works, and it is His Life which inspires and energises them. He has charge of them, He is their Master, Lord, Ruler and Guide as well as Comforter and Paraclete. Not that His Life and Spirit are limited to those who profess and call themselves Christians, nor is the Christian Church the only great Church in the world which in the past and in the present has illuminated and guided humanity. There are other great religions at present existing and there have been many which have passed away. As these religions appear to us, they seem a mixture of wisdom and folly, of light and darkness, of power and weakness, of good and evil. All alike, Egyptian, Hindu, Chinese, Chaldean, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, Jewish, Christian, Mohammedan, have been founded in Divine Wisdom and limited by human ignorance. This ideal Theosophy or Divine Wisdom is the source of all Religions, and I hold that there have existed, exist and will exist Beings who

have charge of our evolving humanity and who from time to time incarnate as Divine Teachers. Each religion therefore proclaims the same fundamental truths in a manner fitting the time and circumstances. Each has a great Teacher, a Divine Messenger, who has charge of and inspires His own special believers. Jesus guides, helps and stimulates Christendom ; Mohammed guides, helps, and watches over Islâm ; Gotama guides, helps and inspires the Buddhist world ; and all these, I believe, work in harmony with each other and with a Greater One who has charge of the spiritual evolution of humanity. The various Churches (meaning by Church a company of men who are "called out" from the world of unreality, darkness and death to the world of reality, light and life) in their totality, and not forgetting those, far more numerous, who are out of incarnation, constitute the Church of God—a great company ever growing greater of every people and nation and country and religion. And surely this is in accordance with our highest ideas and is confirmed by the facts. For God is no respecter of religions, and in each and all, and without them even, the sincere aspiring soul is accepted of Him.

For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

The realisation of this larger truth ought not to make us love our own religion less but should make us understand it better, and sympathise with and try to understand the faith of other men. When we have not only the Sacred Books of the Jews and the Christians but also the Sacred Books of the Nations, and the hymns and prayers of all peoples, we have a deeper reservoir to draw from than those who are supplied only from the Old and New Testaments, and we can add our contribution to that universal spirit of religion which is variously expressed in each and all. How differently the men of other religions appear when looked at from this point of view ! All children of the One Father, equally objects of His care and love, and all with teachers and teaching suited to their stage of evolution.

It is true that religions in course of time become corrupt or

effete, and have to be supplemented by a new proclamation or a representation of the old truths. It is also certain that errors are contained in the sacred writings, and that allegories are mistaken for facts, mystic experiences for outward historical occurrences. But I am convinced that a deep study of religions will show beyond all possibility of doubt that they have all a common origin, and that common origin is the Theosophy to which we aspire.

The relation of Theosophy to the Churches then is to emphasise their basic truths, their common aim, and their common relation; to restore teachings which have been lost; to correct their exclusiveness; to vivify, to explain, and to purify.

In this series of lectures upon the different aspects of Christian Truth, there has been unconsciously brought out the value of their teachings, which owe their relative importance to the extent they develop the higher part of man's nature. Jesus said: "For this cause was I born and to this end came I into the world, that I might be a witness unto the Truth," and the Churches as carrying on His work are to be lights to the world by witnessing to truths not always perceived by the senses or lower mind but recognised by the soul and the higher reason. It is evident from what we see and what we hear that a certain amount of coldness—even when there is no repulsion—exists between one Church and another. Catholics, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Quakers, Salvationists and Unitarians, live together in a town without mixing, like oil and water. Now this spirit of coldness or repulsion is quite contrary to the Spirit of Christ. The only test He ever gave, according to the Gospels, of recognised discipleship was mutual love: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another."

I am sure that nothing would so draw those outside the Churches to their Divine Master as to see the barriers of exclusiveness broken down by the fire of divine love within them. At present the attitude of Christians towards each other is the chief cause of the attitude of non-Christians to them. Surely it ought not to be too difficult for those who love and desire to serve Christ who aim at becoming His disciples and learning of and

from Him, it ought not to be too difficult to try to understand others who also in their own way love and serve Him, and to embrace every opportunity of working together, and of emphasising their agreements rather than their differences.

Why should it not be done in Harrogate and by the Christians of the several Churches? The Christ loves equally Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Swedenborgians, Quakers, Unitarians, the Salvation Army, and the still greater numbers—the multitude—who belong to none of these Churches and who have no organ of expression. He pours out His light and love upon all these, and those of us who aim at becoming His disciples should try to show forth *the* essential characteristic by which such discipleship is known. This is why our first object in the Theosophical Society is to form a nucleus of the universal brotherhood of humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour. We place brotherhood first, and try to understand and sympathise with all religious beliefs. Let those of us who are Christians try to rise to the point of view of Christ, that is, see the man under the creed and the God in the man.

Mr. Charles Booth has just published the results of his researches as to the religious state of London. I have not read the book, but from a review of it in the *Yorkshire Post* I gather that one great cause of the indifference of the great majority of working men and the poor generally towards religion, is the aloofness of Christians of one Church from those of other Churches. In this matter the clergy of the Established Church have the most to answer for, and if they were so disposed might profoundly and beneficially affect the other Christian Churches. With what divine pity and godlike patience is their Divine Lord working and waiting for friendly feelings and relationships between those who profess and call themselves His ministers. I think it is Emerson who says: "Just as much love, so much power," and nothing in the Christian or any other Church can make up for the lack of it.

In comparing one great religion with another, I find that Christianity is specially distinguished by the emphasis it lays upon kindly human feeling. "Love is the fulfilling of the

law," "The greatest of these is love," "But above all put on love which is the bond of perfectness," "Let us love one another for love is of God and God is Love," "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and He in him." Jesus summarised all the commandments into Love to God and Love to Man, and Theosophy enforces and emphasises this teaching. Not that Christianity neglects knowledge and wisdom; Christ is the Wisdom of God and the Power of God as well as the Love of God, only that Love predominates in the Master and should also do so in the disciples.

Again, earnest intelligent readers of the New Testament must have sometimes wondered why Jesus made so marked a distinction between what He taught His disciples and what He taught the multitude. It is said to the latter he spoke in parables but to the former it was given to know "the mysteries of the Kingdom." To the young ruler who asked him "What shall I do that I may have eternal life?" Jesus said, "Keep the commandments; do not murder, or commit adultery, or steal, or bear false witness, and honour your parents," to which the young man replied: "All these things have I kept from my youth up. What lack I yet?" Jesus said: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me."

Now this term *perfect* was used by the early Church to denote those who were initiated into "the mysteries of Jesus." Other words very familiar to readers of the New Testament have a similar reference, such as "the Kingdom," "the Kingdom of God," "the Kingdom of Heaven," "the Narrow Path," "the Strait Gate," "the Saved," "Life Eternal," "Life," "the Second Birth," "a Little One," "a Little Child."

The term Perfect was in use among the Essenes, who had three orders in their communities, the Neophytes; the Brethren; the Perfect.

Until I read Theosophical books much of this was more or less unmeaning to me, but Theosophy throws light upon what before was obscure. Those who have read Mrs. Besant's *Ancient Wisdom*, or Mr. Leadbeater's *Invisible Helpers*, may remember that there comes a time in the upward ascent of the soul, a

growth gradually and sometimes painfully reached after many many lives upon this earth, followed by periods of purgation and bliss in the after-death states—there comes a time when the soul, having acquired discrimination between the real and the unreal, between character and possessions, gives its unreserved and entire allegiance to the Higher, dedicates and surrenders itself to the service of God, endeavours to do all things for the sake of right and love and not for the sake of reward either here or hereafter, learns self-control in thought as well as in speech and action, acquires tolerance, getting rid of bigotry, is steadfast and balanced, confident in God's willingness to teach and in its own power to learn. When souls exhibit these qualities then they are ready to enter the Path of Holiness, to enter the Strait Gate, the Narrow Way which leadeth to Life, the mind being illuminated and controlled by the spirit. Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant have both described something of this and later stages. And I hope the time will soon come when Christianity will again have men amongst her clergy who know these "mysteries of Jesus" of their own knowledge, men who are taught directly and consciously by Him and whose word therefore will be with power.

For my part, however, I have not been accustomed to look at Theosophy as a substitute for Christianity, but rather at Christianity as an expression of Theosophy. Theosophy or Divine Wisdom being the root of religions, sciences, philosophies, arts, ethics, governments, it bears a similar relation to Christianity, which is one of its expressions, that Christianity bears to Methodism or to Roman Catholicism. It is the relation of the whole to the part. Theosophy existed before Christianity, it found more or less expression in the religion of Ancient Egypt, in Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, and Buddhism. To-day it is proclaimed anew, and the light we have received from its truths we try to spread according to our ability. This Divine Wisdom, this Theosophy, may be heard of or read of, but in order to be at all effective it must be realised within ourselves. In order to *know* the doctrine we must lead the life.

And as we purify our lives, as we open our minds, as we unveil our spiritual perceptions, we shall recognise and love purity, intelligence and spirituality, wherever we see it, and ever more

and more appreciate and draw out the best in others as well as in ourselves.

We shall appreciate the excellences of the various Christian Churches, and by dwelling in thought upon them help to stimulate them. We shall appreciate the Roman Catholic Church for the religious aspect it gives to all life, and for its devout reverence to and service of the Lord Jesus, and for its recognition of a line of spiritual teachers who themselves are illuminated; we shall be grateful to the Anglican Church for its recognition of a national aspect of religion and for its wide tolerance of diversities of opinion; to the Presbyterian Churches for their assertion of God's sovereignty, of self-control, and self-sacrifice; to the Methodist Churches for reviving spiritual religion and for adapting their teaching to men of little education, and for their admirable system of organisation; to the Congregational Churches for demonstrating that where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty of joining freedom and religion together; we shall appreciate the Swedenborgians for their spiritual vision and loyalty to Jesus and the Bible; to the Friends for witnessing to the Christ within, the Living Christ, and the immediate teaching and inspiration of the Holy Spirit; to the Salvation Army for their intense earnestness, their rigorous discipline, their martial enthusiasm, and their entire self-surrender; and to the Unitarians for their realisation of the Love and Goodness of Our Heavenly Father, the universal brotherhood of man without any distinction, for their culture and their piety, their love of truth and mental freedom and their joyous confidence in the future welfare of all.

We recognise that all these are inspired by the Christ, and not only these who are called by His name, but others who outside the Churches are doing His work. He is a Master of Wisdom as well as of Love and Compassion, and is the inspirer of those who are oftentimes looked upon as hostile to Him.

Finally let me add, our work is the work of affirmation, of appreciation, of co-operation; our motto is Truth; our objects are human brotherhood, philosophic knowledge, and the science of the soul.

HODGSON SMITH.

## GLIMPSES OF THE EIGHTH MUSE

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 336)

THOSE readers who may have found, as I have, that the planets of the solar system have a marked effect on mundane affairs, however incomplete our science of those effects may, as yet, be, and however limited our ability to predict them to a nicety, may be interested to know that my recent, more vivid, astral experiences have occurred during a transit of Uranus over the place of my Sun at birth and an application of the same planet to the trine of Neptune. I have found, further, that the positions of the planets have, perhaps not unnaturally, an influence over dreams and astral experiences generally, though I have not followed this part of the subject very closely.

Edward Maitland states in his *Life of Anna Kingsford*, though without giving, so far as I remember, minute astrological details, that his wonderful friend was thus affected on a famous occasion. In the summer of 1901, while I was staying at Margate, I had a most extraordinarily vivid clairaudient-dream during a transit of Venus over my place of Jupiter at birth, and a transit of Mars over his own place (at my birth). I dreamt I was reclining in a sort of deck-chair in a darkened room, while on my left, in a similar chair, lay, half-asleep, a friend of my private-school days, who had died in 1895. We had mutually sworn an oath, while at school together, that whoever of us died first should appear to the other, but he had never appeared, though I had had some fairly vivid dreams of him, both at the time of, and soon after, his death. This young fellow, as I say, was lying near me in a chair, apparently half-asleep, when he suddenly became disturbed and began to talk in his sleep. He first called out twice the Christian name of a lady who was well-known to me, then he ejaculated half-a-dozen short phrases which certainly



seemed to bear a considerable logical connection with each other, repeating the first three phrases twice each, the fourth three times (the words being uttered each time with an emphasis which gave the impression that the speaker was enduring an intolerable and ever-increasing agony), while the last two were spoken only once, but the very last was bawled in my ear with such fearful insistence, with such a ghastly yell of almost demonic triumph, that a cold shudder ran down my back at the horrible insinuation (that I either had taken, or was going to take, a man's life), and I lay still for some minutes, though awake, half paralysed with the grim reality of the thing. The reader may take it that, even at this distance of time, I am giving the words of my "dream" with almost absolute verbal correctness, though possibly the order of the phrases might be wrong in a single point, or a single word supplanted by its synonym. After the lady's name had been called out twice, then, the phrases ran as follows:

"In a country house, in a country house"——

"She's married a millionaire, she's married a millionaire"——

"He's ill-treating her, he's ill-treating her"——

"Kill him! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!"

The third repetition of the words "Kill him!" was followed by a tremendous sigh of relief, as if to convey the idea that the deed had been done, and that the extreme tenseness of the situation was at an end.

And then as I awoke came that ghastly yell of almost demonic triumph, of which I have spoken:

"That good stroke was YOURS!!!"

Can my feelings be imagined? No doubt I was really the victim of some over-festive elemental sprite, it will be said, and my friend had nothing to do with it. But I did not know that at the time. I was so struck with the dream, that I looked out the places of the planets immediately, and found that Venus was transiting my place of Jupiter at birth, which would account (astrologically) I suppose, for the quite unexpected announcement—"she's married a millionaire." As for the rest, I had thought when I began to write this story, that Mars was transiting my place of Saturn at the time of my dream, but I see now that when Venus was transiting my place of Jupiter that

summer, Mars was transiting his own place, a phenomenon which I undoubtedly thought at the time, and respectfully suggest now, to have been the astrological cause of all the imputations of violence and bloodshed in this undoubtedly extraordinary piece of dream-clairaudience.

Before concluding, I should like to say that there is one more topic on which I might be able to write a good deal, but which I prefer merely to hint at with a light and elusive pen. There is, I am now convinced, very near this physical earth, not in point of space, of course, but in point of psychic accessibility, a region in which dwell, or seem to dwell (much virtue in "seem," O materialist !) what I will call, for want of a better phrase, the "Spirits in Prison." While I consider this class to be infinitely higher than the demons of my opium-experience, still it is the source, no doubt, from which the cruder phenomena of the rough-and-ready *séance* are drawn, and anyone, who, like myself, has succeeded, by whatever means, in acquiring elementary psychic faculties, will probably have to suffer a good deal at the hands of the "Spirits in Prison," especially before he has attained to full and conscious control of his astral body. For myself, I sense these beings, as a rule, during the process of going to sleep at night, and during the process of waking up in the morning, and I have been half-awaked or even fully awaked on their plane by the most annoying and violent horseplay. "Storm in the night !" cries Tennyson's Lucretius, and this seems rather a favourite astral phenomenon of theirs, which they seem to be able to produce at will. I am always mistaking them for physical beings, and find it difficult to persuade myself at times that there are not physical intruders in the room. As for their mode of life, and their influence over the denizens of the physical plane, there is a good deal of what Herodotus would call "sacred story" connected with this matter, which, as the "father of history" would say, I know, but shall not tell. But I am beginning to have very little doubt that people who go in for spiritualistic mediumship run a very great risk of playing right into the hands of these "spooks." I have heard of a spiritualistic circle carrying on missions among them, and I have also heard of One who "preached" to them, with what result we are told,

but I should think it would be much better for many people if they gave them a "wide berth." I may add, for the benefit of the possible scoffer, that they are not "nightmares," though I have no doubt they are the spiritual cause of a good many, to persons whom some material cause (over-eating and the like) has detained on their plane. "Nightmares" do not as a matter of custom give you their names and addresses in an (astrally) audible tone, nor do they inform you of their nationality, nor do they become violent when their will is opposed. But all these and many other phenomena I can "sense," when drowsy, on a plane so close to our physical state that I am frequently unable to distinguish between the two planes, even after long practice. If I rummaged in the tablets of my memory, I think I could unearth some queer stories of mistakes I have made in this way. The fact is, that one begins to "sense" this lower part of the astral plane, before one has quite ceased to "sense" the physical plane. The mistakes arise, I think, because the two states simply dovetail one into another.

Some years ago a very favourite astral "illusion" of mine, especially if I had to be up at a certain hour in the morning, and I found myself still sleepy when the hour came, was that, while my body was lying calmly in bed, I would go through (astrally, of course) the process of beginning to get up, till suddenly this fool's paradise would be disturbed by some very physical person coming into the room and "routing out" my physical body. My answer always was: "Why, I thought I *had* got up." And thus, as always happened in those days, I got the utterly undeserved credit of being both lazy and a ready excuse-finder, to boot. While I take things more easily now, and do not trouble to rise astrally before I rise physically, nevertheless a curious thing happened to me the other night. Finding myself badly disturbed by the denizens of the plane I have been talking about, I struck a match and lit a candle on a table by my bed. Presently I blew it out and tried to go to sleep again. Finding myself disturbed again, I lit up again, and so things went on three or four times over. About the fourth time I had great difficulty in lighting the candle at all. It burnt very funnily and I was in great difficulties, when, suddenly waking up in my bed, I realised that

I had never even lit the candle once. I read in a London morning paper, some time back, that a witty Liberal journalist had talked of people who found a religion on the food they cannot digest. While I think the wit as well as the taste of this saying open to doubt, I may explain that I do not found any religion upon the various happenings which occur on the level of the "Spirits in Prison," though I think a science might very well be founded on this particular form of dyspepsia.

The fact is that, if I had my way (and I suppose one always does finally succeed in having one's way), I would take the "Spirits in Prison" for granted, in spite of all my psychical curiosity to the contrary, and try to develop the higher clair-audient business. It is true that this might be to fall out of the frying-pan into the fire, or at best into the hemlock, for the world, for reasons best known to itself, does not like clairaudients, as many have found who have been less gifted than Socrates or Joan of Arc. Hemlock might not be so bad, it is true, and then it would always be a pleasure to "drink to the gentle Critias." But that other's was a different fate. Says a modern historian: She "was kept for many months in prison, subjected to cruel and ribald treatment, and examined again and again by bigoted ecclesiastics who were determined to prove her a witch. She constantly withstood them with a firm piety which moved their wrath, maintaining that her visions and voices were from God, and that all her acts had been done by His aid. After much quibbling, cross-examination, and persecution, a tribunal of French clergy, headed by the Bishop of Beauvais, pronounced her a sorceress and a heretic, and handed her over to the secular arm for execution." (Oman, *Hist. of Eng.*, pp. 237-238.)

Luckily for him, however, the modern Bohemian, of clair-audient tendencies, is not called upon to fulfil any higher mission than "to go straight on as he is going." He is not even requested, in pleading tones, as he might very reasonably be, to rid London of her newspapers or Paris of her *concierges*. And so he goes placidly on his way, content with an obscurer destiny than that warrior-maid, who passed through fire to the Moloch of national and religious prejudice in the market-place at Rouen.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

## THE PROBLEM OF POST-MORTEM COMMUNICATIONS\*

HITHERTO we have been mainly occupied with the study of human personality in the living subject, under normal, normally alternating, diseased, abnormal, and artificially produced conditions. In the main course of the argument we have only as it were incidentally come across facts suggestive of *post-mortem* intelligence and the survival of personality after bodily death, though the whole trend of the facts and the conclusions to which they point, have been in the direction of establishing the thesis that man is essentially a spirit manifesting through a physical organism. Only in the last chapter, in discussing *Sensory Automatism*, were we met by numerous instances giving direct proof of influence exerted by, and intelligent communications received from, persons at the moment of, or very shortly after death. And, indeed, although it would involve straining the theory to breaking point, still it might be theoretically contended that the facts observed are capable of explanation on the theory of telepathy, subliminal clairvoyance and so on.

Now, however, we are about to enter upon the consideration of several classes of cases in which the agency of spirits, no longer in the flesh, seems directly and immediately involved, and some preliminary discussion will be required before we proceed to deal with the facts, which Mr. Myers has brought together in a series of three chapters, dealing with *Phantasms of the Dead*, *Motor Automatism* and *Trance, Possession and Ecstasy*. The last chapter dealt with *Sensory Automatism*, with auditory and visual and other hallucinations, both veridical and non-veridical.

\* *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, by Frederick W. Myers. See the articles "Science and the Soul" and "Man's Deeper Self," in the last two numbers.

Naturally, therefore, the further development of these into *Phantasms of the Dead* is clearly the next step in our programme, which will fall most easily under three heads.

*First*, then, Mr. Myers proceeds to discuss briefly the nature of the evidence as to man's survival of death which may be *theoretically* obtainable, and its possible connection with evidence already considered. *Secondly*, he gives us a classified exposition of the main evidence to survival so far obtained—excluding *Motor Automatism*, which must be dealt with later; and *thirdly*, he considers this evidence as a whole, both in its scientific and its ethical implications.

At the outset, then, it is evident that no new evidence for human survival, or for the reality of what are popularly termed "ghosts," can be expected to carry conviction to the resolute sceptic, unless it be *continuous* with old evidence. Hence the popular view which considers a "ghost" as *a deceased person permitted by Providence to hold communication with survivors*, cannot be uncritically accepted; for such words as *permission* and *Providence* are neither more nor less applicable to the phenomena we are to study than to any others. For there is no *à priori* reason whatever for assuming that such phenomena as apparitions and the like are "permitted" in any especial sense, or that they form exceptions to law, instead of being exemplifications of law. Nor is there any *à posteriori* reason for supposing any such inference to be deducible from the study of the phenomena themselves. And further, we have no warrant for the assumption that the phantom seen, even though it be somehow *caused* by a deceased person, is that deceased person, in any ordinary sense of the word. For example, when—to quote only one case—a Mr. Kirk caused by an effort of will an apparition of himself to a waking percipient out of sight, he was *himself* awake and conscious in the place, where, not his phantom, but his body, stood. Whatever, then, that phantom *was*—a "thought-form" the Theosophist might call it—however generated or conditioned, we cannot say that it was Mr. Kirk *himself*. And, of course, it would be equally unjustifiable to speak of any "ghost" as though it were the deceased person himself. And yet again, just as we must give up saying that the phantom *is* the deceased, so also

must we cease to ascribe to the phantom *à priori* the *motives* by which we imagine that the deceased might be swayed.

What, therefore, we must rather look for, in our study of Phantasms of the Dead, is "a manifestation of persistent personal energy" continuing after the shock of death, and such manifestations are not specially likely to correspond with the popular notions exemplified in the current "ghost stories" of magazine literature.

We ought rather to expect to find possible analogies to such cases as we have already studied, where communication has been effected between widely different phases of the personality—as between a person awake and a somnambulist, and so forth.

Roughly speaking, we may say that our experiment and observation up to the present point have comprised five different stages of phenomena, *viz*: (i.) hypnotic suggestion; (ii.) telepathic experiments; (iii.) spontaneous telepathy during life; (iv.) phantasms at or about death; (v.) phantasms after death. And again classifying roughly we find that there are three main forms of manifestation at each stage: (1) hallucinations of the senses; (2) emotional and motor impulses; (3) definite intellectual messages.

Now the same three classes meet us when we come to analyse apparently *post-mortem* communications also. But though the analogy is in our favour, yet a close discussion is needed of the conditions which a visual or auditory phantasm must fulfil before it can be regarded as indicating *prima facie* the influence of a discarnate mind. And to this Mr. Myers devotes some pages, quoting from Edmund Gurney, after which he proceeds to a detailed analysis of a long series of cases, upon the lines thus laid down.

He gives in detail most carefully evidenced cases in which: (1) repeated apparitions have shown continuous knowledge of the affairs of earth after the spirit's departure; (2) single apparitions have indicated knowledge of some *post-mortem* fact, such as place of burial, etc.; (3) have shown knowledge of the affairs of surviving friends; (4) have shown knowledge of the impending death of a survivor; (5) cases where a dying man perceives as spirits certain persons of whose previous death he was not aware; (6) cases

where phantasms have manifested knowledge that some friend who survived them has since died ; (7) the case of Mrs. Bacchus, where the apparition of a deceased person is seen in the house where the dead body of his wife is lying ; (8) cases where the phantasm shows knowledge of facts connected with his own earth life, especially his death and events connected therewith ; (9) shows knowledge of previous relations with a survivor ; (10) cases of compacts more or less precisely fulfilled ; (11) or sometimes fulfilled in a sort of *deflected* fashion ; (12) cases showing persistence of effort on the part of the deceased ; (13) cases of phantasmal pictures truly presenting the chamber of death, the condition of the dead body, the death and subsequent arrangement of the body—and so on through many and various phases of phantasms, apparitions and visions.

Then come a series of cases suggestive rather of some persistent local residual effect, rather than direct causation on the part of the deceased. Many of these cases of "hauntings" are most difficult to understand and no scientific theory to explain them can yet be outlined. Myers inclines to regard them as local modifications *not* of the material, but of the metetherial world—a view not so very far removed from that which the study of psychometry might suggest, and which is supported to some extent at least by the investigations of trained clairvoyance.

Of course only a small selection of the available evidence is given by Mr. Myers, but more than enough, I think, to warrant his remark that we have reached a point when our study of these sensory automatisms in this and the preceding chapter, of their time coincidences and significant details, has taught us nearly all that it can, and that we must pass on to the wider range opened out to us in the phenomena of Motor Automatism. But referring, in closing this chapter, to the general ethical and scientific bearing of his results, Mr. Myers points out that the actual facts tend to efface from the mind the world-old idea that these apparitions and the like are evidence of the working of evil spirits, of malevolent powers, while they also give us ethical indications, of a lofty and at the same time evolutionary type, tending to demonstrate the profoundest cosmical thesis which we can conceive as susceptible of scientific demonstration.



The subject of *Motor Automatism*—especially in its most developed form of Possession, to be dealt with later—may be regarded as almost the most important section of our enquiry, and Mr. Myers leads us up to its consideration by first taking a backward glance over the road we have travelled, which it will be useful to quote here :

Our main theme, I repeat once more, is the analysis of human personality, undertaken with the object of showing that in its depths there lie indications of life and faculty not limited to a planetary existence, or to this material world.

In the *first* chapter this thesis was explained, and each chapter that has followed has advanced us a step towards its establishment. In the *second* chapter we found that the old-fashioned conception of human personality as a unitary consciousness known with practical completeness to the waking self, needed complete revision. We began by tracing instances in which that consciousness was disintegrated in various ways ; and even among those morbid cases we found traces of the action of a profounder self. In the *third* chapter, dealing with the phenomena of so-called *genius*, we found further indications of a deeper self possessing habitually a higher degree of faculty than the superficial self can readily employ. In the *fourth* chapter certain phenomena connected with sleep—manifestations of supernormal faculty both *telesthetic*, telepathic and premonitory—led us on to the conception of a highly evolved subliminal self operating with unknown faculty in an unknown environment. Nay, we have thus been led to think that this subliminal self represents, more fully than the supraliminal self, our central and abiding being, so that, when the slumber of the supraliminal self leaves it comparatively free, it performs two functions of profound importance : in the first place restoring and rejuvenating the bodily organism by drafts upon the energy of the spiritual world, with which it is in communion, and in the second place itself entering into closer connection with that spiritual world, apart from the bodily organism.

Our *fifth* chapter on Hypnotism served as an experimental illustration of this view. We there found that we could, by empirical processes, deepen the sleeping phase of personality, and thus increase both the subliminal self's power of renovating the organism, both in familiar and unfamiliar ways, and also its power of operating in a quasi-independent manner in the spiritual world. In the hypnotic trance, moreover, that hidden self was able to come to the surface, to speak and to answer ; to present itself as an independent agent with which we could directly deal. . . .

From this point our evidence has taken a fresh start. We proceeded in the *sixth* chapter to the study of automatisms, that is to say, of manifestation of submerged mental processes, which do not enter into ordinary consciousness. For convenience sake I have divided these into *sensory* and

*motor* : on the other hand the sights and sounds which we see and hear through some subliminal faculty rather than through the ordinary channels of sense ; on the other hand, the motions which we perform, the words which we utter, moved in like manner by some unknown impulse from the deeps within.

The *sensory automatisms* with which the *sixth* chapter dealt might be regarded then as *messages* from the subliminal to the supraliminal self. Many of those sensory messages seem plainly to have been originated in the automatist's own mind. These illustrated in a new way the co-existence of different series of thoughts, and expressions of thought in the same organism, but did not add to the evidence of supernormal operations. Other sensory messages, however, there were which the agency of a second person also was manifestly needed to explain. Such were the telepathic or coincidental hallucinations for which so much evidence has been adduced. These definitely indicate—I should rather say that they distinctly *prove*—a communication between the minds of living persons, independently of the action of the recognised organs of sense.

But this was not all. In the *seventh* chapter I went on to show that there was no valid reason to suppose that bodily death put a stop to the despatch of telepathic messages. By a long series of narratives I endeavoured to prove that departed spirits, perhaps as frequently as incarnate spirits, have communicated with incarnate spirits—with living persons—by telepathic sensory messages of the same general type. . . . And, I might fairly claim, that here the evidence for my primary thesis—namely, that the analysis of a man's personality reveals him as a spirit, surviving death—has attained an amplitude which would justify the reader in accepting that view as the provisional hypothesis which comes nearest to a comprehensive co-ordination of the actual facts.

But the phenomena of Motor Automatism will be found to add greatly to the evidence already presented. However, since abnormal or morbid vital phenomena obviously indicate lines of least resistance, change or weakness in the structure of the personality, it is highly probable that supernormal vital phenomena will manifest themselves along the *same* lines or channels, since these are already the lines of least resistance, and therefore Mr. Myers now devotes some pages to a discussion of the question as to how we shall distinguish the developmental from the degenerative phenomena. Each case, of course, must be dealt with on its own merits, but broadly speaking the class which interests us will be distinguishable by certain marked characteristics. Developmental, evolutive phenomena will be found to be characterised first by their independence, and second by their nunciative, or message-bearing characters.

Now, we have in ordinary muscle reading a simple instance of nunciative automatism ; for, in spite of conscious voluntary effort to prevent it, some unconscious bodily tremour conveys to the muscle reader both the thought and the memory of the agent. And we see this also in a rather more developed form in the automatic writing of words in obedience to post-hypnotic suggestion, while the subject, reawakened to this normal state, is actively engaged in conversation and remains totally unaware of what his hand is writing. Table-tilting takes us one step further on the same road, and the automatic character of the messages so spelt out is clearly shown in the fact that they are very often altogether different from, or even contrary to, what is consciously expected or thought about.

Before entering on the topic which comes next in natural order, that of automatic writing, Mr. Myers discusses the two great historical instances of automatism presented by Socrates and Joan of Arc—the former in the main an instance of *inhibitory*, the latter of *impulsive* automatism. For the monitions of the Dæmon of Socrates consisted mainly in wise and sagacious inhibitions—in a voice or a sign which invariably checked him when about to do or say something unwise or inexpedient ; while Joan of Arc was irresistibly impelled to the noblest doings by her voices, which, however, were not always clearly externalised.

These two great historical cases illustrate the farthest extent of the claim that can be made for the agency of the subliminal self in similar automatisms—apart from telepathy or possession. But they launch us on our subject with the consciousness of two difficulties. We have to decide for each case in particular—first, whether we are to call it sensory or motor ; then, whether we are to attribute its origination to the automatist's or to some other mind.

Now in the first place we must reflect that if the subliminal self really possesses such profound power over the organism, as has been suggested, we may expect that its “messages” will sometimes express themselves in the form of deep organic modifications—of changes in the vaso-motor, the circulatory, the respiratory systems. Such phenomena are less likely to be noted or remembered as *coincidental*, from their very indefiniteness, as

compared for instance with a phantasmal appearance; but we have records of various telepathic cases showing disturbance of this type. And in some cases—as for instance in that of a Dr. N. cited by Myers—the telepathic impression first externalises itself as an emotion, then produces a sense of locality, and finally rises to the clear identification of a particular person. Again, in the case of Mrs. Hadselle, the impact first produces marked general *malaise* and restlessness, rising into a definite motor impulse, accompanied by an auditory hallucination, conveying to Mrs. Hadselle the pressing need for her presence at the moment on the part of a dear friend.

An interesting type of cases analogous to that of Socrates, here finds a place, illustrated, for example, in Mrs. Verrall, who has more than once observed in herself the fact that an altogether *forgotten memory* (so to call it) may automatically inhibit and neutralise purposive muscular adjustments, and thus, so to say, recall itself to the normal personality; while in other cases a long-forgotten interest does the same thing, actually controlling waking action and showing evidence of what at least suggests purposive attention and observation of the surroundings by a stratum of the personality lying well below the normal waking consciousness; as when Dr. R. Hodgson—who had years before been interested in collecting extra-leaved clovers—finds himself suddenly brought to a standstill and stooping down over some specimens of the kind. Some of these cases may perhaps be explained by sub-conscious perception or interpretation, not involving telæsthesia or telepathy; but in that of Dr. Parsons, whose life was saved through such an automatic inhibition, we are confronted with facts which seem beyond explanation in any such way, and almost force upon us the suggestion of subliminal telæsthesia or else of spirit guardianship.

There are some cases in which we find almost pure massive motor impulses, practically free from any sensory element, leading to various actions, as in the case of Mr. Garrison, who, under such a motor impulse, left a religious meeting in the evening and walked eighteen miles under the strong impulse to go and see his mother, and found her dead; or in that of Mr. Skirving, who felt himself irresistibly impelled to leave his work and go home—*why*

he knew not—at the moment when his wife was in fact calling for him in the distress of a serious accident.

Speaking generally, we may arrange these various modes of subliminal motor message, according to their increasing specialisation, in somewhat the following order :

1. Massive motor impulses, like Mr. Garrison's.
2. Simple subliminal muscular impulses giving rise to table-tilting and the like.
3. Theoretically, if clear evidence could be obtained, musical execution subliminally initiated would occupy the next place in order.
4. Then come automatic drawing and painting; and
5. Automatic writing, with which we shall now proceed to deal.

In automatic writing—the rise of which Mr. Myers traces in brief—it is mainly the *contents* of the messages which are of interest for us, and accordingly Mr. Myers gives the following classification of such messages according to their apparent sources.

*A.* The message may come from the percipient's own mind ; its contents being supplied from the resources of his ordinary memory, or of his more extensive subliminal memory ; while the *dramatisation* of the messages—its assumption of some other mind as its source—will resemble the dramatisations of dream or of hypnotic trance.

*B.* Messages whose content seems to be derived from the mind of some other person still living on earth ; that person being either conscious or unconscious of transmitting the suggestion.

*C.* The message may emanate from some unembodied intelligence of an unknown type—other, at any rate, than the intelligence of the alleged agent.

*D.* Lastly the message may be derived, in a more or less direct manner, from the mind of the agent—the departed friends—from whom the communication does actually claim to come.

My main effort has naturally been thus far directed to the proof that there are messages which do *not* fall into the lowest class, *A*—in which class most psychologists would still place them all. And I myself—while reserving a certain small portion of the messages for my other classes—do not only admit but assert that the great majority of such communications represent the subliminal workings of the automatist's mind alone. It does not, however, follow that such messages have for us no interest or novelty. On the contrary, they form an instructive, an indispensable transition from psycho-

logical introspection of the old-fashioned kind to the bolder methods on whose validity I am anxious to insist. The mind's subliminal action as thus revealed, differs from the supraliminal in ways which no one anticipated, and which no one can explain. There seem to be subliminal tendencies setting steadily in certain obscure directions, and bearing as little relation to the individual characteristics of the person to the depths of whose being we have somehow penetrated as profound ocean currents bear to waves and winds on the surface of the sea.

Of class A. Mr. Myers naturally cites only a few examples, but these are well chosen: those of Mr. Smith, of "Clelia" in which *anagrams* were automatically written, and that of a friend of Prof. Sidgwick precisely parallel to it. Then he gives us some curious transition cases, notably those of Mr. Schiller, in which old French—a language *unknown* to the automatist—was written, and that of Dr. X., a physician occupying an important scientific post on the Continent. All these are typically transitional, presenting a most curious mixture of elements drawn from the automatist's mind and apparently supernormal factors also, leading up to the case of "Hélène Smith," so carefully observed and recorded by Prof. Flournoy of Geneva, which exhibits a wide and complex range of phenomena. In her communications the doctrine of reincarnation figures extensively, and she herself is in them asserted to be a reincarnation of Marie Antoinette. This case gives Mr. Myers occasion to express himself on the subject of reincarnation—to which view I incline to think he really leans. His discussion of it from the point of view of psychic science has naturally, however, a peculiar interest for us and I therefore quote it in full.

Prominent among Mdle. Hélène's tenets is the doctrine of *reincarnation*, or of successive lives spent by each soul upon this planet. The simple fact that such was probably the opinion both of Plato and of Virgil shows that there is nothing here which is alien to the best reason or to the highest instincts of men. Nor, indeed, is it easy to realise any theory of the *direct creation* of spirits at such different stages of advancement as those which enter upon the earth in the guise of mortal man. There *must*, one feels, be some kind of continuity—some form of spiritual Past. Yet for reincarnation there is at present no valid evidence; and it must be my duty to show how its assertion in any given instance—Mdle. Smith's included—constitutes in itself a strong argument in favour of self-suggestion rather than extraneous inspiration as the source of the messages in which it appears. Whenever civilised men have received what they have regarded as a revelation (which

has generally been somewhat fragmentary in its first delivery) they have naturally endeavoured to complete and systematise it as well as they could. In so doing they have mostly aimed at three objects: (1) to *understand* as much as possible of the secrets of the universe; (2) to *justify* as far as possible Heaven's dealings with men; and (3) to *appropriate* as far as possible the favour or benefit which the revelation may show as possibly accruing to believers. For all these purposes the doctrine of re-incarnation has proved useful in many countries and times. But in no case could it seem more appropriate than in this last revelation (so to term it) through automatic messages and the like. And as a matter of history, a certain vigorous preacher of the new faith, known under the name of Allan Kardec, took up re-incarnationist tenets, enforced them (as there is reason to believe) by strong suggestion upon the minds of various automatic writers, and set them forth in dogmatic works which have had much influence, especially among Latin nations, from their clarity, symmetry, and intrinsic reasonableness. Yet the data thus collected were absolutely insufficient, and the *Livre des Esprits* must simply rank as the premature formulation of a new religion—the premature systematisation of a nascent science.

I follow Professor Flournoy in believing that the teaching of that work must have directly or indirectly influenced the mind of Mdle. Smith, and is therefore responsible for her claim to these incarnations previous to that which she now undergoes or enjoys.

On the general scheme here followed, each incarnation, if the last has been used aright, ought to represent some advance in the scale of being. If one earth life has been misused, the next earth life ought to afford opportunity for expiation— or for further practice in the special virtue which has been imperfectly acquired. Thus Mdle. Smith's present life in a humble position may be thought to atone for her over-much pride in her last incarnation—as Marie Antoinette.

But the mention of Marie Antoinette suggests the risk which this theory fosters—of assuming that one is the issue of a distinguished line of spiritual progenitors; insomuch that, with whatever temporary sets-back, one is sure in the end to find oneself in a leading position. Pythagoras, indeed, was content with the secondary hero Euphorbus, as his bygone self. But in our days Dr. Anna Kingsford and Mr. Edward Maitland must needs have been the Virgin Mary and St. John the Divine. And Victor Hugo, who was naturally well to the front in these self-multiplications, took possession of most of the leading personages of antiquity whom he could manage to string together in chronological sequence. It is obvious that any number of re-born souls can play at this game; but where no one adduces any evidence it hardly seems worth while to go on. Even Pythagoras does not appear to have adduced any evidence beyond his *ipse dixit* for his assertion that the alleged shield of Euphorbus had in reality been borne by that mythical hero. Meantime the question as to reincarnation has actually been put to a very few spirits who have

given some real evidence of their identity. So far as I know, no one of these has claimed to know anything personally of such an incident, although all have united in saying that their knowledge was too limited to allow them to generalise on the matter. Hélène's controls and previous incarnations—to return to our subject—do perhaps suffer from the general fault of aiming too high. She has to her credit a control from the planet Mars; one pre-incarnation as an Indian Princess; and a second (as I have said) as Marie Antoinette. In each case there are certain impressive features in the impersonation, but in each case also careful analysis negatives the idea that we can be dealing with a personality really revived from a former epoch, or from a distant planet; and leaves us inclined to explain everything by "cryptomnesia" (as Professor Flournoy calls submerged memory) and that subliminal inventiveness of which we already know so much.

Many of the phenomena which Prof. Flournoy observed in connection with Mdlle. Hélène show some indications of supernormal faculty; while in the Chessinaz instance there may have been telepathy from the dead. But the evidence is not conclusive in these cases, which are mainly transitional, and lead us on to others which are much more clearly supernormal. As a further connecting link, Mr. Myers quotes some very remarkable experiments of Prof. Richet and also of Mr. E. M. Smith in the simplest form of motor automatism, *viz.*, table-tilting, in which under the strictest experimental conditions conclusive proof of telepathy was obtained, which also makes its appearance in a long series of cases in which Planchette was used, as well as in others where the automatic writing was done by hand. The most remarkable of these is the long and very carefully conducted series of experiments carried out by Mr. and Mrs. Newnham, in which clear and unmistakable *answers* to unspoken questions in the mind of a distant operator were produced automatically by Mrs. Newnham; but, indeed, the whole series of cases given by Mr. Myers is very striking and interesting.

He next puts before us a further series of transitional cases in which information was received through automatic writing purporting to come from deceased persons, but which seems more probably to have been derived telepathically from the living. In one curious case a circumstantial message was thus received purporting to come from a deceased person, who was *subsequently found to be living* at the time.



We are thus made to realise the danger that a message purporting to come—excluding all suggestion of conscious fraud—from a deceased person, may in reality emanate from the mind either of one of the living persons present, or even from some living person at a distance. Nor is this the only risk of deception which such messages involve. For the communication may conceivably come indeed from some disembodied spirit, but not from the spirit who is claimed as its author. Can such deception be guarded against?

Mr. Myers points out that the answer to this question cannot be brief and must for the present be delayed. And as an introduction to the range of new problems thus raised, he then quotes some exceedingly interesting extracts from the record of the varied experiences of automatic writing which have been mingled with the crystal visions of the same Miss A. with whom we made acquaintance in Chapter V. These are extremely interesting, but too complex for more summary treatment than Myers devotes to them. The main point, however, that gradually emerges with ever-increasing clearness from them, as well as from the whole of the long succession of cases analysed, is the constantly growing difficulty of explaining them on the theory of forgotten memories, though the whole series of problems raised in all these cases, as well as in other very striking instances quoted by Mr. Myers, is exceedingly complex and involves many considerations which demand both minute study and a much more extensive and carefully observed series of experiments.

Passing on from these, we next come to a set of cases in the first of which the automatic writing announces (correctly) the fact of a death unknown to any of the persons present; in the second, partially correct details about the death are added; in another, correct details unknown to the automatist are given about a death, the bare fact of which was known to him; while in another the communication corresponded correctly, *not* to the knowledge of the sitters, but to what was known to the alleged communicator *before* death. We then come to a case of automatic writing by a child showing faculties superior to those she normally possessed, with also some writing in languages unknown to her. In another instance a young child of four, who had no

knowledge of her letters, wrote automatically several significant words and phrases, such as "your aunt Emma." In yet another case the precise date of a death was correctly predicted forty days beforehand by table-tilting, while in the Appendix other analogous cases are given and discussed. This long series leads us up to a very striking case in which not only is the evidence of *post-mortem* identity very strong, but continued terrene knowledge on the part of the dead is remarkably well illustrated. But even more remarkable is the next case given, which records the success of a direct experiment—a test message planned before death, and communicated after death, by a man who held that the hope of an assurance of a continued presence after death was worth at least a resolute effort, whatever the result might be. His tests indeed were two, and both were successful. One was the revealing of the place where, before death, he had hidden a piece of brick marked and broken for special recognition, and the other was the communication of the contents of a short letter which he wrote and sealed before death. And Mr. Myers asserts emphatically that the information was certainly not possessed supernaturally by any living person.

Glancing backwards, we see that the motor phenomena have confirmed, and have also greatly extended the results to which the allied sensory phenomena had already pointed. We had already noted, in each of the two states of sleep and waking, the variously expanding capacities of the subliminal self. We have watched an intensification of ordinary faculty, leading up to telæsthesia and to telepathy from the living and from the departed. Along with these powers, which, on the hypothesis of the soul's independent existence, are at least within our range of analogical conception, we have also noted a precognitive capacity of a type which no fact as yet known to science will help us to explain. And in motor automatisms we have found a *third* group of cases which independently confirm in each of these lines in turn the results of our analysis of sensory automatisms both in sleep and in waking. Evidence thus convergent will need no ordinary boldness of negative assumption if it is to be set aside. At once more energetic and more persistent than the sensory, motor automatisms oblige us to face certain problems which the light-

ness and fugitiveness of sensory phenomena allowed us in some measure to evade. Thus when we discussed the mechanism (so to call it) of visual and auditory phantasms, two competing conceptions presented themselves for our choice—the conception of *telepathic impact*, and the conception of *psychical invasion*.

Of these the telepathic impact seemed the less startling, the less extreme hypothesis of the two. But when we come to study motor automatisms, we find it becoming more and more difficult to distinguish a *telepathic impact* from a *psychical invasion*. For these strong, yet apparently alien, motor innervations correspond in fact as closely as possible to our idea of an *invasion*, and when sufficiently prolonged, such an *invasion* becomes a *possession*, a persistent control. And, in spite of all effort and the utmost straining of the conception, it becomes, in many of the cases presented, impossible to limit the problem to the activities of the automatist's subliminal self, and to explain the facts as they occur we find ourselves almost irresistibly driven to the hypothesis of an invading spirit external both to the waking and to the subliminal self of the automatist.

And we are thus brought face to face with the subject which occupies the next chapter of Mr. Myers' book: *Trance, Possession and Ecstasy* to the consideration of which a special article must be devoted, as these phenomena form as it were the apex, the culminating point to which our whole enquiry has in a sense been leading us up.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

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Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,  
Du meine Wonn', O du mein Schmerz,  
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,  
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,  
O du mein Grab, in das hinab  
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab.

Du bist die Ruh', du bist der Frieden  
Du bist von Himmel mir beschieden;  
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir werth  
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt  
Du hebet mich liebend über mich,  
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!

RÜCKERT.

## WILL, DESIRE, AND EMOTION

IN studying the nature of Consciousness, we have seen that it has three fundamental expressions—Power, or Will, Wisdom and Activity.\* Every religion thus symbolises forth its Trinity, when it seeks to picture the Manifested God. Christianity, the ruling religion of the West, proclaims the Father as Supreme Will, the Son as Wisdom, the Spirit as Creator. Hinduism, the oldest living religion of the East, worships Shiva as Will, Viṣṇu as Wisdom, Brahmā as Creator. Yet not Three but One, say all the world-creeeds; in manifestation triple, in essence one.

This Logic Trinity is in each of us as our SELF, the root of our being, the innermost source of our life, the one Reality. Hidden, unmanifest, wrapt in silence and darkness is our Self, but our Consciousness is the limited manifestation of that Self, the manifested God in the kosmos of our bodies, which are His garments. As the Unmanifest is partially manifest in the Logos, as Divine Consciousness, and in the universe as the Body of the Logos†, so is our unmanifest Self partially manifest in our Consciousness, the Logos of our individual system, and in our kosmos, the body which clothes the Consciousness. As above, so below.

This hidden SELF is sometimes called the Monad, being verily the One. It is this which gives the subtle sense of unity that ever persists in us amid all changes; the sense of identity has here its source, for this is the Eternal in us. The three out-streaming rays which come from the Monad, and are his three

\* "Power, Wisdom, and Love" is another favourite way of expressing this triplicity; but this leaves out Activity, unless Love be taken as its equivalent, since Love is essentially active. Wisdom and Love seem to me to be the same aspect of Consciousness; that which manifests above as Wisdom, the realisation of Unity, manifests in the world of forms as Love, the attractive force which brings about Unity in a world of separated beings.

† In the roaring loom of Time I ply,  
And weave for God the garment thou see'st Him by.

GOETHE.

aspects or modes of being, or hypostases, these are the Will, Wisdom and Activity which are the three essential expressions of embodied Consciousness, the familiar Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas of the Theosophist.

This Consciousness ever works as a unit on the various planes, but shows out its triplicity on each. When we study Consciousness working on the mental plane, we see Will appearing as choice, Wisdom as discrimination, Activity as cognition. On the astral plane, we see Will appearing as desire, Wisdom as love, Activity as sensation. On the physical plane, Will has for its instruments the motor organs (karmendriyas), Wisdom the cerebral hemispheres, Activity the organs of sense (jñânendriyas).

The full manifestation of these three aspects of Consciousness in their highest forms takes place in man in the same order as the manifestation of the triple Logos in the universe. The third aspect, Activity, revealed as the creative mind, as the gatherer of knowledge, is the first to perfect its vehicles, and show forth its full energies. The second aspect, Wisdom, revealed as the Pure and Compassionate Reason, is the second to shine forth, the Kṛiṣṇa, the Buddha, the Christ, in man. The third aspect, Will, is the last to reveal itself, the divine Power of the Self, that which in its impregnable fulness is Beatitude, is Peace.

It is this aspect of the Self—the aspect of Power, Will in its pure form, Desire in its impure—that is to be the subject of our study in these pages.

#### WHY ARE WE HERE?

Perhaps no question is more often asked than this, and none more seldom answered. Why should the Perfect become the imperfect, All-Power become the powerless, God become the mineral, the brute, the man? In this form the question is unanswerable, for it is founded on false premisses. The Perfect is the all, the Totality, the Sum of Being. Within its infinity is everything contained, every potentiality, as well as actuality, of existence. All that has been, is, will be, can be, ever is in that Fulness, that Eternal. Only Itself knows Itself in its infinite unimaginable wealth of Being. Because It contains all pairs of opposites, and each pair, in affirming itself, to the eye of reason annihilates itself

and vanishes, It seems a Void. But endless universes arising in It proclaim It a Plenum. This Perfect never becomes the imperfect ; it *becomes* nothing ; It *is* all Spirit and Matter, Strength and Weakness, Knowledge and Ignorance, Peace and Strife, Bliss and Pain, Power and Impotence, the innumerable opposites of manifestation emerge into each other and vanish in non-manifestation. The All includes manifestation and non-manifestation, the diastole and systole of the Heart which is Being. The one no more requires explanation than the other ; the one cannot be without the other. The puzzle arises because men assert separately one of the inseparable pair of opposites—Spirit, Strength, Knowledge, Peace, Bliss, Power—and then ask, “ Why should these become their opposites ? ” *They do not.* No attribute exists without its opposite ; a pair only can manifest ; every front has a back, Spirit and Matter arise together ; it is not that Spirit exists, and then miraculously produces Matter to limit and blind itself, but that Spirit and Matter arise in the Eternal simultaneously as a mode of Its Being a form of Self-expression of the All.

The Logos of a universe contains within Himself all that is necessary for the evolution of His universe ; spiritual Intelligences evolved in a past universe who are to aid in the building of the new Jīvātmās at all stages of evolution ready to incarnate afresh, down to what may be called the germ-cells of His body, the cells that are to be individualised in the coming universe. In the two highest planes previously spoken of, the Âdī and Anupādaka, all these form the celestial Body of the Logos, and His pervading Consciousness informs them all, down to the very germ-cells, which thrill with longing for the fuller, richer life pulsing in the more mighty organs of that glorious Body. His Will to manifest is also their Will to manifest, the mighty Will to Live, to live Self-consciously ; He, who is Self-conscious, knows His object and His path ; They, not yet Self-conscious, yet have in them, as parts of His Body, the moving energy of His Will, which makes their own inherent Will to Live, and impels them into the conditions wherein Self-conscious life is possible. These are the Monads of the new universe, and it is this Will to Live, present in all parts of His Body, as the very energy of life itself, which im-

pels them to go forth into denser matter. In the truest, deepest sense, we are here because we Will to Live : "none else compels."

Everywhere in Nature we see this same striving after fuller life which has its spring in the Will to Live. The seed, buried in the ground, pushes its growing point upwards to the light. The bud within its sheathing calyx bursts its prison and expands in the sunshine. The chick within the egg breaks its confining shell in twain. Everywhere life seeks expression, powers press to exercise themselves. See the painter, the sculptor, the poet, with creative genius struggling within him ; to create yields the subtlest pleasure, the keenest savour of exquisite delight. Therein is but another instance of the omnipresent nature of life, whether in the Logos, in the genius, or in the ephemeral creature of a day ; all joy in the bliss of living, and feel most alive when they multiply themselves in creation. To feel life expressing itself, flowing forth, expanding, increasing, this is at once the result of the Will to Live and its fruition in the Bliss of Living.

The Monad is separated, a "divine fragment," a Seed from the Tree Immortal, to become a developed God, a Tree of Life, another Fount of Being. The agent of his forth-coming is his inherent Will to Live ; the motive his will to experience. We are under the great law of rhythm—activity and rest, day and night, going forth and returning. The shaping of a new universe is the Day of Forth-going, the dawn of the period of activity. The living is the becoming ; life knows itself by change.

#### THE INNER RULER

Yet the phrase that the Monads go forth is somewhat inaccurate ; that they shine forth, send out their rays of life would be truer. For they remain ever "in the bosom of the Father," while their life-rays stream out into the ocean of matter, and therein appropriate the materials needed for their energising in the universe. The matter must be appropriated, rendered plastic, shaped into fitting vehicles. At first the Consciousness will be blinded, fettered, helpless ; slowly it will conquer the matter that at first enslaves it ; slowly, surely, it will mould it for Self-expression. We have already studied how through matter Consciousness evolves.

Now the Will is the energy which stands behind Thought ; Thought is the creative activity, but Will the motive power. Our bodies are as they are, because the Self has for countless ages been pouring forth his Will to shape matter into forms whereby he may know and energise on all outside himself. It is written in an ancient Scripture : "Of a truth this body is mortal, O Maghavan, it is subject to death. Yet is it a resting-place of the immortal and bodiless Âtmâ. . . The eyes are intended as organs of observation for the Being who dwelleth within the eyes. He who willeth, 'I shall smell,' is the Âtmâ, wishing to experience fragrance. He who willeth 'I shall speak,' is the Âtmâ wishing to utter words. He who willeth, 'I shall hear,' is the Âtmâ, wishing to listen to sounds. He who willeth, 'I shall think,' is the Âtmâ. The mind is the celestial eye, observing all desirable objects. By means of the mental celestial eye, Âtmâ enjoyeth all."\*

This is the secret, the motive power, of evolution. True, the great Will traces the high road of evolution. True spiritual Intelligences of many grades guide the evolving entities along that highroad. But too little attention has been paid to the countless experiments, failures, successes, the little bye-ways and twists and curls, due to the gropings of the separate Wills, each Will to Live trying to find Self-expression. The contacts from the outer world arouse in each Âtmâ the Will to know what touches. He knows but little in the jelly-fish, but the Will to know shapes, in form after form, an ever-improving eye, that hinders less his power of perception. As we study evolution, we become more and more conscious of Wills which shape matter, but shape it by groping experiments, not by clear vision. The presence of these many Wills make the constant branching of the evolutionary tree. There is a real truth in Professor Clifford's playful story to the children about the great Saurians of an early age : "Some chose to fly and became birds ; others chose to crawl, and became reptiles." Often we see an attempt foiled, and then the attempt is made in another direction. Often we see the most clumsy contrivances side by side with the most exquisite adaptations. The latter are the results of Intelligences



knowing their aims and consciously chiselling the matter into appropriate forms ; the others are the outcome of the strivings from within, still blind and groping, but steadfastly set to Self-expression. If there were only outside designers, seeing the end from the beginning, Nature would present us with insoluble puzzles in her building. But when we realise the presence of the Will to Live in each, seeking Self-expression, shaping his vehicles for his own purposes, then we can see alike the creative plan which underlies all, the plan of the LOGOS ; the admirable adaptations which work out His plan, the labour of the building Intelligences ; and the blunders due to the efforts of the Selves that will, but have not yet the knowledge or the power to perform perfectly.

It is this groping, striving, struggling divine Self, which, as evolution goes on, becomes in ever-increasing measure the true Ruler, the inner Ruler, the Immortal. Anyone who grasps that he is himself that Immortal Ruler, seated within his Self-created vehicles of expression, gains a sense of dignity and power which grows ever stronger, and more compelling on the lower nature. The knowledge of the truth makes us inly free. The inner Ruler may still be hampered by the very forms he has shaped for self-expression, but knowing himself as the Ruler, he can work steadfastly to bring his realm into complete subjection. He knows that he has come into the world for a certain purpose, to make himself fit to be a co-worker with the Supreme Will, and he can do and suffer all which is necessary to that end. He knows himself divine, and that his Self-realisation is only a question of time. Inwardly the divinity is felt, though outwardly it is not yet expressed, and there remains to become in manifestation what he is in essence. He is king *de jure*, not yet *de facto*.

As a Prince, born to a crown, patiently submits to the discipline which is fitting him to wear it, so the sovereign Will in us is evolving to the age when royal powers will pass into its grasp, and may patiently submit to the necessary discipline of life.

ANNIE BESANT.

## A CHEMICAL CADUCEUS

IN the issue of the REVIEW of November last Mendelejeff's periodic table of the chemical elements was considered in conjunction with Lothar Meyer's curves, which represent the order of the atomic volumes, the valencies, the electrical signs, the atomic weights of the elements. These many converging particulars yield a general plan which indicates seven types of elements reappearing in modified guise in a septenary time-cycle; and this general plan must almost necessarily figure, in some form or other, in any scheme designed to represent the gradual evolution of these elements as the basis of the physical nature about us. In the succeeding December number of the REVIEW reference was made to the bearing of spectroscopic evidence upon this point, this evidence tending to show that each type of element is derived from a corresponding type of ions as its direct precursor. The relation of the elemental essence of the astral plane to its corresponding groups of chemical elements is therein shown in a manner which makes apparent the nature of the interest which attaches to the following facts.

(1) In *The Astral Plane*\* it is pointed out that within each type of the elemental essence (vertical divisions in the diagram of December number) seven sub-types are found to exist, and that these may be distinguished by the colour predominating in each. This would apply to any type, and therefore to, let us say, type III.

(2) Sir William Crookes, questioning the "elementariness" of these chemical substances, turned his attention to Yttrium in group III. of Mendelejeff's table and succeeded in dividing his supposedly homogeneous material into several varieties of Yttrium—several sub-types, as one might regard them—whose

\* Ed. i., p. 50; Ed. II., p. 70.

spectra fall into a marked colour-order. Keeping to essential points, this colour-order may be indicated thus:—The original Yttrium gave a spectrum in which the following lines were equally bright and definite.

Deep red : Red : Citron : Green-blue (2) : Deep blue.

Each of the "sub-types" of Yttrium yielded a spectrum in which all these different lines appeared ; but in the spectrum of

Sub-type 1 the Deep red alone was bright ; other colours dull

"	2	"	Red	"	"	"	"
"	3	"	Citron	"	"	"	"
"	4	"	Green-blue	"	"	"	"
"	5	"	Deep blue	"	"	"	"

The spectra of still other constituents or sub-types of Yttrium but further confirm the actuality of this interesting colour-order. Hence it would appear that the rule of the astral plane, in this matter, is also the rule "here," for chemical sub-types may also be distinguished by the colour predominating in each.

Mendelejeff's entire table falls under some comprehensive colour-scheme which must also, necessarily, be numerical. The sub-types (as indicated above) transit the spectrum from the Red—where lower frequency of the light-waves suggests units of greater mass, to Blue or Violet—where higher frequency suggests units of smaller mass. Mendelejeff's table, *as a whole*, shows the same movement again ; for, as we pass from group I. to group VII., the general mean of the lines of the spectra tends to move from the Red to the Violet end, as is the case within the type. Human evolution appears to be a movement of much the same kind. We have to transit our own spectra by eliminating the coarser matter of the Red and moving into the finer Blue-violet. There must be immense economy of effort in being able to effect this within the simpler field of our own type ; for the spiritual, wherever achieved, must be the same for all and must link us in the blessedness of some common estate wherein earlier "differences" will be forgotten. Beyond these conditioned worlds one may surmise that we become as continuous spectra, viewing past cavilling as needless advertisement of our own personal absorption-bands.

The purpose of the present paper is to consider a somewhat

different aspect of this inorganic evolution, based upon Sir William Crookes' well-known "Genesis of the Elements," which is treated of at some length in vol. i. of *The Secret Doctrine*. Space only permits of a very brief description of the points essential to this view, but these particulars will explain the curious parallel to be observed between the ancient symbol, the Asvattha Tree (or its modification the Greek Caduceus) and the three-dimensional figure which results from expressing the order of Mendeleeff's table on the lines of the figure-of-eight curve proposed by Sir William Crookes.

.. We know that this has long ago been worked out by the originator of the idea, but upon the basis of a view of the chemical grouping which is somewhat different from that put forward in the REVIEW. The November issue stated the factors embodied in the grouping there shown, and suggested that Meyer's curves are probably a more fundamental indication of the natural order of the elements than any to be adduced from purely chemical considerations. In dealing, therefore, with the question of *positiveness* and *negativeness*, as to which different classifications may legitimately be employed, I adopt that which accords with Meyer's curves in the manner already explained. It is this classification of + and - which throws the lemniscate—the figure-of-eight curve—into the form which so curiously reproduces the ancient Caduceus.

As a guide to any attempt at tracing a figure or devising a model to represent the genesis of these chemical elements, one has first to consider what kind of force or energy is likely to have been operative in the process. Many indications point to the probability that the guiding influence was of the nature of electric and magnetic action—possibly in some more intimate alliance even than that in which we find them practically inseparable, though different, in ordinary experience. We find, however, that these two forces play in what may somewhat loosely be termed a right-angled relationship one to the other. For instance, if an electric current flows along a spiral coil of wire the plane of whose helices lies, say, east and west, this current will induce a magnetic field within the channel of the coil; thrust an iron bar within the coil and the bar at once becomes magnetic, but the

magnetic axis of the bar will lie north and south, *i.e.*, at right-angles to the plane of the whorls of the wire. The play of a galvanometer depends upon this right-angled relation of the electric to the magnetic axis.

As we wish to represent the operation of this electro-magnetic energy *as movement* we must suitably combine motion in *both* these directions, say north and south and east and west. Let a rod be swung to and fro from the hand, *one* beat each second, and let that line represent movement along the one axis; one must now continue with that swing another similar swing at right angles to the first, but this second swing should have double the frequency, *i.e.*, *two* beats each second, and this second line may represent movement along the other axis. The combination of the two oscillations will result in the point of the rod tracing a curve shaped like a figure 8—a lemniscate—but this curve is still a two-dimensional, plane figure as flat (theoretically) as the “eight” here printed. To this combined movement one must now add movement in a third direction, say, downwards, and this may represent the gradually falling temperature which, as Sir Norman Lockyer has shown, accompanies the evolution of our chemical atoms from the “*proto*” forms of matter, or “proto-metals,” etc., etc., which are their precursors in the hotter stars.

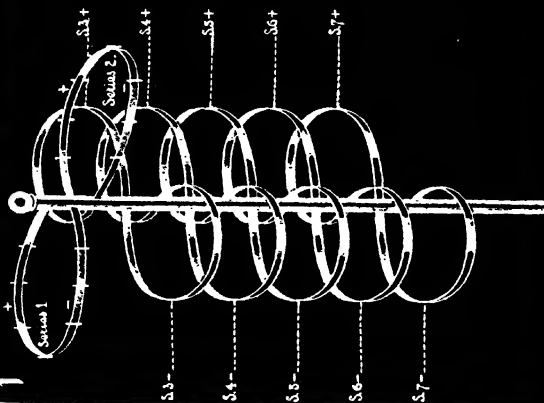
We have now formulated a movement which expresses the conditions assumed to be necessary. It is a cyclical movement about a point which lies mid-way between the opposite electric and magnetic polarities—the centre of the 8—and which is thus neutral to both. Further the successive coils repeat the cycle in a time-succession wherein modifications ensue from the altered temperature-conditions.

All this must be figured as representing the sweeping activities of those early forces of nature which sowed primordial space with the seeds of future “elements,” thus providing the foundation upon which new world-systems were to be built. The first cycle sees the creative force, in its mighty journey through space, scatter along its track the seeds which are presently to coalesce and develop into the elements included in Mendelejeff’s first and second series.\* In the following cycles of the vast creative pro-

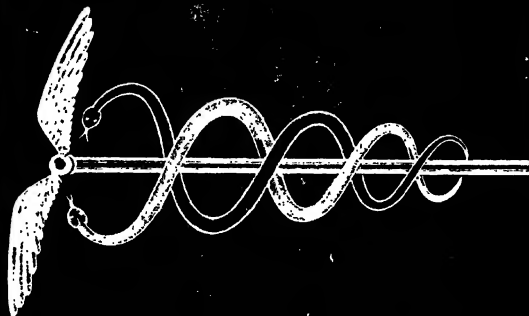
\* See quotations given in *The Secret Doctrine* vol. i., p. 601.



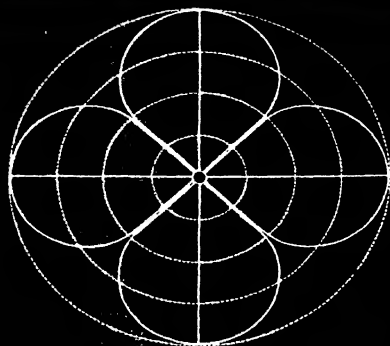
1



2



3



cess the seeds of the following chemical series are successively thrown forth, till space is filled with the primitive fire-mist in which physical matter—physical nature as we know it—had its genesis.

The diagram depicts the curve described, and we recognise that its successive coils correspond with the successive chemical series of the table. On precisely adapting these coils to the respective series we shall account for the apparently involved shape here shown; but as the diagram is not of such size as to permit of the names of the elements being made legible in their respective positions on the curves we must have recourse to description. The series of coils begins at the top of the central rod with the loop which is on our left and which starts from the further side of the rod, rejoining it on this. Along this loop we dispose the seven elements of Mendelejeff's first series, Lithium at the first mark, Beryllium at the second, Boron at the third. Carbon has its place at the centre of the curve. Then follow Nitrogen, Oxygen and Fluorine at the points marked on the nearer side of the curve. These seven elements are thus disposed along this curve much as we usually depict the seven worlds of a planetary chain, with the fourth member as "turning-point." The curve now passes through the upright rod, emerging from its further side to form the loop seen on our right. Along this we dispose the elements of series 2 at the points marked: Sodium, Magnesium and Aluminium on the further side; Silicon at the turning-point; Phosphorus, Sulphur and Chlorine on the nearer side. A complete figure-of-eight has now been traced and the two "short" series are disposed of; but before proceeding to deal with the later series it is important to notice the disposition of affairs at the completion of this first cycle of movement. We find the positive elements all disposed on the *further* sides of the curves and the negative elements all placed on the *nearer* sides. Viewing the figure from above we should see "space" dualised in the sense that it is now divided into a positive field on the one hand and a negative field on the other—positive elements in one field and negative elements in the other. This is but another expression of the basic difference noticed in the downward and upward movement of Meyer's curves—an expression which we



cannot disregard when disposing the remaining positive and negative elements of the series still to be dealt with.

Series 3 comprises 7 positive and 7 negative members ; and the 7 positive, from Potassium to Manganese, have to be placed upon the next loop, with Titanium at the turning-point, just as the first and second loops were filled. But as these 7 are all positive elements their loop must be thrown into the positive field at the *further* side of the rod, for it would seem a violation of all electrical propriety to dispose any of them in a negative area. The positive loop of series 3 is thus wholly on the further side of the rod ; and the negative loop, carrying the negative elements (Copper to Bromine) is wholly on the nearer side. The lemniscate carrying series 3 thus has its long axis at right-angles to that of the first lemniscate which carried series 1 and 2. The curves of series 4 will fall precisely under those of series 3, for in series 4 we have again 7 positive elements (Rubidium to the unknown body whose place would be under Bromine) to be thrown into the positive field and 7 negative elements (Silver to Iodine) to be placed on the loop which follows in the negative field. Series 5, 6, and 7, being similarly constituted of 7 + and 7 - elements, take their respective places on the following coils, blanks being left on the curves in correspondence with the blanks (unknown, undiscovered elements) in Mendelejeff's table. When all seven series are thus placed our set of curves will be completed in the disposition shown in the diagram, with all the positive elements on one side of the central rod, and all the negative on the opposite side.

It will be noticed that the central rod, if seen from above, lies in the *neutral* line in which the long axes of the superposed lemniscates, 8 and  $\infty$ , cross. And according to this arrangement the members of Mendelejeff's eighth group get bunched at their respective places, in threes, *in* this neutral line—*within* the rod itself. So placed they are as much excluded from the septenary order as they are in Mendelejeff's table, and this also conforms with their position at the neutral points of Meyer's curves. In this method of representing the natural order of the chemical elements and the evolution of their seven series in succession we again trace the correspondence with the ancient teaching. Aditi,

the virgin mother—space, and her eight sons—seven accredited and the eighth disowned, are again represented under a symbolism drawn from the field of modern scientific thought.

Having followed the building of the figure stage by stage we see that it represents the evolution of the basic material of physical nature. With this in mind it is interesting to turn to *The Secret Doctrine*\* and to read the explanation there given of the meaning of the Caduceus, and of its derivation from the still more ancient symbol, the Asvattha Tree. The Caduceus is sufficiently represented by our second illustration, which depicts it from the same point of view—somewhat aslant—as the first. *The Secret Doctrine* says: “The trunk of the Asvattha (the Tree of Life and Being) grows from and descends at every Beginning (every new Manvantara) from the two dark wings of the Swan (Hamsa) of Life. The two Serpents, the ever-living and its illusion (spirit and matter), whose two heads grow from the one head between the wings, descend along the trunk interlaced in close embrace. The two tails join on earth (the manifested universe) into one, and this is the great illusion, O Lanoo!”

We are here, evidently, also viewing a figure intended to represent the formation, at a new Manvantara, of physical matter, “the manifested universe,” and the correspondence of this with our first figure is somewhat remarkable. The Caduceus exhibits two wings, evidently in line; and below these the two serpents—light and dark, spirit and matter, positive and negative—intertwine in *five* dual loops whose curves sweep outwards at right angles to the line of the wings. In our chemical figure we have precisely the same features, *i.e.*, two “wings” whose axis is in one direction; and below these the two coils—positive and negative—intertwined in *five* dual loops whose axes are at right angles to that of the “wings.” The model before me, viewed from different positions, illustrates this correspondence strikingly, showing the central rod itself at right angles to the axes both of the “wings” and of the lower coils, as though typical of the three-dimensional conditions of our material state. In the *Evolution of Life and Form* the great creative process is described from the *Vishnu Purāṇa*. Mount Mandara stands for our neutral axis; the serpent

\* Vol. i., p. 600 (3rd ed.)

Vāsuki anticipates our lemniscate; and the opposing hosts of Suras and Asuras represent our later terms of opposites, "positive" and "negative."

On careful examination we are bound to see that the ancient symbol and the modern, both devised to represent the process which culminated in the production of physical matter, are actually of the same shape. Although different appearances arise from the particular methods of symbolism employed, the essential structural features and disposition are identical.

But the living wings and serpents, figured by the ancient scientist, taught infinitely more than is implied by the wood and wire and chemical symbols of the modern method. Yet such is the operation of universal law, that the modern symbol appears to indicate many things which would scarcely be suggested by its electro-magnetic and chemical origin. For instance, we understand that of the seven great planes the highest two are represented typically, and five only are fully manifested—that is, definitely dualised under terms of opposites. And in our chemical Caduceus the highest *two* coils carry Mendelejeff's "typical series," whilst only the lower *five* lemniscates are definitely dualised and show the formal seven positive and seven negative items in each. The coils of our figure thus show a strange correspondence with the planes of our system—a correspondence observable, of course, in Mendelejeff's table. Then again, those wings imply a movement of some kind, a carrying of something. If they came to establish *this* Manvantara they probably flew over from the *last*, carrying the life-product of its evolution as the basis from which our present septenary order was to be developed. We learn that the evolution of the last, the Lunar Manvantara, was actually *four*-fold, whilst three further stages or degrees were "possible" but were not there realised or manifested. Referring to the wings of our chemical model we find that they *do* carry a *four*-fold burden. The first wing presents Mendelejeff's "typical series" as a charge of positive and negative elements—two primary types; the second wing carries another delivery, a separate and later development of the same two positive and negative types. Each wing shows seven degrees of this fundamental positiveness and negativeness; but, together, they bring

two separate positive and two separate negative groups—*four* in all—and dispose them in a *typical* but *not manifested or dualised*, septenary order. After that fourfold foundation, is provided by the wings then follows the formal manifestation or dualising of the five lower lemniscates into seven positive and seven negative elements in each.

But there also came over from the Lunar Manvantara the further *three-fold* “possibility” which had not been manifested there; and, definitely excluded from our present septenary order, we find in the neutral axis of our Caduceus the *three* groups, each of *three* elements, of Mendelejeff’s eighth division.

Many curious facts of occult science thus seem to be evidenced by this symbol, built as it is upon lines which harmonise strictly with the principles of modern chemistry. Whether these signs carry the precise implications suggested above is, of course, open to question. It would be interesting to know more on the subject; for, rightly understood, the philosophy of chemistry must at some point merge in the stream of that profounder and wider philosophy which regards the One Life as the central fount from which all sciences are co-ordinated derivatives.

For further evidence of the curious suggestiveness of our Caduceus one needs but to view the model from above, in line with the central rod. Marking-in the axis of the wings, and, at right angles to this, the axis of the lower coils, the model presents the appearance shown in our third illustration—the Rosicrucian symbol. The dotted lines are added to show that, viewed from above, the various elements are disposed upon the loops in a series of circles having the neutral rod as their common centre. All the Monad elements of Mendelejeff’s groups I. and VII. are in the smaller circle; all the Dyad elements (groups II. and VI.) are in the next; all the Triad elements (groups III. and V.) are in the next larger circle; and the Tetrad elements of group IV. are in the outer circle which touches the extremities of the crossed axes. And here one sees again the *fourfold* basis of the *septenary* order. The Rosicrucian symbol is thus but another view of the ancient Caduceus, and this must account for the fact that the interpretation of the one closely corresponds in many

particulars with that of the other—that is, they have a common significance. If we bear in mind that diagram 3 represents our chemical symbol as seen *from above*, with the lower coils in line with and behind those actually depicted, we shall notice that the position of the elements on the different coils brings them into a succession which accords with some of the marked gradations of properties referred to in the November number of the REVIEW, and which made possible Mendelejeff's remarkable predictions noticed in the December article. If we could read the perspective of diagram 3 then, we should be in possession of well nigh all chemical law, known or unknown. But, from considerations already noted, this perspective also has an application to our different planes. Any true statement of the basic order of chemical matter should thus apply to the order of the matter of the different planes, and this appears to be the fact as regards Mendelejeff's great law, which states the chemical order as follows :

"The properties of the elements, as well as the properties of their compounds, form a periodic function of the atomic weights of the elements."

The properties of atoms, and of aggregations of atoms or compounds, are declared to follow a certain rhythm arising from the order of atomic weights, and this is precisely what we learn of the properties of the matter of our planes and sub-planes. In speaking of mental atoms, astral atoms, physical atoms, we recognise that these represent steps of a movement into greater density,\* and that from each set of atoms there follows a series of compounds constituting the dependent sub-planes, whose properties are as "periodic" as Mendelejeff himself could have wished. It is this perfectly rhythmic periodicity which establishes the synchronism of "corresponding sub-planes," so often referred to, and which bases devotion and magic and chemistry alike on that common law the knowledge of which was the mystic secret of ancient Alchemy. The evolution of consciousness on higher planes may thus be discussed in terms of chemical "transmuta-

\* The "steps" of the atomic weights noted on p. 205, THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, vol. xxxi., where the 16 and 48 are taken as the powers of *one* and of *three*, are remarkable in that the two highest series and the upper line of the third are all included in the *one* as is the case with the planes.

tion " without necessarily confusing even the chemist, for chemistry is a most wondrous symbol whose perspective reveals many a forgotten truth. Mendelejeff's law of periodicity laid down a principle applicable not only to chemical matter but to different planes, and it would be difficult to refer to any other generalisation of modern science which has this measure of universality. Correspondences with occult teaching meet one at every point. The third race saw humanity dualised as male and female. The third chemical series is dualised as seven + and seven —. The third race developed a bony frame; and the third series provided Calcium, whereof bones are made, etc., etc. Anyone versed in the meaning of these ancient symbols might follow the matter up indefinitely; for my own part, ignorant of such things, I can only wonder at the parallels drifted into. The Asvattha Tree, the Caduceus of Mercury, the Rosicrucian symbol and our chemical model all appear to be but different presentations of the familiar  $\oplus$ , which contains them all as being the sign of Manifested Life itself.

Interpreting the latter symbol aright, we should read therein all details conveyed by the others and should know that harmony which the One Life breathes into all its works. Prayer and aspiration would be the flowering rose upon our cross, and all incompatibles be reconciled in the circle of a truer sight. Symbols we are, at symbols ever looking, yet neither understanding them nor ourselves. It is written, there needs but our assenting that we should see *through* these many signs to the unity they all proclaim, passing from distraction at the things without to the wisdom that knows in the Light within.

G. DYNE.

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THE strength of all sciences, which consisteth in their harmony, each supporting the other, is as the strength of the old man's fagot in the band; for were it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a small watch-candle into every corner.—BACON.

## ART AND LITERATURE IN THEOSOPHY

THE article in a recent number of the REVIEW on Art and Literature in the Theosophical Society\* seemed to point out what has hitherto been an almost un-noted want. One has only to mix very casually with the members of our country branches to find out that there is little appreciation of great literature *per se* and little demand for art. It is quite usual to hear members say they have no time for any reading except Theosophical, or even that other literature has lost all interest for them. Art, for its own sake, the sheer love of beauty, appeals to them not at all, and Shakespeare has ceased to interest them, because he is not a teacher of reincarnation. That such a condition of mind is one greatly to be regretted I think many of us will agree. The Theosophist, of all people, should be the last to plead want of time. The Scientist, with his one short life before him, may be hurried into a narrow specialism in his desire to accomplish something "definite," but the Theosophist, who has gleaned some notion of the ages before him, may surely realise that there is time for the attainment of all-round culture, and that the way to reach perfection is not specialism, but growth. But is not specialism one way of growing? No doubt it is. As Theosophists we believe that all evil is "but good in the making," and that some day "we shall arrive"; but to turn the whole bent of one's life into one small channel, as is the tendency in the present day, seems such a poor, one-sided kind of growth compared with the broad culture and large sympathies of, say, the great Greek age. One wonders what karma the man whose whole work in life is the study (for instance) of the brain of the whale, is laying up, what reaction will take place in his next incarnation, and where the reverse swing of the pendulum will go that has been so pulled out of rhythm in this life. But are Theosophists tending to be-

\* "The Mystic Value of Literature," by A. J. O., in the January number.

come specialists? I think the answer to this question must be that there is grave danger of it.

Physical Science dwelt on the body, until the 19th century was not quite sure whether or no the soul existed at all. Is there not a danger that our branches may fall into the same error, and dwell on the bodies or vehicles of men (even though it be on the more spiritual planes) until they miss the actual communion with the great spirit of the universe, that perhaps the more ignorant devotee, of religion or beauty, may attain to?

The larger conception of life that the outlines of Theosophy give to the average person who is anxious to find a solid footing for his intuitions and embryo beliefs, is a wonderful stimulus and joy; but when a branch settles down to study the text-books, the danger begins. Knowledge acquired by hearsay, whether it be a science of this or of other planes, is to some extent the same in its results on life. Does it make any practical difference to the life of the soul, after its initiatory enlargement, whether we study facts of life on the astral plane, or of life on the physical plane? The first to us is of more interest certainly, but once we are convinced of its existence (which after all is the important thing) the facts about it range themselves in the same category as physical facts, and are more useful only so far as they further illuminate and enlarge the life of the soul.

If we look down the centuries, those who have been the great wisdom teachers have neither been the great specialists nor the great gatherers of knowledge, they have been the lovers of beauty, those who, as A. J. O. puts it, have felt and expressed the "ecstasy" which is the "withdrawal of the consciousness from the ordinary" (or the outer) "into the inner and more real." Do our branches help us to withdraw into this inner and more real world, of which even the youngest of us gets a glimpse now and then through art, which is the medium of those who are in touch with it continually. A "good working hypothesis" and a knowledge, even at second hand, of the systematisation of lives after death, to be acquired, and if possible passed on, is part of the work of a branch member, but it is not all, it is not enough to take the place of the love of beauty which is the "ecstasy" of a Plato, and the inspiration of all great living. The love of beauty, in the Platonic sense of the



term beauty, is the love of the Divine which inspires alike the saint, the philosopher and the artist. To be imbued with a true sense of the holiness of beauty is to know (and to live) the beauty of holiness. There is indeed need for us, "to strive," as A. J. O. says, to keep alive the sacred fire which "burns so low in us." It is true that the study of comparative religions will bring us into touch with some of the great lovers of beauty and wisdom, but in answer to a question in *The Vâhan*, touching on some conception in Buddhist literature, the questioner was told rather shortly that he would do better to keep to Theosophical interpretations. This seemed to be a most unfortunate blunder, and one that need not be dwelt upon; but the tendency of all people banding themselves together is to narrow, and it is a tendency our Society should guard against, even though it be without creed and without dogma.

A. J. O. tells us that "all great literature is symbolic," and adds that he does not find fault with text-books that represent our greatest and most abstract ideas in the terms of colour and light, but are we not also in want of the ideas in symbolic language, so that they may not impress the mind alone, but may lift the soul into the inner world which exists even behind the most subtle body that is expressed in matter? Accuracy in the text-books is, of course, of enormous and inestimable value, but it is not enough for the food of the whole man, and while therefore it is interesting to read that our highest emotions look like a *feu d'artifice* on some other plane, we may wish also for the touch of genius that transmutes knowledge into literature. It is not knowledge but experience that is power, in any but the most worldly reading of the idiom, and great literature may be said (by its sympathetic and creative power) to give this experience, and thus, in a sense, be the short cut, or help, to the growth of which actual experience is the more lengthy route.

That growth in the branches is to be gained largely also by the meditation which is concentration of mind cannot, I think, be too strongly or too often insisted upon; and the mind that is strengthened most by thought-power, and by thought-control can come into closest touch with the higher self, will find (one cannot help thinking) that true literature and true art are both an inspira-

tion and a necessary expression. But this "meditation" is much harder to the ordinary Westerner than thinking along the lines of induction and deduction to which he is more accustomed. If we either cannot or do not give more than a few minutes a day to meditation which is neither drowsiness nor dreaming, where can we look for the growth of mind that attended the old metaphysical digging out of truth, or the concentration that came from prayer; and where shall we get the growth of the soul that came from the touch with the unseen, unless it be from literature and art?

I hope I do not minimise the importance of science, physical or superphysical, but it seems to me there are things more important for us to learn than the workings of nature on other planes. Surely we shall feel there, as we do here, when a soul loves us without waiting to see whether it turns red. And the thing of interest to all time is to learn to love; not to learn how even the causal body looks when it loves. Great literature and great art should help us—who do not get help from the churches—to love.

"Art is merely the *expression* of beauty, and therefore must be left behind as one of the transitory things," a branch member said to me the other day—adding that the greatest art seemed to him poor and unimportant in the light of the new wisdom philosophy. But surely art is the expression of the highest beauty reached by us, and until we are one with that beauty, until "the One" has ceased to manifest at all, must not the reaching up to, and the expression of, that beauty be our highest ideal as well as our highest happiness? If art seem a transient thing to the Theosophical student, it is either because his development is one-sided, and he cannot perceive the permanent beauty that the art expresses, or because the expression or the insight of the artist is too faulty or immature. Plato tells us of "the beauty which meets the sense like a breeze, and imperceptibly draws the soul into harmony with the beauty of reason"; and Jowett continues: "There might be a poetry which would be the hymn of divine perfection, the harmony of goodness and truth among men; a strain which should renew the youth of the world and elicit the essential forms of truth and justice out of the complexity of modern society, which should be based not on vain longings or faint imaginings, but on a clear insight into the nature

of man." Great literature and great art put the spirit of man (which is something quite other I take it than any vehicle however spiritual or "rarefied") in touch with that "beauty" which is the Spirit of the universe, and though the form in which this permanent beauty must be expressed may vary with different planes, or even with different nations and centuries, the need for expression is surely, short of omniscience, as permanent as the beauty itself. Short of omniscience? But what are the "out-pourings" of the Logos but the expression of the beauty behind, and what is the meaning of the "sacrifice" that runs through Theosophy and all religions? "It is more blessed to give than to receive" is but a glimpse of the truth that as we approach nearer in likeness to the Great Ones, our great joy will be, as the artist's joy is now, to create, to give, to express the beauty within us. Poor indeed is the vicarious suffering one hears of sometimes from the pulpit, or the selfdenial from a sense of duty, often with a quite inadequate gain to someone else, as the child is quick to see. They are, no doubt, steps, and as steps we would not wish to minimise their value, but how different from the artist nature that gives because it longs to give and finds its happiness in giving, and how different the goal. But no—the goal is the same, and the adherent of duty—with duty turned into love and joyousness—will some day understand the tollower of art, whose joy in expression will be purged from all vanity and hope of outside reward (which are, after all, but the spur for immaturity), and together they will find that in the Logos love and beauty are one; and the joy of the uplifted man will be—as the joy of the gods—in the pouring out of the beauty and love that he is able to delight in and express.

May we not pray with Plato: "Grant me beauty of the inner soul, and that the inner and the outer be at one"?

H. D. WEB.

## THE PURPOSE OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

**SPEAKING** in the most general terms as to the real purpose of the Theosophical Society, I would suggest that it is: To lead men, each on his own path of development, to a knowledge of Divine Wisdom.

1. That Divine Wisdom, a knowledge of which is to be had, sooner or later, by every man who follows the path thereto, is the root-basis of all religions and philosophies, arts and sciences.

2. The Divine Wisdom is the very fount and source of each man's innermost being—welling up in him variously as life, as conscience, as intellect, as intuition, as genius, as inspiration, and sooner or later as self-conscious divinity.

3. The Divine Wisdom is a philosophy of life, which those who have attained a full knowledge of it, Great Souls connected with our humanity, spoken of as the Masters of Wisdom, have been making special efforts, during the last quarter of a century, to re-proclaim.

The Theosophical Society represents one of the efforts. Whether or not this Their effort is brought to a successful issue depends largely on the intelligent willingness of each individual member, on whom the Light of the Wisdom has dawned as a possibility to be attained, to rise to the privilege offered of co-operating with Their purpose, by himself treading steadfastly the path which leads him to Wisdom, proclaiming the Light to others, which a faithful treading of the path, even at its lowliest stages brings him, while at the same time recognising that his fellow pilgrims have each their own path, and refraining from an insistence that they ought to be treading his.

The methods by means of which the Theosophical Society is aiming to accomplish the purpose for which it was founded—

of leading man to the Wisdom—to a knowledge of (not only faith in) his own immortal nature—are indicated in our three objects.

Let us consider these a short time as they have relation to the main purpose of the Theosophical Society, affecting :

i. Members of the Society itself.

ii. The influence of the Society in the world at large.

Our three objects are :

1. To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

2. To promote the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science. (To promote also [some of our members would add, and may it not be rightly added ?] the study of art, music, etc., as their theosophical contribution.)

3. To investigate the hidden laws of Nature, and the powers latent in man.

Or, shortly put: i. Brotherhood ; ii. Religious, philosophic and artistic study ; iii. Scientific investigation by self-culture.

These, be it remembered, for the purpose of leading man to a knowledge of Theosophy, or Divine Wisdom.

The only binding object of the three, for any who would join the Theosophical Society, is the first, Brotherhood ; the other two—religious and philosophic study, and scientific investigation by self-culture—are optional, and subservient to the first. Some members follow the religious line, some the philosophic, some the scientific, some few the artistic, and these in all variety of combinations, and the problem we have to solve, if we would attain to the Wisdom we seek, is not an easy one, viz.: How each to follow our own line and be mutually tolerant of fellow members following other lines than ours, and so promote the harmonious working of the nucleus of Brotherhood, which entrance into the Society assumes we are resolved to further.

If we fail to aim for the Brotherhood ideal, however successful we may be in our literary research and study of occultism or Nature's inner workings—if we fail to work towards the recognition and realisation of Brotherhood, our nominal membership of the Society will bring us not one whit nearer reaching the Divine Wisdom. For that Divine Wisdom, which it is the purpose of the Theosophical Society to foster in man, is not

in itself to be gained from a study of books—though books there are in abundance which describe the methods of its workings; that Divine Wisdom is not to be gained by mere head knowledge (however deep and profound that knowledge may be) of the facts of Nature, whether occult or otherwise. That Divine Wisdom is the working of a Divine Life, a spiritual Life, brought into being in the inmost recesses of a man's soul, a Life which, when brought forth in him, so floods his whole being with its illuminating Light, that that moment he clearly perceives and knows, what erstwhile he only believed or dimly sensed, that he and his fellows are one with the Eternal. And henceforth, the life that he *now* lives in the flesh, he lives no longer as a separated unit, but as an embodiment, a focus of that larger Life of which he knows, and it becomes literally true of him that he lives—yes!—yet not he, but the Christ liveth in him; for lo! a new creation has been born!

It was this event in the future evolution of every human soul, this birth of the Christ Child in man, that every great religion was founded to proclaim, and to urge man to aspire towards. "Ye must be born again!"—said the Christ.

It is the possibility of this event, this second birth, this taking up of the manhood into God on the one side, this manifesting of the Godhead in human form on the other, that Theosophy is afresh proclaiming to-day, and urging us to strive towards. This, if ye will receive it, this at-one-ment, is the Divine Wisdom which forms the root-basis of all religions.

Now this new creation, this awakening of the Divine Life in man, bringing the light of Divine Wisdom, cannot come into being without a long previous evolving and developing in the reincarnating human soul of soul-qualities—soul-qualities, paramount among which is love of the brethren—for this is the law.

Let us cultivate love, then, if in ourselves we would help towards fulfilling the purpose for which the Theosophical Society has been founded—let us cultivate love of the brethren! By which I mean not the love which boasts itself as such—not a weak smiling sentimentality, not a mere meek, mild, amiable affability, which pale shadow of the genuine article would sometimes fain deceive us into imagining we were in possession

of the real thing. Let us cultivate love as a *positive* quality of the soul—a love, which never sees suffering, without a yearning to soothe—a love, which never sees sin, without pity for the sinner—a love, moreover, which never sees the joy or success or happiness of another, without rejoicing—a love which prompts us ever to be on the watch for the virtues of our fellow-men, that these we may stimulate, and so help to disperse the weaknesses and vices. Let us cultivate that love, which ever causes us to long to share what we have, whether of power, or of happiness, or of truth, with our fellow-men. Let us cultivate that love, which is the root of a wide, generous tolerance of those who differ from us in their views of life and religion, differ from us in their standard of morality, in their tastes and proclivities and capacities. Let us cultivate that love which never rests until it finds the germ of truth in a view honestly held by an opponent.

By cultivation of such love, we shall prepare the way for that Great Event to take place in our own souls, when we shall know, of a truth, that they (our differing fellows) and we are all parts of one glorious Divine Life, working to become self-conscious in us, love evolving us each into a different, though perfect image of Himself;—and then, when the Christ is born, we shall know Theosophy, the Divine Wisdom, within our own souls and need not that any from outside shall teach us of its truth.

And just here let me indicate some of the difficulties liable to crop up in a fellowship like ours, on the part of members, who join the Society in order to get more “knowledge of Theosophy,” or to acquire for themselves occult arts.

At this point, I hear some one say :

“What are you doing soaring right away up there above the clouds?—We, and you probably, are incarnations away from that consummation yet. Here are we, members of the Theosophical Society or not, very ordinary men and women indeed—and frightfully busy—some of us too with hum-drum, common-place duties to perform, in business, in home, in study—deadly dull and wearisome at times, and with very provoking, irritating people to deal with, whom, really and truly, we don’t care to love. Here are we perpetually making blunders—we can’t begin to imagine we are within measurable distance of the time you are

talking about, when the Light of the True is to shine within us ; and frankly we venture to think that some of our fellow members are a little previous in their imaginings. We prefer too, to keep ourselves to ourselves, or to choose our own companions for study of Theosophy—the members of the Society in our particular branch are so dull, or stupid, or cantankerous, or dominating. Moreover the ‘ Love everybody all alike ’ sort of ideal doesn’t appeal to us.”

To this, may I be permitted to reply ? All that you say may be perfectly true, and if so, it is well to express it, that we may look at it and see what it all means ;—for truth must ever be our watchword, as well as brotherhood, else will our brotherhood become but a very flabby counterfeit of the real article. But what did you say ? “ Love everybody all alike ! ”—at this our human stage !—nobody surely of any clear judgment, or authority (that we should recognise as such) seriously suggested that we should ! Even Jesus had his John, and Buddha his Ânanda. The cultivation of the *positive* aspect of love, such as I have indicated, has not, as a matter of fact, this effect, and if any of us have been aiming at love, in the negative way, of merely “ not hating ” other fragments of the Divine Life, the sooner we amend our ways the better ; for this, it would seem, would of itself lead no whither, without a living realisation of the Divine Life behind going on *pari passu* with our “ separated ” life—which (Divine Life) is ever pouring itself out in loving service. Negative virtues, as such, lead nowhere, or at least nowhere in the direction Theosophists are presumably aiming for. But the cultivation of the positive aspect of love has the effect, as Mrs. Besant once put it, of “ levelling our loves up, not ‘down’ ” ; it has the effect of causing not that those we love dearly now become less dear, but always and ever more dear, until we realise them indeed as our very self. For always our loved ones become more dear, as we cease to be concerned with the love of our own separated selves, and learn to find out also *how* to love those other souls, who, as yet perpetually irritate and annoy with their exasperating habits, or colourlessness of character.

For the rest, let us now, just for a moment, look again at the purpose of the Society for its members, in the light of its



first and only binding object, to form a nucleus of human brotherhood.

The other two objects, neither of which members are asked to bind themselves to—*viz.*, religious and philosophic study, and occult or scientific investigation by self-culture—may be well done alone. Membership of the Society is neither necessary nor specially helpful for these. The only object essential to the attainment of the purpose of the Theosophical Society—the one attitude of mind required on the part of those who wish to enter the Society—is response to the keynote of Brotherhood in our search after Truth.

That Divine Wisdom, which the Society points to as heritage for its members and for the world at large, is that Wisdom which cannot be obtained without co-operation—that Wisdom which ever eludes the grasp of those who would seek it for themselves alone, that Wisdom which sheds its light quite early on the pathway of those who genuinely and truly love their fellow-men, and who join the Theosophical Society primarily with the object that thereby they may learn the better how to serve.

An intellectual understanding of Theosophy, a mental apprehension of the great philosophy of life, which our Theosophical movement has brought to light, may of course be obtained quite well by a study of the vast literature on the subject; membership of the Society is not at all necessary for this—lectures, literature, classes, At Homes, are open to all, whether members of the Theosophical Society or not.

Moreover, if it is the occult arts or psychic powers that we want—clairvoyance, clairaudience, ability to leave the body and return to it at will—membership of the Society will again help us not at all in this direction, but only inasmuch as these powers arise *after* the Divine Wisdom has been awakened in the soul—*after* the Christ has been born in us—and then, we shall need not that any man shall teach us *how* to develop them, for they will as naturally unfold themselves as opens the kitten its eyes. It is the *old* story: "Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God, and these things shall be added."

What membership of the Theosophical Society however will

help to do for us, if in our heart of hearts the promotion of Brotherhood has been our primary object for joining, or if, after joining, it has come to be that primary object—what membership of the Theosophical Society, combined with harmonious co-operation with our fellow students, and the cultivation of loving service to and harmonious relations with human beings generally among whom our lot is cast—what membership, with steadfast determination to forward this condition of things will do, is to quicken the Life of the Christ, the self-conscious Divinity, in us, sooner or later to be brought to the birth.

There is still another difficulty, in quite another direction from those mentioned, which, if we are not on our guard against it, threatens the healthy growth and well-being of a Society with ideals so lofty as ours, and mars its purpose—the tendency, I mean, on the part of some loving natures, figuratively speaking to fall down at the feet and worship the human instrument, who presumably nearer to the attainment of the Wisdom than themselves (though by no means necessarily so) has been used as agent of the Divine Law to unveil for them a glimpse of the Light, to awaken in them by his words or writings a recognition of the real meaning and purpose of life. “Little tin gods on wheels,” as H. P. Blavatsky used to speak of these objects of worship, herself included, not infrequently are being set up in our branches, in our unions, in our Society at large. Alas! alas! poor frail human nature! Every chance word uttered by the unfortunate object of worship, becomes regarded by the devotee as divinely inspired,—the idiosyncrasies of his personality become foolishly paraded and exaggerated, his judgment on matters of mere opinion is allowed to dominate what should be the free, independent judgment of any sane mind, let alone such as are seeking to make conditions for the Divine Wisdom from within to illumine and flood their souls with its light. And if perchance the object of worship fall, as fall he may, remember, the disaster to our nucleus of brotherhood is proportionate largely to the blind folly of his worshippers. “See thou do it not,” said the angel to John the Divine, who, when he had heard and seen the glories of heaven unveiled for him, fell down to worship before the feet of the angel who showed him these things—“See thou do

it not, for I am thy fellow servant and of thy brethren the prophets, and them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God!" Again and again, by those who are helping by their knowledge and insight to unveil the mysteries to us in our Theosophical Movement to-day, the same warning note has been struck. H. P. Blavatsky, Annie Besant, C. W. Leadbeater shrink back at the approach of blind credulity and worship with a similar: "See thou do it not. Worship the Divine—accept nothing from us which goes counter to your reason and conscience is that which you sense as likest God within the soul." Devotion and love and loyalty to the teachers and helpers for whose persevering work and devotion for our helping we cannot but feel the deepest gratitude, earnest and steadfast co-operation with them in carrying out the great purpose for which the Theosophical Society was founded—all this is perfectly compatible with vigorous, manly independent judgment. It is of such sterling stuff as this—strong, true, loving and loyal, that a healthy nucleus of brotherhood should now be forming, if the Theosophical Society is to fulfil its purpose of leading men, not only its own members, but those outside its ranks, each on his own path of development, to a knowledge of Theosophy or Divine Wisdom.

And now as regards the purpose of the Theosophical Society towards those outside its ranks. Still that purpose remains the same, *viz.*, "to lead men each on his own path of development to a knowledge of Divine Wisdom." Note the phrase "*each on his own path of development.*" If this be the case it will readily be seen that it is foreign to the purpose of the Theosophical Society to *induce* men to become members, though gladly do we welcome to our ranks any attracted thereto, who responding to the keynote of Brotherhood have a real wish to share our privileges and responsibilities. For the rest the purpose of the Society is to restore to the religious world, whether Hindu, Buddhist, Christian, or of other faiths, the real inner mystic meaning of their creeds and ceremonies, the key to which has by the religious teachers themselves so largely been lost—to restore to them the knowledge of the scientific possibility, and in some few pioneers of the human race, the scientific actuality, of the birth, growth and development into Divine Manhood of the Christ within the human soul—

that thus, knowing towards what goal their human evolution is tending, they may intelligently follow out the instructions of their Divine Master, whether Christ, or Buddha, or some other great Saviour, as means leading towards that goal.

The purpose of the Theosophical Society is as regards the scientific world to induce men to look deeper for the causes of the phenomenal universe than the material form perceptible to their five physical senses, to lead them to an understanding that the true perception of external facts of life and being depends primarily on the faculties evolved by the perceiver, and that as man evolves into Divine man almost infinitely fuller and clearer perceptive powers will develop in him, which shall change for him the face of the universe, and which will give him a clue whereby he may by knowledge more practically help his fellows.

The purpose of the Theosophical Society is to make accessible to the philosophic world, as it evolves responsiveness to receive it, knowledge in the keeping of the great Guardians of Humanity—knowledge as to God, the universe, and man's relation to God and the universe—that knowledge spoken of variously as the Esoteric Philosophy, the Ancient Wisdom, the Secret Doctrine, which forms the basis of all the great philosophies and religions of the world, and parts of which, from time to time, as the world has need for further stimulus, or has evolved capacity for readier response, the Divine Guardians send their messengers to proclaim. The Theosophical Society may be thought of, as a whole, as having in itself the potentiality of becoming, if one may say so, one such messenger—a link, a channel as it were between humanity and its Divine Guardians—but it can only be this in actuality in proportion as we keep our nucleus of brotherhood sound and strong and healthy and pure, on the lines previously indicated.

Further the purpose of the Theosophical Society amongst all men everywhere, who come under the sway of its influence, is to militate against the twin foes of man, materialism on the one hand, superstition on the other, by awakening him to the fact of his own inherently divine, immortal nature—by arousing in him a knowledge based on intuitional certainty, that he is not the

creature of a moment, of a few days, or a few short years, who came into existence at the birth of this bodily form which he holds and will be snuffed out of existence at its death, that neither is he a being created by a capricious Deity, whose eternal future of weal or woe is to depend on the success or failure of this one earth life, but that he is an immortal pilgrim, evolving his powers in time and space, that he has held many mortal forms before the one he now holds, and will continue to hold many more, until the purpose of his long pilgrimage is accomplished and he becomes of "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

The purpose of the Theosophical Society is to stimulate, at whatever stage of evolution a man may be, his energies in that direction, to arouse into activity the Christlike elements in his nature and to help him to subdue the brute.

So that wherever, in any town, a living branch of the Theosophical Society is established, however feeble the intellectual powers of its members, however lowly their social position, if only they are genuinely working to establish a nucleus of the Brotherhood, they become a focus for the uplifting, life-giving, spiritual energies to their town and neighbourhood. And whether or no men are attracted in great numbers to the philosophy of life we are studying, it should be easier for men to be nobler, because our branch is there, easier for women to be purer, because our nucleus of the Brotherhood is being established.

If the Theosophical Society will but rise to the privilege of its high calling to establish a nucleus of the Brotherhood, it will increasingly become a bringer of peace to a world of strife. Holding as it does, in its illuminating philosophy of life, a key to the understanding of the differences between the various religious churches and communities, it should serve to help the adherents of warring creeds to understand each other, by emphasising and demonstrating the Unity which lies at the back of the infinite Diversity, and if we can only first realise ourselves and then show to our brother men, how that though the goal of all religions is one (*viz.*, union with that Divine Life of which we have spoken) the paths to reach that goal are as various as the pilgrims treading them, sooner or later we shall evoke in ourselves and others, not a *negative* tolerance, begotten of indifference to the religious beliefs

of our fellows, but a *positive* tolerance born of understanding and sympathy with those beliefs.

If the Theosophical Society will but rise to the privilege of its high calling to establish the nucleus of Brotherhood, it may become too a bringer of peace to a world of strife, not only in matters religious, but in matters social, political, ethical and philosophic for on these problems too, our illuminating system of philosophy has much light to throw—and what is chiefly needed that that light may shed its fuller effulgence on a darkened puzzled world, is a focus for its outshining, a living channel formed by the co-operation of true earnest souls, for its outpouring.

Can we who are members of the Theosophical Society now yield ourselves to take our part in becoming that channel?

All that is needed is an intelligent understanding and effort to carry out our motto Truth, our first object Brotherhood.

All that is asked of us is that we each, from the most learned to the most ignorant of our members—and all are needed, learned and ignorant alike who in their hearts are capable of responding to the call—all that is asked of us is that we each strive earnestly to *seek the Truth*, to seek the Truth not alone but as a Brotherhood in harmonious co-operation with our fellow students.

This on the one side, and on the other that we all co-operate earnestly to establish our nucleus of Brotherhood on the basis of Truth.

The Gods need many noble men  
To do Their work on earth—  
They look to me and you.

Can we respond to their call?

LOUISA SHAW.

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It is difficult to persuade men that the love of virtue is the love of themselves.—CICERO.

## IN MEMORIAM

It is with much regret that we have to record the sudden death of one of our most devoted colleagues—Miss Louisa Shaw. On Thursday, June 4th, she left Harrogate, accompanied by Mr. Hodgson Smith, on a visit to our Dutch friends at Amsterdam. On Saturday evening, after a very full day, our hard-working colleague retired to rest, it being arranged that she and Mr. Hodgson Smith should go over to Haarlem on the following morning to hear the organ. Early on Sunday morning, the 7th, the inmates of our Dutch headquarters were roused from their sleep by the startling news that Miss Shaw had fallen from her bedroom window ; had been picked up unconscious and carried to the Hospital across the Amstel. Though never fully conscious she could answer questions, and appeared as one in a half-dream. She seems to have not had the slightest idea of how she fell, and the only conclusion is that she must have been asleep at the time. Our colleague bore her sufferings with exemplary fortitude, and was most grateful to anyone who in any way could soothe her pain. But the spine was broken, and she passed away at 5 p.m., just as the Angelus rang out. The friends gathered round her bed and the good Sisters did all they could, and the peaceful atmosphere of the place was very appropriate and helpful to the devotional nature of our colleague in passing from the body.

Miss Louisa Shaw, who was 45 years of age, was a daughter of the late Mr. E. Shaw, of Harrogate, and was formerly a member of the Society of Friends, being educated at Ackworth School, where she afterwards officiated as teacher. For many years she has been deeply interested in Theosophy and for seven years past has been secretary of the Harrogate Branch, and one of our most valuable workers of the North. As the editor of the *Harrogate Times* says in an editorial notice :

The lamented death of Miss Louisa Shaw has been the regretful topic of conversation during the week. Miss Shaw was a remarkable woman in every respect. A fluent speaker, clear-headed, highly intellectual, yet withal a nervous, sensitive temperament, her enthusiasm in the cause of Theosophy

was mainly responsible for its attaining the popularity in Harrogate which it has already reached.

When our colleague was asked by her old friend and fellow-worker, Mr. Hodgson Smith, whether she had any instructions about her body, she almost smiled and answered: "My body, oh! that is a very small matter; do whatever is the least trouble." The interment accordingly took place at Amsterdam on Wednesday, June 10th, at noon, and was attended by some 200 members of the Dutch Section. Mr. Hodgson Smith writes: "I cannot express how I was moved by the affection of the Dutch members; one and all were as true brothers and sisters. Fricke, I, Mrs. Windust, Van Manen, Mr. Orage (of Leeds), Miss Dijkgraaf, Mr. Zossenheim and Dr. Hallo spoke round her grave, and there was nothing morbid and sorrowful, only a solemn joy. We felt her presence with us—at least I did—during the few minutes of silence after Mrs. Windust's address, and we heard when we got back that she was heard by some, and seen by others."

At the same time a memorial service was held at Harrogate, of which the following report has been sent us for publication.

On Wednesday, June 10th, a Memorial Service for Miss Louisa Shaw was held in the Theosophical Hall, in Harrogate, at noon.

About 200 people were present, including many of our own members; representatives from the Bradford, Middlesbrough, Leeds, Hull, and Didsbury Lodges and from the York Centre, and also many of those who had known and loved her in the town. On the platform facing every one was placed a large portrait of Miss Shaw, and round it were grouped masses of white flowers and plants, while on a table on the right were rose-coloured flowers, all of which were gifts from members of the Harrogate Lodge and other Lodges.

Soon after the clock had struck twelve, Beethoven's Funeral March, played by Mr. H. E. Nichol, Mus. Bac., broke the silence. Then followed a short address from Mr. W. H. Thomas, in which he said that all had met together that day to spend a little while in communion for one who had passed away from this plane. She had gone because her work here was finished, because there was other work needing her, and no one would be more ready and willing to respond to that call than she. He then read a message which had just come from our Dutch brethren who were holding the funeral service at about the same time in Amsterdam, the message ran:

"We are with you in loving thought and sympathy. This common pain only draws us nearer to each other, all Dutch and English friends."

Mr. Thomas then dwelt on the importance which Theosophists attached to thought, and as there could be no separation between friends on the



thought-plane, it was fitting that we should spend some few minutes in silent thought and meditation. When this had been carried out Mr. Thomas read an inspiring passage from Epictetus on the nature of the Divine Life in man.

Mr. Nichol then played Wagner's Pilgrims' Chorus from "Tannhäuser," and as the notes grew louder and louder in a song of triumph it seemed as though there stole over the room an indefinable atmosphere of peace and joy and calm. Following this came the playing of Handel's Largo by Mr. Dunn on his 'cello.

In the silence which ensued, Miss Eliza Pickard, a cousin of Miss Shaw, spoke, saying that she had frequently been brought into consciousness of Miss Shaw's thought in her freed condition, and the impression which came to her from sources in which they were both in harmony, was, that there were some present who were preparing for a further spiritual unfoldment, a deeper and fuller first-hand knowledge of spiritual reality, and the startling event which had just happened would be used as a help towards this. There were certain soul-conditions necessary for such experience, an elasticity of mind and yet firmness, combined with a condition of yielding, with the yieldingness of the willow, as well as the strength of the oak. Those who were found in such a soul-condition might be used by the Spirit of God for wider and fuller usefulness, and those who were conscious of a very strong link with their dear one who had gone would find from time to time a sense of her nearness when they were at their best.

After a few minutes' pause Miss Head read some lines from Sir Edwin Arnold's "Song Celestial," and again there was silence, broken by the playing of Chopin's "Funeral March," by Miss Whitehead. When the last notes had died away, Miss Hilda Smith read "Crossing the Bar," and then Mr. Thomas closed the meeting, which had lasted just an hour.

We also have to announce the peaceful passing from the body of Countess Gertrude Schack at Surbiton, on June 20th, after a lingering and painful illness. Our kind-hearted and self-sacrificing colleague spent her life in trying to alleviate suffering and to better the conditions of her toiling brethren; she was identified both in her native land and in England with many progressive and humanitarian movements, and finally found in Theosophy confidence and contentment. Her kindly presence and comforting words will be sadly missed by many friends, and her memory will be that of a woman who adorned her nobility of birth with a higher nobility of character. The body of our colleague was cremated at Woking.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## A SHORT SKETCH OF MYSTICISM

Les Mystiques devant la Science ou Essai sur le Mysticisme Universel. By L. Revel. (Paris: Lucien Bodin; 1903. Price 2frs.)

WE are pleased to welcome this useful little sketch of 155 pages from the pen of our colleague, M. L. Revel. The ground he manages to cover in his brightly written pages is more than enormous; nevertheless it is not without a definite purpose which emerges clearly in the drawing of the deduction that mysticism wherever found deals with certain fundamental facts of human experience. M. Revel has produced a readable little volume very useful for propagandist purposes, treating as he does of: scientific investigations into mysticism; the mystics at the bar of modern philosophy; eclectic philosophy and theology; relations between Catholic mysticism, the Alexandrian school and the esoteric tradition of antiquity; Islâmic and Hindu mysticism; the permanent basis of mystic beliefs; unity, reincarnation, deification, mystic ethics; *débris* of tradition—Gnostic mysteries, and the mysteries of the Gallic Bards; the esoteric credo.

Above all we are pleased to see that the number of original French works on Theosophy is being steadily added to, for there are few languages so suited to clothe beautifully the thoughts of idealism as the clear and graceful tongue of our French brethren. *Félicitations!*  
G. R. S. M.

## A THEOSOPHICAL NOVEL.

The Living Buddha. By Roy Horniman. (London: T. Fisher Unwin; 1903. Price 6s.)

*The Living Buddha* is a somewhat difficult book to classify; for while the author deals with his subject in a truly Theosophic spirit, he avoids the pitfalls into which writers of the "Theosophical novel" usually fall, and there is nothing in it of the pseudo-occultism to which the reading public is treated *ad nauseam* to-day.

The book opens with an account of an incident in the Indian Mutiny of 1857, in which the officers at the station of Benaputta are all killed, and only the wife of one of them, with her little son of a year old, escapes. She is compelled by his need of food to seek help at a native village; the child having had a finger of his right hand shot away, she fears to take him with her lest his wound should excite suspicion; she leaves him therefore in a cave while she goes to buy milk. During her absence the child is found by two Brinjaris who take him with them on their journey towards Tibet, and by the way they met a party of Buddhist monks. These having a prophetic saying among them that they shall recognise the Buddha of their Lamasery in his next incarnation by the fact of his having only four fingers on his right hand, acclaim the fair golden-haired infant as the "Living Buddha" and carry him to the Buddhist Lamasery of Tsang-Lo in China. There he grows up believing himself to be indeed the Buddha, and speedily gains a reputation for great holiness and purity of life. His mother meanwhile, after years of fruitless searching for him, marries a Christian Missionary who is going to work in China; and twenty-eight years after the tragedy of Benaputta, she accompanies her husband and her step-daughter Ruth to Tsang-Lo with the object of starting a Christian Mission House and School at the very gates of the Lamasery.

So much for the outline of this story at its opening; those who would follow it to its ending must do so from the book itself; and even if they get no further than the mere story, they will not regret having read it. But for those who look deeper than the surface, there is more in *The Living Buddha* than a story that whiles away an idle hour. Mr. Horniman knows how to handle his theme, and he depicts in the character of his "Living Buddha" that true occultism which may be known by its fruits as seen in the life and character—the restraint of the lower by the Higher Self is the hall-mark of Great Souls.

The missionary Hairland is a strong and finely drawn character, and we can only wish that there were more of his calling like him in tolerance and wideness of view. To quote: "His examination and analysis of the great religions by which he was surrounded had gradually undermined his faith in the sole inspiration of Christianity." His position with regard to his wife and the hopelessness of making her understand "the attitude that could at once accept and reject Christianity," will strike a responsive note in the heart of many a Theo-

sophist who labours vainly to make his attitude towards orthodoxy comprehensible in his own little world.

"He could not go about preaching that he believed in the Trinity, but denied the Church's interpretation." There are many other good things in the book; and we think it likely to do good by its entirely fair presentment of the best in both Buddhist and Christian faiths as evinced by the lives of their followers. Of theology in the abstract there is none. But of all the lessons it has to teach none is better than that true occultism consists, not in the power to do conjuring tricks and call them miracles, but in a self-mastery that can be trusted to bear the strain of desire and yet not fail; the self-mastery of which we read in the *Gita* that whosoever shall attain to it goeth to peace. It is rare to get this aspect of occultism put forward in a novel, and we can congratulate Mr. Horniman on the middle course which he has steered between the Scylla of sensationalism and the Charybdis of cant, where much of the lighter literature of a Theosophic nature is so often shipwrecked. We shall look forward to more from his pen.

E. M. G.

#### CHRISTIANITY AS MYSTIC FACT

Das Christentum als mystische Thatsache. Von Dr. Rudolf Steiner.  
(Berlin: C. A. Schwetschke und Sohn; 1902. Price 2m.  
50pf.)

It is by no means easy to sum up in clear and precise words exactly the line of thought which our colleague Dr. Steiner has aimed to suggest to the readers of the small volume in which he has published the series of lectures given during the past winter in the Theosophical Library at Berlin. Still less easy is it to feel sure that one has rightly understood its significance. The best plan, therefore, will probably be to endeavour to give our readers an outline of its contents and leave the author himself to point the moral more precisely in subsequent works.

The Preface points out that many, if not most, of the thinking men of our time live in the state of "a house divided against itself"; with the understanding they cleave to the knowledge which science brings, while with their hearts they cling—often without realising how strongly—to what the Churches have handed down to us. And thus they resemble creatures which in point of bodily structure have

long ago evolved far beyond the level of the fishes, while yet they still long, and go on longing, to live in the water.

Next it is shown that this is by no means necessarily the case, and that the remedy for it lies in approaching the study of man's *inner* life in the same open-minded spirit as the study of the sense world. For the student of the spirit can only *learn* from science, not be hindered by her. Only in studying the life and evolution of spirit—say as presented in the Pentateuch or the traditions of the Greek mystics—we are concerned with the ideas they contain, not with their historicity or their authorship; for in the life of the soul, it is the soul that concerns us, not the external documents in which it finds expression.

We are then shown the vital importance of the Mysteries in the life of antiquity and made eloquently to understand *why* the seal of silence was placed on the lips of the initiated, and something too is made clear of what kind and nature that initiation itself was, the need for long preparation and the relation of the illumination to which it led to the ordinary popular religion of the time.

This theme is further developed and elucidated in chapters dealing with the Grecian sages before Plato and with Plato himself as a mystic, which lead up to a discussion of the relation between the mystery-wisdom and popular myths in which some of the leading types of myth, *e.g.*, those of Herakles, Prometheus, the Argonauts, the journeys of Odysseus, etc., are analysed and their mystic signification laid clear.

We then pass on to study the mystery-wisdom of Egypt, in the course of which we are made to understand how the mystery drama, under whatever difference of details, must always by its own inner necessity conform to a perfectly definite and distinct typical form, which is illustrated in the striking parallelism, for instance, between the accounts of the life of Buddha and those of the Christ, which show clearly that in both accounts we have to do not with a biography but with a mystery-myth—the inevitable, essential, eternal type of the “God-in-Man,” in its successive stages. But Dr. Steiner points out—though here I think he is in error—that Buddha at the instant of his illumination dissolves into the blissful life of the All-Soul; Jesus awakens the All-Soul once more into present existence in human form; and he adds that this “great” initiation was in the case of Jesus added to the Buddha initiation.

This view seems to me erroneous—and I emphasise the point

because Dr. Steiner draws some important inferences from it—for two main reasons. In the first place Buddha is *not* stated to “have dissolved into Nirvâṇa” at the moment of illumination. On the contrary, *after* attaining *full* illumination and Nirvâṇa under the Bodhi tree, he returned among men and taught the Law for over half a century. In the second place, I regard it as erroneous, because in the sequence of the *true, real initiations*, the initiation of the “crucifixion, death, burial and resurrection” forms the *first*, not the *last* of the series. It stands at the entrance to the Path, not at its goal, and the true “Buddha-initiation” lies far, far beyond it. And because this is so, the interpretation of certain features in the history of Christianity which Dr. Steiner bases thereupon, seems at least doubtful. Indeed this initial mistake may perhaps account for what seems to me the confusion that reigns in later chapters, which stands in such marked contrast to the clearness and light of the exposition up to this point.

We thus find him saying that *Jesus* is the Logos Himself, become a personality. In him the Word was made flesh; and then further: “The Mysteries handed on by tradition the *means* of coming to the truth; the Christian communion bears along with it the very truth itself. . . . The mystics strove to become divine; they sought to *experience* it. Jesus became divine, we must hold to him; then we are ourselves within the communion he founded, sharers in his divinity—this came to be the Christian conviction.”

Passing on to consider the Gospels, Dr. Steiner shows that they are one and all cast essentially in the mould of the mystery-myth, and that only in this light can they be understood. They tell of Jesus, as a mystic tells of an initiate. Only they hand on the initiation as if it were a unique peculiarity of a single person, and they make all salvation dependent upon man's holding fast to this one uniquely initiated person. From being the affair of an individual, it became a matter of the community, and as the Jewish religion was essentially a religion of the people, with its deeper mysteries resembling those of other lands, it was inevitable that such an initiate should be regarded as the Messiah, when he took the step of giving forth to all what had hitherto been the mysteries preserved for the few in the temple shrines, in the effort that salvation should no longer be the affair of a few chosen ones. It followed that he must will to take upon himself to be in spirit, through his personality, to his church that which the mystery cult had formerly been to those who shared therein. True, Jesus could not give all at once to his church the *experiences* of the

mysteries, nor did he aim to do so. But he could and did aim to give to all the conviction of that which in the mysteries was perceived as truth; and thus he aimed to raise them to a higher level: "Blessed are they that have *not seen* and yet have *believed*."

A long and very instructive study then follows of the Johannine Gospel in general and the miracle of the raising of Lazarus in particular; the conclusion to which we are led being that it represents the accomplishment of a great initiation undertaken by Jesus in order that he might establish himself in the minds of his disciples as truly the "Word made flesh." And then we are taken on to the Apocalypse—that book of seals and visions which possesses so strong a fascination for many. Into Dr. Steiner's interpretation we cannot go for lack of space, and it must suffice to say that it is both thoughtful and suggestive, though whether *that* is what it really means is quite another matter.

Suggestive and instructive as such interpretations may be, one feels oneself on surer and more solid ground in the next chapter, which deals with the historical background of the Gospel story, and shows most convincingly how the *spirit* of Christianity sprang directly and immediately from the soil of the ancient Mysteries, but aimed to reach a wider range of humanity through Faith. The consequences implied in this attempt and what it has led to are very clearly and strikingly brought out in this and the following chapters; but we must needs forego any attempt to indicate them here. But they are well worthy of most careful study and thought; and whether or no one fully agrees with Dr. Steiner in his conclusions, I feel sure that every reader of his book will feel deeply indebted to him in many ways for the light he has thrown upon the broad aspects of the problem of "Christianity considered as a mystical Reality."

B. K.

#### GITA-DREAMING

Studies in the Bhagavad Gîtâ. Second Series: The Yoga of Action and the Yoga of Occultism. By the Dreamer. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1903. Price 1s. 6d.)

THOSE who have enjoyed the reading of the first set of the "Dreamer's" studies—and they are many—will be glad to have some more of them from the same pen. Perhaps no higher praise can be awarded them than to say that they are "suggestive," for it is a great virtue to possess such a faculty. It must, however, be

confessed that the "second series" of the "Dreamer's" meditations require more careful reading than the first; nevertheless the pains are worth the while, and we are persuaded that the writer has thought more than he has dreamed, and the highest point of his thought is reached in the pregnant sentence, "evolution is re-finding."

On the other hand, being incorrigible in our desire to verify quotations, we have gone through the passages cited by the "Dreamer" from the Gîtâ and Upanishads, and found that these sentences for the most part ought to have been cited in the form "*compare*" such and such a passage, for they are only in the rarest instances, translations; in the majority of cases they are paraphrases or even exegetical commentaries. We congratulate the "Dreamer" on the great facility with which he writes English, and if we take objection to two words, it is not with any intention of fault-finding, but in the spirit of a friendly suggestion. "Logoic" and "egoic" are neologisms which must be asked to reconsider themselves. The first cannot stand; "Logic" may stand if we can possibly avoid pronouncing it like the substantive, and remember always to sound the *g* hard, but even so it as yet conveys no familiar idea of dignity to our ear. And "ego-ic"? Why not also "i-ic," "self-ic"? We belong to a Society that rejoices in neologisms, and useful and even necessary though they may be, they rarely add to the beauty of our diction. But all this, some will say, is "words, words, words"! Quite so; but the "word" is after all something, nay in a certain sense everything. Be this, however, as it may be, we are glad to see that the "Dreamer" has other studies on the Gîtâ in hand, for he is decidedly interesting.

G. R. S. M.

#### AN ATTEMPT TO RECOVER THE HISTORY OF THE APOSTOLIC AGE;

The First Christian Generation: Its Recorded Traditions. By James Thomas. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. 1903. Price 6s.)

WE have already made our readers acquainted with the good work done by Mr. Thomas in *Our Records of the Nativity*, when he submitted Prof. Ramsay's conservative theories to a drastic analysis and showed the weakness of the arguments of this out-and-out defender of the genuineness and historicity of the "Lukan" document. Mr. Thomas now follows this up with an examination of the Acts document and of the traditions concerning the deaths and trials of Peter and Paul at



Rome, and attempts "to appreciate from an independent point of view the position as to creed and organisation of the primitive Christian Churches in Judæa and in the exterior world, as influenced by the political and social movements of the time."

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Thomas finds himself compelled to pronounce an unfavourable verdict on the historicity and genuineness of Acts, and that his analysis of the Peter tradition and legends does not support the traditional view. Mr. Thomas is transparently honest and fair, moderate in his conclusions, and courteous and attentive to the views of those from whom he finds himself compelled to dissent. In our opinion, however, the weakest part of the book is his attempt to appreciate the complex problem of the earliest Christian Churches. This is the main *crux* of the Origins, and no writer who places "Gnosticism" later than Paul, as does Mr. Thomas, has in our opinion the faintest chance of solving the riddle.

For the rest, *The First Christian Generation* is written in a clear and easy style, to be easily understood of the layman; it is decidedly interesting and most useful to those who are persuaded that without a proper appreciation of the historical difficulties disclosed by the comparative study of the early Christian documents, our conception of Christianity must slumber in the regions of fancy far from the "madding crowd" of fact and actuality.

G. R. S. M.

#### MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

*Theosophist*, May. In "Old Diary Leaves" Col. Olcott, after concluding the matter of the abortive Judge trial, speaks of the fourth Convention of the European Section. In repeating some of Mr. Mead's remarks on what was then the new experiment of Federation, he informs us that "some of our earnest Indian members are just now (1903) beginning to organise federations of branches speaking a common language and included within a certain geographical area." We are exceedingly glad to hear this, there could nothing better happen than that the Indian Section, covering as it does so enormous an extent of country and including so many different races and languages, should organise itself into separate Sections, as the European Society has done with so much advantage. Accounts of lectures and meetings in England fill up the rest of the Colonel's space. The remaining contents of the number are the conclusion of

A. Schwarz's study on "Freewill and Necessity"; Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "Purgatory," since reprinted in his new volume; a learned defence of Mrs. Besant's *Avatāras* by C. Sutariya; a notice of Prof. Chandra Roy's work on the *History of Hindu Chemistry* and the very favourable review of it by Prof. Berthelot in the *Journal des Savants*; a very useful morality on "The Kingdom of God" by W. A. Mayers; and two short papers, "Is Life worth Living?" by E. C. Pye, and "The Theory of Chance or Accident" by Hari Hara Iyer.

*Prasnottara*, May, continues Miss Edger's "Thoughts on the Zoroastrian Gathas" and the translation of the Kāthopanishad; and a summary of "Reviews and Magazines" is added.

*Central Hindu College Magazine*, May, gives an account of Mrs. Besant's tour. We are glad to see that most of the articles, which are well up to the mark, are signed by Hindu names; and also that the funds of the College seem in very satisfactory condition. Mr. Arundale will be quite in his element as the President of the Lawn-tennis Club, and of the Debating Society, and of the Union Club, in addition to his educational duties.

*Theosophic Gleaner*, May, has an interesting collection of papers, original and selected. A quaint "Study in Colours" undertakes to explain "why our priests are robed in yellow"; a short dialogue, "What is Theosophy," written for distribution during Mrs. Besant's visit to Bombay, must have left a good impression on its readers; and even the truly Indian magniloquence of "An Humble Tribute of Words to Mrs. Annie Besant" is noticeable as being written with a correctness of metaphor and general good taste which such panegyrics do not often display.

*The Dawn*, April. This magazine is always worth reading, but we could wish that the articles were not so much cut up with sensation headings in big black type, like an American newspaper. These surely cannot be necessary for the *Dawn's* readers.

The main feature of the *Ārya*, for March, is a valuable address on the principles of dealing with children delivered by Mrs. Courtright to the Madras Primary Teachers' Association.

*East and West*, May. Here amongst more technically business matter we have a highly poetical study of "The Eastern Mother" by Sister Nivedita. The Rev. N. Macnicol, in a paper on the "Inspiration of the Bible" (which seems not quite appropriate in an Indian Magazine), gives us an example of the way in which preachers are now

learning to climb down from an untenable position so as to "fall with grace," as the French put it; and "Eastern and Western Ideals," as discussed from one side by Kanoo Mal and on the other by J. S. Martyn, can never lose their interest for us.

Of European magazines the *Vähan* for June announces the meeting of the Convention for July 4th and 5th under the presidency of our President-Founder. The brief space left for the "Enquirer" is mainly devoted to further answers on the question of free-will.

*Lotus Journal*, June, presents its readers with a reproduction of a photograph of Mrs. Besant, seated writing, with Mr. Leadbeater standing beside her. Both are life-like, but the "pose" does not bring out Mr. Leadbeater's face very well. Mrs. Besant's face is interesting to the student of physiognomy, as being an obviously "untouched" print. C. J.'s brief sketch of Mr. Leadbeater's life will have an interest to those who only know him by his writings, and the remaining contents form good reading for old as well as young.

*Bulletin Théosophique*, June, contains a brief account of the White Lotus Day celebration, and the remaining space is given to replies to questions. In answer to the question whether a member of the Society should continue to attend the services of his religion, Th. P., while admitting that they may be needful for some, prefers to look forward to the time when they shall no longer be needful for any. It is interesting to us English to find that he treats the argument as to giving bad example almost with contempt. It could not be treated so cavalierly on this side of the Channel; but doubtless in Paris the rule is *not* to attend, and abstinence not the noticeable thing which it still is here.

*Revue Théosophique*, May, also gives some pages to questions. Dr. Pascal continues his "Law of Destiny," and L. Revel concludes "The Mystic Silence." The "Echoes of the Theosophical World" contain a report of a lecture given by Mr. Mead in Paris on his return from Italy.

*Théosophie*, June, has a short study on the relative nature of Good and Evil by J. C. Chatterji, who gives the capital illustration that not the most determined vegetarian could object to persuade cannibals to eat sheep and oxen—instead of human beings!

*Luzifer*. Under this well-known title we have to welcome the new magazine edited by the General Secretary of the new German Section, Dr. Rudolf Steiner; a nicely printed and got-up number in a convenient octavo size, avoiding at once poverty of appearance and

also the needless luxury of print and paper which is the besetting sin of new publications. In his editorial Dr. Steiner takes to himself the example of Faust, who, according to the old folk-tale, "laid aside the Scriptures for awhile behind the door and under the bench, and would no longer be a theologian, but a citizen of the world and a Doctor of Medicine." It is hardly safe to remind him of Faust's expressed opinion as to the value of his and his father's labours in the latter capacity; now the rule of priest and lawyer is at an end, we are for the present under the infallible rule of the doctors and must "lie low." But we must all agree, as he goes on to show, that the future of the world is with those who are willing to do this; reminding us that in all time, from that of the Egyptian priests onward, "the ladder of knowledge led a student up from the crawling worm to his God, and that his 'faith' was only his 'knowledge' of the higher rounds of this ladder."

To restore this relationship between Science and Religion—the only one which can answer to the world's present needs—is the task of the Theosophical Society; and the new *Lucifer* promises thus by its learned Editor: "Lucifer will be no Devil to drag the struggling Faust down to Hell; he will be the awakener of those who believe in the wisdom of the world and who would bask in the golden light of the Divine Wisdom. Lucifer will look boldly into the eyes of Copernicus, Galileo, Darwin and Haeckel; but also its gaze shall not falter and sink when the Sages speak together of the Home of the Spirit." A study of Mrs. Besant, by Mlle. von Sivers, follows; next her lecture "On the Utility of the Theosophical Society"; Dr. Huebner Schleiden speaks wisely of "Ideals of Life"; and L. Deinhard gives a sketch of the use of the Divining Rod. A general review of Literature under the heading "Present-day Culture in the Mirror of Theosophy" is to form a regular feature of the Magazine, to which we heartily wish success and long life. The subscription is 6 marks for the year, and the publishers, C. A. Schwetscke und Sohn, Berlin, W.

*Sophia* announces with much regret the departure of one of its best workers, D. José Melián, the part-translator of *The Secret Doctrine*, for South America. His arrival will however be welcomed by the energetic brothers who have charge of the Society's interests there. The original matter of the number embraces the first of a series of lectures by R. Urbano on "The Mysterious," and the continuation of E. González Blanco's very serious study of "Hylozoism."

*Theosofisk Tidskrift*, for May, has translations from Miss Edger and Mrs. Besant.

*South African Theosophist*, May; contains "Hints on Study" by W. Wybergh, and the continuation of the Editor's "Easter." An "Enquirer" also finds place in its pages.

*Theosophy in Australia*, for April, is mainly occupied with the Report of the Convention. The Section now contains 13 Branches with 374 members. The keeping up of the Sectional Magazine seems a difficulty, as is so often the case. Would it not be possible to provide a general magazine which could be "localised" by each user printing the local matter on the outside of the sheet, as is so largely done for local newspapers and religious magazines in England?

*New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, New Series, Nos. 1 and 2, April and May. Our friends inform us that hitherto the magazine has been kept going solely by the unselfish zeal of a few Auckland members, but now becomes the property of the Section, and that: "The Section is to expand, the magazine is to grow!" Amen, with all our hearts. The report of the Convention gives a net roll of 225 members, and a satisfactory balance sheet, though of curiously tiny proportions—the sum dealt with being £34 8s. 1d. and the balance in hand £2 7s. 8d. Envious Section!

*Sophia* (Santiago) with this number completes a very satisfactory first volume.

Also received: *Modern Astrology*; *Light*; *Mind* (the June number has an important paper by A. E. Gibson on "Karma, the Mystery of Justice"). *La Nuova Parola* (with a very favourable review of Mr. Mead's *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, and a portrait of the author); *Dharma*; *Theosophischer Wegweiser* (from which we obtain the remarkable information that the secretary of "The Theosophical Society in England" is a gentleman hitherto unknown, residing at Wandsworth Common); *The Light of Reason*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *Animal's Guardian*.

From the Theosophical Publishing Committee, Harrogate, we have four nicely printed and attractive 2d. pamphlets, of which three are reprints of Mr. Leadbeater's Chicago Lectures on "The Law of Cause and Effect," "Life after Death (Purgatory)" and "Life after Death (the Heaven World)," which need no recommendation from us. The fourth is an admirable study of "Theosophy and Home Life," by Mrs. E. W. Bell, which will recommend itself.

W.

# THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

As the years roll on familiar faces pass away and the number of our colleagues and friends who have left their physical encasements rapidly increases. Old workers are transferred to non-physical spheres of activity, and though we lose sight of their familiar forms down here

D.M. we are assured that they are still with us, and contributing their share to the labours they loved so devotedly. This month we have to record the passing from the body of our beloved and highly respected colleague, Mons. Charles Blech, whose devotion, generosity and hospitality supplied a solid basis upon which the present successful development of our movement in Paris has been mainly founded. Mons. Blech was the head of an old Alsatian family and suffered cruelly in the Franco-German war; he was neither a writer nor a speaker, but his high character and the respect in which he was held, his charming courtesy, gentle nature, and large-hearted generosity, made him a real "father of Theosophy in France," as he has not been inaptly called. Passing away at the advanced age of seventy-eight, he had fulfilled more than the years appointed unto man by Hebrew

prophecy, and he looked forward to the change, which all knew was coming for him, with the greatest interest and contentment.

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ANOTHER old friend, well known to many in the British Section, has also recently left the body—our colleague, Mrs. A. C.

Lloyd, who for some five years past has been

Valcas!      working in India, and at the time of her death  
                     was matron of the school attached to the  
Central Hindu College at Benares. Years ago she was matron of  
our Working Girls' Club at Bow, and for long was with us helping  
at Avenue Road. Mrs. Lloyd was a woman of good education and  
many accomplishments, exceedingly kind-hearted, and anxious to  
help; but above all things, she was distinguished for her cheerful  
disposition, for her pluck and determination in struggling against  
the pains of a body subject to much suffering, and she cannot  
but be delighted to be free from a clog which limited the expres-  
sion of her active nature in many ways. Mrs. Lloyd made  
friends wherever she went and was exceedingly popular among  
all classes; she will be missed by many, but no one can grudge  
her the realisation of her longing to be free from her of late almost  
useless body.

\* \* \*

THE last season's work of British archæologists in Egypt has been rewarded with results which compel a still further putting back of the date of high civilisation in Egypt.

The Antiquity  
of Egyptian  
Civilisation

Objects of art, dating from some 5,000 years  
B.C., have been discovered which experts  
declare not only unrivalled by the work-  
manship of any subsequent period in Egypt itself, but which  
stand almost unrivalled by the art of any other country in  
antiquity. These discoveries constitute a fact of the greatest  
importance for any estimate of the antiquity of Egyptian high  
civilisation. Was this exquisite art developed in the land or did  
it come from elsewhere? If from elsewhere, as most will contend,  
the "Babylonian" origin of Egyptian civilisation, which is in  
such favour at present, is somewhat seriously discounted by the  
fact that we find no similar objects of art of such an early date  
in Babylonian exploration. We should ourselves like to know  
something of that "Egypt before the flood" and its civilisation,

the "land of the first Hermes," of which the old legends tell, and are not prepared impatiently to dismiss it as the baseless and boasting dream of Egyptian priestcraft. If we are not mistaken "Atlantis" had much to do with the most ancient Egyptian civilisation. The following account of the objects unearthed on the ancient Temple sites at Abydos by Professor Petrie and his assistants is taken from *The Times* of July 7th.

\* \* \*

THE principal work of the fund has been effected on the old Temple site of Abydos, and its unprecedented feature is that on the same site remains have been discovered of successive periods covering some 4,500 years, and beginning about 5,000 B.C. The earliest temple is believed to antedate the first dynasty and the latest to be of the XXVth. . . . The great advances made in the earliest times, in both art and manufacture, are truly astonishing. The use of glazed work on a large scale, hitherto supposed to be of late development, is shown to have been extensive even in the first dynasty. Of this age have been found bowls of diorite and quartz crystal, glazed beads and tile work, and in particular a piece of a large green glazed vase of Aha-Mena, with a name inlaid in purple, showing that polychrome glazing was already in use during the first dynasty. The ivories, too, show a surprising mastery of fine and natural work, such as, in Professor Petrie's words, "certainly cannot be rivalled by any later work in Egypt, or by very little that has been done elsewhere." Above all to be noted is the figure of the aged king himself, with the crown of Upper Egypt on his head and a thick quilted robe round his body. The subtle dignity and reserve, the delicacy of expression and feature, are such as one might expect in an Italian dignitary of the Middle Ages. A like freedom and grace are seen in the figures of boys standing, walking, and kneeling. The figures of a baboon, a couchant dog, a young bear, many lions—"used doubtless for gaming pieces, like those of King Zee"—are vividly naturalistic. That such art should have existed at the beginning of dynastic history would have been incredible a short time ago, and is difficult to account for, unless it be that among a few favoured nations art springs at once into perfection, like Pallas Athene from the head of Zeus. The fine formation of face in these early human figures, so different from those of later ages, suggests ethnological problems still to be solved.

\* \* \*

THE work of the Græco-Roman branch also has been most fruitful. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have returned to Behnesa, the ancient Oxyrhynchus, and have systematically cleared away two mounds with the most gratifying results. "Not only were documents

The "Geniza" of Oxyrhynchus



of the first four centuries of the Christian era very numerous, but both mounds had been strewn with *débris* of libraries of classical and theological writings." There has, of course, as yet been no time for a thorough examination of these precious fragments, but in a letter to *The Times* of June 20th, Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt give a short account of some of the more important finds. Two of these new-found documents are of special interest to Theosophical students. In the first place we have

a long second century papyrus containing an elaborate invocation addressed to a goddess, of whose titles both in Egypt and throughout the civilised world, a detailed list is given, while on the back is an account of a miraculous cure effected by Imhotep, who is identified with the Asclepius of the Greeks. Both compositions seem to be products of the later Alexandrian school, to which belong the writings known under the name of Hermes Trismegistus.

This new find will be of importance in elucidating the later deposit of the Trismegistic literature to which "The Virgin of the World" treatise belongs.

\* \* \*

BUT of far greater interest is the discovery of a fragment of a collection of "Sayings of Jesus," most of which are unrecorded elsewhere. The fortunate discoverers speak of

Some More New-found Unrecorded "Sayings"

this extraordinarily interesting find as follows:

The first place is claimed by a third century fragment of a collection of sayings of Jesus, similar in style to the so-called "logia" discovered at Oxyrhynchus in 1897. As in that papyrus, the separate sayings are introduced by the words, "Jesus saith," and are for the most part unrecorded elsewhere, though some which are found in the Gospels (e.g., "The Kingdom of God is within you" and "Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first") occur here in different surroundings. Six sayings are preserved, unfortunately, in an imperfect condition; but the new "logia" papyrus supplies more evidence concerning its origin than was the case with its predecessor, for it contains an introductory paragraph stating that what follows consisted of "the words which Jesus, the living Lord, spake" to two of His disciples, and, moreover, one of the uncanonical sayings is already extant in part, the conclusion of it, "He that wonders shall reign and he that reigns shall rest," being quoted by Clement of Alexandria from the Gospel according to the Hebrews. It is, indeed, possible that this Gospel was the source from which all this second series of "logia" was derived, or they, or some of them, may perhaps have been taken from the Gospel according to the Egyptians, to which Professor Harnack and others have referred the "logia" found in 1897. But we are

disposed to regard both series as collections of sayings currently ascribed to our Lord rather than as extracts from any one uncanonical gospel.

It is of course impossible to offer any opinion on these new-found "logia" until the text is before us; we can only at present remark that the "Jesus the Living Lord" of the introduction reminds us strongly of "Jesus the Living One" of the Bruce and Askew Gnostic Codices, and that we quite agree with Grenfell and Hunt that there is no need to assign the "Sayings" either to a Gospel according to the Hebrews or a Gospel according to the Egyptians. There were doubtless many collections of "Sayings" among the communities; the historical question is: When was the "Jesus saith" prefixed to them?

\* \* \*

As many of our readers are interested in any theory concerning these mysterious bodies, the pituitary and pineal glands, we append the following from *Science Siftings* of The Glands June 6th, and should be glad if one of our medical colleagues would carefully take up the matter and follow the experiments and arguments of Dr. Sajous.

The secret of life is in the glands. At least such is the moral of the latest discovery regarding certain glands made by the well-known medical authority, Dr. C. E. Sajous. It has been known by scientists for many years that the glands were the most important part of the body, but the difficulty in studying them has been the reason that no larger amount of knowledge regarding their activity has yet been brought to light. When we consider that there are from two to three million sweat glands in the skin and an infinite number of glands in the small intestines as well as other parts of the body, it can be easily seen what a task is before the specialist who is devoting attention solely to the subject of glands and their action. They have been the mysterious organs of the body whose action could be followed, but seldom explained, and now Dr. Sajous comes with a most startling theory, supported by fourteen years of experiment, that one of the least studied glands is the most important in the body. He claims that the pituitary gland is the controlling agent in health, and his theory might be compared to that ancient one of Descartes, that the pineal gland, the very centre of the brain, was the seat of the soul.

Everyone knows that the liver is the largest gland in the human body, and, while we really understand little of the way in which the liver works, we do know that one of its chief functions is the secretion of bile in the gall bladder. The wonderful thing about this gland, as well as about all the other glands of the body, is that it extracts from the blood, by some peculiar

change which is brought about through the protoplasm of the cells of the gland, substances which we cannot find in the blood itself. No chemical analysis would show bile in the blood as it enters the liver, and yet after it has entered and as the acid chyme passes the opening of the bile duct in the duodenum streams of bile are poured forth from the gall bladder. This action of the liver is paralleled by all the other glands. The pancreas, for instance, produces what is called zymogen, or the ferment former, so called because it gives rise to one of the chief enzymes, or ferments, of the pancreatic juice, so necessary for the work of digestion. These enzymes are the peculiar products of the gland, and because of their strange, unorganised character they constitute the most puzzling substances to the chemists.

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WE know that as the blood enters the gland it contains certain chemical substances, but why, as it passes through the cells which go to make up this gland certain parts of the blood are transformed into these peculiar liquids which are secreted by the special glands, is one of the great unsolved problems of human physiology. It is known that there are certain cells through which the blood passes, but it is not simply a process of filtration by which the gland extracts from the blood whatever it seeks, but a chemical change takes place through the action of the protoplasm of the glands themselves.

The Pituitary  
Body

Dr. Sajous has devoted his time, especially during the last fourteen years, to a study of the ductless glands such as the suprarenal glands, two little bodies in the abdomen just above the kidneys, and especially the anterior pituitary body, situated in the brain, which he claims is of chief importance in the preservation of the health of the human being. Dr. Sajous claims that he can demonstrate the direct connection of these little glands with the vital elements of the entire system, and, although they are ductless and do not apparently give off any special secretion, he announces that he has found and analysed such a secretion, and that it is of the utmost importance after it is carried to the lungs.

This substance, so carefully manufactured by these little glands, is the all-important agent for the absorption of the oxygen introduced through the breathing apparatus, in conjunction with which it forms a new substance, which Dr. Sajous calls "andrenoxin." This andrenoxin becomes mixed with the fluid part of the blood and flows through all the blood channels of the body, even to the smallest blood vessel. When it reaches the tissues the oxygen is then absorbed from this mysterious substance, and not exclusively from the red corpuscles of the blood, as has been hitherto supposed.

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IN its issue of June 13th the same periodical supplies its readers with still more astonishing information as to certain independent

The "Elixir of  
Life"

discoveries of Dr. George Crile which are said to support the claims of Dr. Sajous. Under the heading "Controlling the Heart," we read

as follows :

Heart failure may at last be dealt with effectively. The man or woman stricken suddenly, collapsing without apparent reason, may be saved if promptly treated with the proper remedy. At least such is the theory that Dr. George Crile announced lately. He has been conducting some special experiments bearing upon the question of the sudden collapse of persons not suffering with heart disease (especially during surgical operations) and claims to have found a specific which will restore the circulation of the blood, and bring the sufferer back to perfectly normal health, in a wonderful substance called adrenalin, which is nothing but the secretion of the glands over the kidneys, extracted chemically.

The discovery of Dr. Crile is coincident with the announcement of Dr. Sajous that it is due to the action of this secretion, controlled by the pituitary body, that the blood absorbs the oxygen from the air and transfers it to the tissues of the body. The discovery of Dr. Sajous was referred to in *Science Siftings* recently, but Dr. Crile's independent investigation proves the even greater power of this wonderful secretion. Many chemists have been at work since the time when Dr. Brown-Séquard, of Paris, announced that he had found the elixir of life in the secretion of a goat; for while his elixir proved a failure he was too able a man to be altogether wrong, and chemists the world over took the hint and began to work on the extraction of these wonderful juices stored up by animal economy.

These chemists have succeeded in extracting the secretion formed in those ductless glands lying in the abdomen, just over the kidneys, called the suprarenal glands, and have given to the surgeon a new substance with which to stop all hemorrhages in minor operations. A pharmacist has gone even further, and found the most effective form of this secretion, and it is used generally by the profession, so that in an operation upon the eye, for instance, the patient need lose but a few drops of blood from all the open veins and arteries. It is wonderful to see the blood coagulate instantly upon the application of this powerful substance, which is itself but an extract from the blood made by the most wonderful of all chemists—the human body.

Dr. Sajous's experiments appear to show that if the glands over the kidneys are kept strong and healthy the entire human body will be healthy. He has gone further, and found that there are certain drugs which, when administered, stimulate the pituitary body, which, in its turn, stirs these glands to activity and restores the equilibrium and health of the sufferer. He claims that consumption and all of the most dreaded diseases to which man is subject find their way into the system and seize upon it simply because the suprarenal glands are weak. Keep these strong and no disease can attack you, is the chief conclusion to which his experiments point. It

is marvellous, indeed, to the lay mind, to conceive that two small bodies, seemingly of so little importance, store up a substance which is really the elixir of life to the body, because it helps the oxygen to find its way into the blood and the tissues.

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PALMISTS and those of the Cheiromancist craft may perhaps be interested in the following curious story from that land of mystery, India. Under the heading "A Mark

The Mark of the Beast on the Skin of a Man-Eating Tiger," in the *Journal of the Bombay Natural History*

Society (vol. xii., p. 410), we read :

In 1894 a tigress with a three-quarter grown male cub was the scourge of the valleys at the foot of the western slope of the Amboli Ghât in the Sawantvadi State. The tigress killed and mauled many men and women, but instead of eating, used to toss them over to the cub, who always preferred human to animal flesh. I went out several times after the pair, and though my anxiety was naturally to bag the tigress, that of the villagers was that I should kill the cub, for, they said, the mother will not attack human beings if there is no one to eat them. The villagers declared that the cub was born with the propensity for man-eating, and assured me that when it was killed I should find the "man-eating mark" upon it. I asked what this might be, and was told a distinct cross on one side of the body, generally the left side. I laughed at this idea, but found that it obtained universal credence.

On the 1st January, 1895, I shot the cub, and as the beaters came up the headman said to me, "Now, Sahib, we shall see if the man-eater's mark is there or not." We turned him over, and sure enough, there was the mark. I send you herewith a photograph in which it is distinctly visible. It will be interesting to know if any of your readers have had experience of similar marking, and a similar belief; the villagers could not have *seen* the mark, yet six weeks before I killed the beast they told me I should find it. Is it possible that the superstition is confined to the jungle country bordering upon Roman Catholic Goa? The villagers were Hindus, and not Christians.

I shot the tigress afterwards, but that is another story.

W. B. FERRIS, *Lieut.-Col.*

Sadra, 10th October, 1898.

## THE CHRISTIAN AND THE THEOSOPHIC " PATH "

To those Christians who are at all familiar with their own scriptures it is not only certain that there is a Salvation proclaimed therein, but it is also clear that there is a *Way* of Salvation spoken of and pointed out. And to them, approaching the study of Theosophy and the perusal of its literature, nothing can be more striking and interesting therein, at least on its practical side, than that " Path " of spiritual progress which has been so plainly marked out and elaborated for all seekers after Liberation. It cannot but have suggested many reflections and comparisons, at least to more devout and earnest Christian enquirers and students. How far, if at all, do they correspond ?

Accepting for the purpose of our enquiry the implication of Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity* that the Christian Religion, as the " Lesser Mysteries," has to do, in the main, with the " Probationary Path," or the Way to Salvation, then there *should* be such a correspondence, more or less detailed and complete, between the preliminary stages of the Way as contained in the Christian scriptures, and as marked out by Theosophy. We have not seen any attempt to find and draw out any such correspondence in Christian teaching with the Theosophic Path, except in stray allusions and hints. But that such a correspondence there must be, every Theosophist, at least, must hold. For if Theosophy be, as it claims, the common and essential Truth of all religions, Christianity included, then Christianity rightly, adequately interpreted, *i.e.*, essential Christianity, must embody the same Path and its stages as it has thus marked out and laid down. If these stages are really true to the facts of spiritual experience generally, if they are passed through and confirmed by every seeking soul in its progress Godward, then we may assume they will necessarily be the same stages that are recom-

mended by every great religious teacher and system as those along which their disciples should be led.

In what way that Path and its stages have arisen we may not know; whether derived as the fruit of long and careful and comparative study of spiritual experience, or originally devised and unfolded by Divine Wisdom, and thus received and inculcated by its Ancient Masters. But such a Path, a Way of Salvation, with its various stages, for all souls sooner or later in their history, we can scarcely doubt does and must exist. It is the teaching, at any rate, of Christianity and its scriptures, that there is a Way of Salvation, and but *one* Way, for all, everywhere and through all time. It may have been variously conceived and inculcated by various Christian churches and their teachers. But if there be but one essential Way, as scripturally taught, what is it? If there be but *one*, as all Christians themselves would agree, however differently they may interpret it, and one, beneath all their different interpretations, in which they can all agree, what and what kind is it? Is it exoteric or esoteric? Is it exterior or interior? If there be but one, common and necessary for all time, all peoples, and all faiths, by which some few from all, we may hope, have reached Salvation, it is certain it must be interior, spiritual, mystic, one along which the soul of man everywhere can and must travel, however much our outward faiths and forms may vary. Let there be such differing outward ways, religious and ecclesiastical, doctrinal and ceremonial, more or less suited to varying races and conditions; but if so, they must all exist to guide men into the one and only true, because inner, way of spiritual experience and progress, a way along which all alike, as possessors of a common nature and needs, may and must journey, if ever they are to attain Salvation. And this we take the Theosophic Path to be, the inner and spiritual Way. It does not concern itself with the particular faith espoused, the ceremonial forms observed, or even the Master who is followed. That it leaves to circumstances, to birth, to divine arrangement or to individual choice. But, assuming that Salvation may be and has been attained, under all faiths (and who among enlightened Christians will deny this, and thus exclude the believers and saints of the old Jewish and other dis-

pensations ?), and under the guidance of their various Masters and Teachers, it seeks to discern, from a comparison of all faiths, or from a common spiritual experience, that one mystic Way of the Soul.

This being so, it should be discernible in the Christian scriptures ; at least in hints and allusions, if not stated in the definite sequence and order of its stages. Is this so ? Are any or all of these prerequisites for salvation found and enforced in the teaching of the Christ ? This, it seems to us, is a matter of no little interest and importance to Christians, especially to those who, interested in Theosophy, are seeking for the inner and original instructions of their Divine Master Himself as to "The Way." And in any case, the Christian Theosophist must find some such correspondence between the two. How far can this be done ? Leaving aside, now, the teachings of the churches, let us confine our attention to the standard Christian records, and of them the synoptical Gospels only, and enquire for the teaching of the Christ Himself.

And here let it be premised that the Salvation of which mention is so often made in the Christian scriptures, and by the Christian Church, is identical with what is spoken of so often by the Christ as entrance into, or realisation of, the Kingdom of God. Nothing is so frequently spoken of by Him as that Kingdom. And, in His idea, admission into it is the all-important thing, the end of all His ministry and mission. It is brought near to them, and they to it ; they are to be prepared for it and led into it ; they are heirs of it ; it is to be set up within them, and possessed by them ; and thus obtained it is nothing less than their Salvation.

The Way, then, of or to Salvation, according to the Christ, leads up to and ends in the Kingdom ; and the actual entrance of it is by the great and crucial experience of the New Birth or Regeneration. That is the one absolutely essential experience for all, of any faith, or of none, of any race or nation, of any class or condition of men. It is the one only gate of entrance ; admission is only by spiritual birth, the culminating experience and climax in which that preliminary and preparatory Way ends. Short of that there is no admission, no salvation. Nothing is more clear than this. Salvation, with Christ, is entrance into



the Kingdom, and that entrance is by Regeneration, an inner and deep spiritual experience, a great critical event of this Way, and itself a goal.

What then are the instructions of the Christ to His disciples, to those who are seeking this Kingdom and its Salvation? What are His directions as to the Way thither? Bearing in mind that His addresses may be roughly divided into those addressed to the multitude in general, and those reserved for His disciples, there is one great preliminary requirement made of all who would tread this Way, which the slightest acquaintance with these records reveals, and that is Repentance. But this is something demanded, not so much of those who *are* His disciples and have already entered this Way, but of men in general, before they can be disciples at all. Essentially negative in its character, it is enforced not only by the Christ, but by the Baptist before Him, and by His own messengers later. It is an absolutely necessary prerequisite and preparation *for* discipleship. It is scarcely a part of the Way itself, a stage of it, for it is something to be done, a step to be taken by all men, the multitude, the worldly and sinful, *before* they can be disciples at all. Therefore leaving this aside for the present, we enquire, amongst the instructions given to His disciples themselves, for the successive stages of the Way.

And nothing is more astonishing to the student of these records than to find how large a place in the teachings of the Christ to His followers, His references to, and emphasis upon, the requirements for discipleship occupy.

The Christian Church in its exoteric forms, we know, does not usually recognise or make any particular and orderly arrangement of these instructions and requirements; she has not planned out the Master's directions, nor any of her own, into any methodical system of training for seekers of Salvation and the Kingdom. Her instructions are almost entirely limited to the enforcement of the two great conditions of Repentance and Faith. But the former is, as we have claimed, necessarily an act, a step to be taken by men generally, *before* they can come under the tuition of the Master as His disciples at all, and enter the Path of spiritual probation and preparation. The steps, if

any, of that Path of progress, are still in front of them. And we can scarcely doubt that there were such steps to be taken; that the Master graded His instructions to His disciples, leading them on, thereby, as they were discerning, obedient and fit, to further steps, and initiating them, as they were ready, into the Kingdom at last. They were His pupils to be instructed and guided in the Way to that Kingdom of which He so much spoke, and which they so much misconceived; but a way is scarcely a way at all unless it is made up of steps. And that they are steps only of the Way to Salvation, is evident from the fact that these disciples had not yet entered the Kingdom, had not been admitted or initiated into its life and mysteries. They have entered the Way, at His call, bound to Him as their Leader by intense loving devotion, and subject to His tuition and discipline, but not yet admitted into Membership of the great Brotherhood of Souls. For this, there is future education and testing awaiting them, with possible failure, unfaithfulness, desertion and treason amongst them. They are still only on Probation, under training, in the Way, and therefore these varied, these manifold instructions are given them.

But in these Gospel records of His utterances, delivered especially to His disciples, such instructions are naturally set down, not in any methodised order, but in a promiscuous state; scattered up and down as occasion required, adapted to circumstances or occasions by the Master Himself, or to the necessities of the narratives by the writers thereof. They form, however, the very staple of His addresses to His followers, and even to others; His discourses are almost entirely made up of them; they are the very essence of His teaching, embrace all the obligations imposed by Him with the utmost emphasis upon all who are seeking the Kingdom and its Life. Whether or not they were given out by Him to His disciples in any graduated order, after any system or plan of instruction and training, by whose consecutive steps they were gradually led up to fitness for the Kingdom, we can no longer be certain. In what way, however, can we, for present and personal purposes of spiritual growth and progress, best arrange them now? Under what heads or steps will they best fall for purposes like this? Into what course

or system of our own for spiritual instruction and discipline can they be thrown? This, it seems to us, is a matter of great practical importance. It is an attempt that might very well be made, but for which far greater spiritual knowledge and wisdom would be needed than any to which we can lay claim. But if, for convenience, we take the Theosophic framework, and try to fit them in, it is astonishing to find how readily and largely they find their places and fall into a well-ordered, consecutive and rational scheme. It is not too much to say that *all* the directions of the Christ to His pupils may be arranged under these several heads, according to these successive steps. So much so, that if we wished to arrange them into a complete and coherent system or manual for the spiritual guidance of Candidates for the Kingdom, we could not find more comprehensive divisions, nor a more faithful and orderly arrangement than this. As a course of training in the school of the soul no system could be so methodical and progressive in its steps, and no instructions so complete as these of the Christ thus arranged.

Let us then very briefly glance at and summarise them under such heads.

1. Discrimination.—This first step, in which the inner eye begins to open and discriminate between the real and unreal, the temporal and eternal, is abundantly indicated in all those passages in which the Master mourns the lack of spiritual perception on the part of the multitudes, especially of the Pharisees and Scribes, and on account of which He is compelled to speak unto them in parables, “because seeing they see not, and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand.” And though He says that to His disciples it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom, it does not seem to be theirs as yet, for He has almost equal reason to mourn the same deficiency in them, so often has He to expound the hidden meaning of His parables to them at their own request. To the importance, likewise, of this quality of spiritual perception are His references to the lamp that is not put under a bushel but where its light can shine, to the wise man who built his house upon a rock, to the wise and foolish virgins, to the servants in the vineyard with their talents or various degrees of spiritual wisdom for use, and to that wisdom

that is justified of all her children. So His complaint of the Pharisees who could not discern the signs of the times, and who so lacked discernment as to tithe their smallest things, while they omitted the weightier matters of justice, mercy, faith, and who cleansed only the outside of the cup and the platter. So His warnings of His followers against the leaven of the Pharisees, and His rebuke of those very followers because they did not discern what leaven He meant; His emphasis upon the light within the body, and caution against its loss; His commendation of Peter for his discernment of "the Christ," the Divine, in his Master; and even of the scribe who answered discreetly, with spiritual insight, and was therefore not far from the Kingdom.

2. Indifference.—This step, consequent on the former, a practical seeking of the real and spiritual, of the impersonal and permanent, at the expense or sacrifice of the temporary and personal, is equally enforced by the Christ, wherever He requires that the personal in all its manifold manifestations shall be transcended and forfeited for the sake of the spiritual and divine. The Sermon on the Mount is full of it. His disciples are to seek first the Kingdom, to banish all anxiety for their earthly life, their food and raiment; they are not to do their righteousness or their alms before men to be seen of them; and when the pure in heart are blessed, and they are commanded to love even their enemies, to pray for them that despitefully use them, to judge not that they not be judged, we have personal indifference reduced to practical life. All the many exhortations to self-sacrificing, exclusive devotion to Himself and the Kingdom's interests are so many illustrations of it; exhortations to self-denial, and cross-bearing, to removal of offending bodily members for the sake of the soul's life; to the surrender of property and riches for the sake of eternal life, and entrance through the strait gate of the Kingdom; to forsake friends, relatives and home; to carry no gold or silver, purse or wallet; to love spiritual kindred more than natural, to toil not for reward or wages, to take the lowest room or seat at feasts, to make a feast not for friends and brethren but for the poor, to perform acts of charity for all, without respect of persons, for aliens, enemies, and for the little, the insignificant and weak; to forgive all, to the utmost; to serve each other, and abase all

ambition and pride; the parables of the sower, of the hid treasure, of the good Samaritan; the scenes of the woman and the alabaster box, of the widow and her mites, of the little children, are all so many means of inculcating the great, the necessary step of renunciation of non-attachment and indifference, which the Theosophic Path specifies.

3. And if we seek illustrations of these moral qualifications which are to be cultivated to some degree at least as a preliminary fitness for acceptance or Initiation we may find them also in these instructions:

(i.) Of Self-Control, in those various acts of self-denial referred to above; the control of sense and passion in the case of the eunuchs so made for the Kingdom's sake; and the various cases of sin in thought and desire specified in the Sermon on the Mount; the control of word and action in His warnings against idle words, and oaths and curses; and the exhortations to the culture of inner feelings of love, and the practice of all good works and words.

(ii.) Of Tolerance, in the Master's own contravention of the law of the Sabbath, on various occasions, for the service of man or God; in His concession to the faith of the Canaanitish woman; in His exaltation of obedience to God above the pious cry "Lord, Lord," and in His own cry "A greater thing than the Temple is here," the spirit of worship as greater than the place of it; in His rebuke of His disciples for their treatment of the miracle-worker who was not of their fellowship, and in His frequent denunciation of bigotry on the part of the Pharisees and others, as, *e.g.*, when they accused Him of blasphemy for forgiving sins.

(iii.) Of Forbearance or endurance of sufferings, when He blessed those who were persecuted for righteousness' sake; and bade His disciples not to resist him that is evil, but to offer the other cheek to the smiter, and the cloak as well as the coat to the borrower; when He exhorted them to endure the tribulations or hatred of men, even to the sacrifice of their lives; to fear not those who were only able to kill the body; and in patience to possess their souls.

(iv.) And Confidence in their Teacher or Master; is not this required and inculcated in all those passages in which the dis-

ciples are urged to believe the Gospel, or to believe in and on Himself?

4. And everywhere and constantly the essential all-important Desire for Salvation is emphasised and enforced. It is implied in all His exhortations to earnestness and effort, in striving to enter in at the strait gate, pronouncing them blessed who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and those who are lacking in this ardent devotion and aim as far from the Kingdom, such as he who turns back after having put his hand to the plough, etc.

And so, from this rapid and cursory survey of the Master's instructions, is it not abundantly evident that all the various steps and qualifications of the Path which every seeker and candidate for the Kingdom must follow, are recognised by Him, that He is cognisant of them, and that He repeatedly, in various forms, enforces them on His own pupils? Nay, that such a systematic arrangement embraces them all? They certainly have to be reckoned with and accounted for, as definite directions to His followers, not yet admitted into the Kingdom (with some few exceptions), but on the Way thither; called, but not yet chosen; Probationers but not yet Initiated.

The Church enforces the two great conditions, Repentance and Faith, as the great essentials. "Repent ye and believe the Gospel." And Faith by the Master Himself is made the great and saving condition. But Faith is a very wide-meaning term in the Gospels themselves, and is in all its shades of meaning implied in this Way and its stages, Faith in the sense of conviction of things unseen, of acceptance of a message or a truth, trust in a Teacher or Master, obedience to His requirements, an inner sense and realisation of the spiritual and eternal, and such a perception and assurance of the spiritual and divine Christ, the Logos, the Eternal Word in Jesus, and consequent absolute surrender to and realisation of Him, as constitutes saving and regenerating Faith. This Faith, then, in its progressive stages is necessary as a condition, and covers the whole of the experiences and steps of the Probationary Way. And so in this sense, and in this sense only, we conceive, is there correspondence between the instructions and conditions of the Christ and His Church, and the Steps of the Theosophic Path.

But, as we have said, the Church has never methodised her Master's directions, in this or any similar way; and we fear she has, since the earliest days, failed to recognise any such steps of the Way, and to enforce them on those who "repentant" have turned to her and to Christ as disciples and candidates for the Kingdom. They have not generally been recognised and enforced as, to some degree at least, necessary to be followed before there can be any true, adequate Salvation, any real Regeneration and admission into Life.

Doubtless, the more deeply, devoutly spiritual teachers and directors of souls have always discerned some such steps as true to experience, and, recognising them in these instructions of the Master, have sought to lead the earnest seeker by this Way. But if so, the majority, in their eagerness to get men "saved" have, it is to be feared, hurried multitudes into the Church, who, having repented it may be, and, accepting Christ as their Saviour, have believed in Him, have yet only thereby *begun* the Way, entered a *state* of Salvation, following Him, as so many did in His own day; with the result, now, as then, of disastrous failures, large leakage, and much scandal to the cause. *They have been counted saved*, in the sense of being in the Kingdom, regenerate, whereas they were *only beginning to be*, or "*being saved*." Had the Church, as such, in the knowledge of the graduated steps and discipline of this Way put its converts on adequate "probation," as is done by some, and subjected them, not merely to the test of time, but to this training and the requirements and instructions of the Master Himself to all in His day, it would not perhaps have counted its members as already "saved," by the multitude, as real subjects of the Kingdom, regenerate and spiritual, but it would have been vastly more to the strength and power of the Church, and to the interests of the converts themselves.

Instead of being but a miscellaneous gathering of some who are on the Way and at various stages of it, with others who have not yet even entered it, while its truly regenerate are comparatively few, it would, as originally intended, have consisted of an outer circle of probationers who are on the Way, "being saved," and an inner circle of the truly regenerate, who have been admitted through this gate of initiation, into the Kingdom

itself, conscious Sons of God, and Members of the Brotherhood, the very Body of Christ.

And does this not mean that the Church, as such, always excepting a few, the discerning and mystic few, has lost sight of the deeper spiritual nature and meaning of those great doctrines which she so earnestly inculcates? Is Repentance itself, *e.g.*, no more deep and fruitful an experience of soul than that through which many of the so-called penitent pass? Is it not that great, convulsive crisis, through which the man passes, whose issue is that awakening of the soul, that "opening of the mind," to the perception of spiritual realities? Is not Faith, as we have said, that very faculty of spiritual perception, the assurance of things unseen, born of the spirit in the soul, and the seed of its future birth, a principle that results in and embraces all that follows, a sublime indifference to the personal self, a "setting of the affections on things above," an intense devotion to the Higher Self, a resolute reformation of life and conduct, an earnest effort after self-control, a patient endurance and constant perseverance, an implicit Confidence and a conquering Faith that abandons all and surrenders self to *the Christ* of God, thereby realising birth true and full into Life, and the disciple, now regenerate, *is* saved?

Such are the conditions and the Way of Salvation. And Regeneration, what is this, in the mind and teaching of the Christ, but the climax of the Way, the culmination of the progressive inner experiences of the soul, by which the Kingdom is actually entered, and its Salvation and Life are realised? And is not this, about which the average Christian speaks so much and understands so little, an experience, a critical and crucial experience of far greater, richer, profounder significance and moment than is popularly supposed? Is it anything less than that great and eventful Fact, on account of which, or by means of which, initiation was granted of old, and is still granted, into sonship to God, real and conscious union with God; such a state as all the Initiates of old, of every religion or none, have entered upon, with all its glorious heritage of divine life and wisdom and power?

Is it not a singular fact that while the Church speaks so



much of Regeneration, yet the Master, the Christ Himself, says very little of it, at any rate in the Synoptical records, even to His disciples, as though it were an experience to which they had, generally, by no means attained, but towards which He was leading them? And so He limits Himself to those instructions which are necessary to fit them for it. It is only in the later and mystic Gospel of John that He is made to dwell on it, thus marking an advance on the Synoptics, and evidently written by one who is acquainted with it, and the inner life and its mysteries, by experience; and so a proper complement to the Synoptics.

What then can this great and critical and eventful fact of experience be, but that Initiation spoken of by all true Mystics, in esoteric schools of all kinds, East and West, and desired so eagerly, and striven for so earnestly by all disciples, all pupils and candidates; that experience so solemn, so awful, and yet so blessed, through which men are initiated by the Christ into the Kingdom of God?

If all that is meant by the Occultist and Mystic, by the Egyptian or Hindu, when he speaks of Initiation, is that which is meant by the Regeneration spoken of by Jesus, and referred to in the mystic Gospel of John, then it is certainly a doctrine, and a fact, of far greater import than the Church to-day has any idea of, and an experience through which but few of its members or teachers have passed. Taking Regeneration in this fuller sense, how many Initiates are there in the Christian Church to-day? How many have been truly, fully born again, become members of the family of God, subjects of the Kingdom of God? How many have become "perfect" in the sense of being initiated therein; "perfect men" in "Christ Jesus"? If this be indeed the sense in which Regeneration should be regarded, and was regarded by the Master Himself, and by Paul and the rest, what a degradation has it suffered at the hands of the many, and even of the Church itself, materialised and blinded by the influence of the Age and the World in which it lives! And if so, is it not high time that the deeper, richer significance of her own doctrines and terms should be re-discovered and restored, that with an intelligent and spiritual understanding of them consonant with that

of her Lord, and of all her more mystical sons, she may be fitted to fulfil her mission in the world, and as a witness and guide to the realities of "the Kingdom" may be able to take the lead in the growing spiritual movement that has begun for the world?

CLERICUS.

## EARTHQUAKES AND VIOLENT STORMS: AN ENQUIRY INTO THEIR PROBABLE CAUSE

THE recent outbreak of volcanic activity in the West Indies, and the yet more recent tremor that passed over the central counties of England at the end of March last, have stimulated enquiry into the probable causes of such seismic phenomena. In this connection some of the theories which have been advanced may be tested, and though, of course, no single instance can be regarded as conclusive evidence of the truth or falsity of such theories, yet illustrations can be drawn to any extent from historical records, and a number of these should fall into line with the theory as stated before the latter can be accepted with any degree of confidence.

M. Delauney of the French Academy observed that earthquake periods may be grouped under four maximum curves, two of which begin in 1756, and 1759 respectively, each having a twelve years periodicity; the other two beginning in 1756 and 1773 respectively, and having a twenty-eight years period. This gives a mean range of 4.15 years for such disturbances to occur as from either of the cycles. This, I think, is quite too short a period to coincide with our experience, and a table setting out the various periods and their overlappings might easily be prepared and would certainly show that the groundwork of M. Delauney's theory is not altogether beyond criticism. It is stated that the return of the planets Jupiter and Saturn to certain longitudes where they meet with "cosmic streams of meteors" is the basis of this theory of seismic cycles. These longitudes are  $135^{\circ}$  and  $265^{\circ}$  from the vernal equinox, and the periods are of course the

mean orbital periods of the planets Jupiter and Saturn. But M. Delauney has proved neither his cosmic streams nor his earthquakes, and consequently his theoretical periods must fall to the ground. It might reasonably be concluded that the years in which the planets Jupiter and Saturn coincide in their occupation of the specified longitudes would be those of greatest disturbance, as for instance, 1780-1784, 1840-1843, 1864-1868, etc., and if this were approximately the fact there would be some reason for giving the theory more careful consideration. But in point of fact M. Delauney's periods are not those of greatest disturbance, nor are they inclusive of the years of activity still within our recollection, nor yet those to be found in the chronicles.

Like most other evils to which the earth is subject from time to time, the earthquake has not escaped association with the "sun-spot" theory. The same cause which is variously stated to be responsible for droughts, famines and low Nile tides, is often brought forward to account for volcanic and other disturbances. But for want of proper collaboration between the various theorists, the casual reader is left to discover the connection between earthquakes and low Nile tides.

A far more reasonable theory is that which has reference to the Eclipse period of 18 years. It has been recently observed that there is a certain connection between earthquakes and the Moon's distance from our orb. The attraction of the Moon upon the ocean has been extended to the subterraneous fluids and gases, and it is put forward with all seriousness that there is a predisposition to disturbances whenever the Moon is in its perigee or nearest position to the earth, about the time of the lunation. The Sun and Moon would then be pulling in the same direction and the nearness of the Moon to the earth would of course increase the pull. It is also presumed from these premises that the locality affected would be that which is immediately beneath the conjoined luminaries, that is to say, a place whose geographical latitude corresponds to the declination of the Sun and the Moon at their conjunction.

There is something to be said for this theory, although it does not apply in all particulars to the period and locality of a large number of disturbances. There is, however, the earth-

quake of August, 1883, which devastated the island of Krakatoa. The Moon was certainly in its perigee and very nearly over the island. But the Moon was in the last quarter and not at conjunction, so that the attraction of the Sun and Moon would not be in the same line. There is, in fact, nothing to show why the disturbance did not take place at any preceding lunation when the Moon was in perigee.

At the eruption of Mont Pelée in May, 1902, the conditions of the theory were exactly fulfilled, for not only was the Moon in perigee and in conjunction with the Sun, but both luminaries were immediately over the place of the outburst. Again on August 30th of the same year, the Moon was again in perigee and in the same declination with the locality of disturbance, but it was in the last quarter and not at conjunction. This was the date of the second outbreak.

It is evident, therefore, that the theory which has regard to the attraction of the celestial bodies is far more nearly in line with the facts than anything which has hitherto been suggested as a probable cause of seismic disturbances, and it is in extension of this theory that the following observations have been made.

Lunations are continually occurring from month to month, earthquakes are not so frequent. The Moon is in its perigee once every 28th day, practically in  $27\frac{1}{2}$  days, and it is after just  $27\frac{1}{2}$  times the Metonic cycle of 19 years, or 522 years, that the Moon comes to the perigee at the lunation. But curiously enough, this period of 522 years is exactly 29 periods of 18 years, and this is intimately connected with the Eclipse period. For after thirty-six such periods of 18 years all the eclipses repeat themselves in the same part of the heavens. If therefore the Moon being in perigee at the lunation has anything to do with the production of earthquakes, this period of 522 years should prove to be one which marks excessive disturbances.

If, however, the Moon has an attraction upon the ocean mass, it is also certain that it has an attraction on the earth's atmosphere in proportion to its saturation point, and this should be especially noticed at the lunation, when the Sun and Moon are pulling in the same direction. Now the cutting off of the Sun's rays by eclipse will mean not only the abscission of its

light, but also of all other modes of etheric vibration which it normally propagates, and consequently there will be an immense alteration in the electrostatic condition of the earth's atmosphere at the time of a solar eclipse, and the same will hold good in regard to any reflective power which the Moon may be said to possess and which suffers temporary abscission during the eclipse of that luminary.

Presuming certain electrostatic conditions to be instituted in the atmosphere at any time immediately prior to an eclipse, it follows that these conditions will be interfered with during the period of the eclipse; and this disturbance may continue for some considerable time afterwards. In order to restore the balance of power there must be a tremendous uprush of electrical energy from the centre of the earth, and it is this uprush which, in my belief, is the cause of earthquake disturbances, and volcanic activity.

In illustration of this theory it is only necessary to take the chief historical periods of great disturbance, and to note the positions of the luminaries and planets at the preceding eclipse. A comparison of the positions at the eclipse and at the date of eruption or shock, will probably lead to a fair estimate of the working value of this theory.

If we refer to the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii on the 24th August, A.D. 79, it will be found that the preceding eclipse fell on the 9th April, in longitude  $18^{\circ}$  and on the date of the great eruption of Vesuvius, Saturn had reached the same longitude. On that date the Moon was near its apogee (furthest from the earth) and very nearly at the full, being also in its South node and in South declination. Hence all the facts are opposed to the theory which has regard merely to "the perigee at lunation." On the other hand they form a suggestive basis for the belief that planetary configurations with the places of the celestial bodies at the eclipse may have some considerable influence in the production of seismic disturbances. We may follow up the idea in connection with other well-known disasters of the same nature.

The eclipse preceding the destruction of Krakatoa took place in May, 1883, and on August 26th, Mars had the exact longitude which was held by Jupiter at the eclipse, namely,  $91^{\circ}$ .

The earthquake at Martinique, already referred to, was coincident with the eclipse, but the second outburst of August 30th found Mars in exact opposition to the place of Saturn at that eclipse.

On March 6th, 1867, there was an eclipse of the Sun in longitude  $346^{\circ}$ , and on the same day an earthquake occurred in Asia Minor which destroyed 20,000 houses and over 2,000 lives. On the same day Uranus was in quadrature to Mercury, and Saturn at the same distance from Jupiter. But neither Jupiter nor Saturn were in M. Delauney's "cosmic streams," nor was the Moon near its perigee, being  $267^{\circ}$  distant from that point. Here again the facts are in favour of the eclipse theory of electrical disturbance.

In 1853 there was an eclipse of the Sun in longitude  $76^{\circ}$  on the 6th of June. The superior planets Uranus, Saturn and Mars were in the same quarter of the heavens, being all between longitudes  $40^{\circ}$  and  $55^{\circ}$ . Jupiter was in opposition to Venus and forming the opposition to the place of eclipse. On the 15th July, Mars and Jupiter were in exact opposition, Mars being in the exact longitude of the eclipse, and Jupiter in exact opposition thereto. On the same day Cumana was totally destroyed by an earthquake. Not a single family escaped the disaster, over 4,000 lives being lost and all the public buildings destroyed, together with almost all the private dwellings. Here again the planetary configurations with the eclipse positions signalise the occurrence of vast electrical disturbances. But if we examine the theory of M. Delauney it is found that neither Saturn nor Jupiter were in the specified longitudes at the period of the earthquake, and on the other hand the Moon was not in perigee, being, in fact, within  $17^{\circ}$  of its apogee, and at only 5 days from the full, instead of near the conjunction.

Coming now to the recent disturbances in England and at Jerusalem at the end of March, 1903, we find a solar eclipse of considerable magnitude on the 29th of the month. The Moon was midway between its apogee and perigee at the conjunction, and neither Saturn nor Jupiter were near the points defined by M. Delauney's theory. But it will be observed that Uranus was in quadrature to Mercury, and Saturn in quadrature to Venus,

and on the date of the shock Mars was in opposition to the place of the eclipse, being in longitude  $187^{\circ}$ . Again the theory of planetary influence is justified.\* Indeed, if we rightly consider the solidarity of the solar system it is impossible to escape from the conclusion that the conjunctions, oppositions and quadratures of the planets formed upon the earth's centre must have a direct gravitational effect upon the earth's mass, upon its atmosphere, and upon its subterraneous fluids and gases. I am of opinion that these facts have hitherto escaped the attention of scientific men, because of the habit of considering only the heliocentric positions of the planets instead of their configurations upon the earth's centre. It is certainly more logical to regard the geocentric positions of the planets, as I have done in all the above-mentioned cases, when the earth itself, and not the Sun, is the body upon which the effects of such configurations are registered. Similar configurations of the major planets in respect to the Sun's centre may be responsible for the production of sun-spots, which are merely rents in the luminous envelope of that body and probably produced by forces acting from within in response to others acting from outside sources. At all events the singular conformity of evidence in regard to eclipse positions and their effects upon our globe will render further research anything but an idle study.

The effects of the geocentric positions of the planets on the weather appear to be equally remarkable and worthy of scientific study. Prof. Falb of Vienna has made a series of investigations on this basis, and his weather cycle of 79 years is apparently based entirely on the conjunction of Mars and Mercury which is formed on the same day of the year after that interval of time. But if there be any fragment of truth in any observations based on this configuration of Mars and Mercury, there is every reason to presume an extension of similar effects as due to the configurations of other planets. From a long series of observations made during the past 15 years I am able to state with some certainty that similar and remarkable effects do occur from such positions of

\* Since this article was penned another series of shocks has taken place in Wales. Violent disturbances occurred on the 22nd June, causing considerable consternation. Mars was then again in opposition to the place of the last eclipse as on the 29th March.

the planets. Saturn produces a negative condition of the atmosphere, lower temperature, heavy depressions and downfall. Uranus acts in a similar manner but with considerable alternation. Jupiter and Mars produce a positive condition and higher temperature. When "negative" and "positive" planets, as I may conveniently call them, concur in the production of effects, violent storms are the result. A few illustrations will serve to show the operation of this law.

On the 30th June, 1879, Saturn and Mars were in conjunction. On the same day there was a violent storm. On the 6th July, 1881, the same planets were in conjunction and with the same result. In July, 1881, Jupiter and Mars were in conjunction, and the extreme heat of that period will be remembered by many. The temperature in London was  $97^{\circ}1'$  in the shade. Perhaps one of the most interesting instances of this action of planetary conjunctions is that which attended the conjunction of Mars and Saturn on the 11th September, 1861, for on the previous day the Great Eastern Steamship set sail from Liverpool for New York, carrying the Royal Mails. On the following day it encountered terrific weather and was all but destroyed. No official notice of any of these storms was given, and it must be conceded that the omission was not due to any lack of interest on the part of those at the Meteorological Office, but rather to the defects of the system then and now employed. *The Times*, so far back as September, 1878, not only gave voice to this observed inefficiency of modern methods, but also afforded the highest encouragement to those who, like myself, have studied to bring new light to bear upon the situation. "To place the forecasts of the weather," says the writer in *The Times*, "even of the general weather of the coming season, on a sound basis, to gain the power of foretelling a cold spring, a wet summer, or a late harvest, would be to confer an incalculable benefit upon the people of this country."

I fervently hope that these few observations may not be without their value in this desirable direction.

W. GORN OLD.



## WALT WHITMAN, A PROPHET OF THE COMING RACE

ALL parts of the universe are interwoven and tied together with a sacred bond, and no one thing is foreign or unrelated to another. This general connection gives unity and ornament to the world. For the world, take it altogether, is but one. There is but one sort of matter to make it of, one God that pervades it, and one law to guide it, the common reason of all rational beings; and one truth; if, indeed, beings of the same kind, and endowed with the same reason, have one and the same perfection.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

THERE have been few greater figures among the teachers of the Western world during the last century, and none that has ventured to convey his message under a more unconventional form than Walt Whitman. In an age of immense material prosperity he comes as a gigantic pioneer, rough-hewing a way through the forest of shams, hypocrisy and all the vices of modern life; not, indeed, as an architect of a perfect building, but as a preparer of foundations for a coming race of men and women, healthy both in mind and in body, in whose certain advent he himself never once lost faith.

It is here proposed briefly to point out what was the substance of his message and how far it harmonises with the main teachings of the Wisdom Religion, and to illustrate, mainly by passages from *Leaves of Grass*, his teachings on the cosmos, the Divinity in all, universal love, the position of women, karma, the soul, death, and the final casting off of illusion.

No neat academic style is his, no smoothly turned verses, no rhyme or metre except in very rare cases. But he is none the less a poet, a maker, and his words strike home with all the force of tremendous hammer-blows. He disclaims all literary merit. "No one will get at my verses who insists upon viewing them as a literary performance, or attempt at such performance,

or as aiming mainly towards art or æstheticism.”\* No, he will start free from all traditions, mummified creeds, the dust of libraries and lecture rooms, and seek the truth *sub divo*, not in temples made with hands. Beginning with this resolve to test every phase of life for himself, to balance up all the experience of sense, all that enters the wide sweep of his horizon; passing freely among and fraternising with people of every creed and profession, he renounces nothing, abjures nothing as common or unclean, but takes with equal brow the sunshine and rain, fair and foul, good and evil, in his search for the keystone that binds the arch of life, which he claims to find in the “fellowship, tender and trusting, of man with man.”

Love, Democracy, Religion—each in its very widest sense—are the three words which embrace his views. He sees divine love in all “because, having looked at the objects of the universe, I find there is no one, nor any particle of one, but has reference to the soul.” “The supreme and final science is the science of God, what we call science being only its minister.” There is nothing base or mean to him, every atom is a temple of the most High God and “every inch of space is a miracle.” And again: I swear I think now, that everything without exception has an eternal soul. The trees have, rooted in the ground! the weeds of the sea have! the animals! I swear I think there is nothing but immortality.

He is filled to overflowing, intoxicated with this sense of the one heart that beats in everything. He has such a measure of perfect health, that life itself is a joy. God is everywhere, He is myself, therefore there is no irreverence in saying, “I am all, I am God.”

Strange and hard that paradox true I give.  
Objects gross and the unseen soul are one.

This same worship of Divinity pervades Richard Jefferies' *The Story of my Heart*, and it is interesting to compare these two pantheists, Jefferies, the frail invalid with his intense desire for health, Whitman possessing it, at least for much of his life, to the full, and both proclaiming that “to lay a hand upon the human body is to touch God Himself.”

\* *A Backward Glance o'er Travell'd Roads.*

Again he preaches the doctrine of a universal brotherhood and aims :

Solely to drop in the earth the germs of a greater religion,  
And I know that the Spirit of God is the brother of my own,  
And that all the men ever born are also my brothers,  
And the women my sisters and lovers,  
And that a kelson of the creation is Love.

To his ideal picture he gives the name of Democracy, and this ideal has been treated in the same spirit and methods by his follower Edward Carpenter, in whose writings, however, we find theosophical teachings touched upon more definitely, and more emphasis laid upon the different vehicles of the ego. "His secret as a democratic bard," says Symonds,\* "lies in this living and unselfish love of man, body and soul, bred by a generous unenvious commerce with his kindred."

Endowed with a magnificent physique and a strange magnetic nature that drew all things towards him, he carried out this ideal during the American War in 1862, when he devoted all his energies to nursing and cheering the sick and wounded soldiers. So much vitality did he thus put forth that his health, wonderful as it was, broke down, and being afterwards seized with paralysis he was a cripple to the end of his long life. It might have been expected that such a blow would somewhat change the tenor of his song, but he still holds with all he said before, only hinting here and there, in old age, that he fears lest a complaint should escape his lips, and in *Thanks in Old Age* and *The Calming Thought of All* he testifies that it is good to have lived and learnt, good to pass on in the certainty that "the round earth's silent vital laws, facts, modes continue."

His treatment of the question of sexuality has aroused the bitterest antagonism. Crude and naked as it is in places, it raised an outcry from Mrs. Grundy, Mr. Prurient and others; but to the seeing eye, Whitman's ideas on this subject do not come as a shock, nor with a taint of indecency. How, indeed, he asks, can there be such a thing as obscenity? Treating, as he does, this vital question with all earnestness and a sense of its mystery, upholding the sanctity of sex and teaching that it is

\* *Walt Whitman : A Study*, p.144.

ignorance of such things that kill body and soul, he does not deserve the taunts that have been levelled at him. Above all he insists on "woman's great future and her redemption." He cries aloud for a "strong and sweet female race, a race of perfect mothers," and sees in this the salvation of America, body and soul. "Man the bodily consonant, woman the spiritual vowel," as an English writer quaintly puts it, must combine indeed to form the perfect *verbum* or utterance on earth. "Love of man to man as well as woman"—this is the part of his doctrine which has seemed strange to some. Yet it would seem that in the distant future love regardless of sex must be the ideal love. In this particular, he recalls the passionate worship of beauty, male and female, which characterised the Greeks, and says, almost in the words of old Socrates, "there never was a time when I was not in love with somebody." And in truth he is, in many respects, Socrates made flesh again—Socrates with his perennial cheerfulness, imperturbable calm and indifference to externals; in his persistent search for the truth among all sorts and conditions of men, in his love for "the human form divine," in the cosmic range of his insight, his deep inward conviction of a life beyond death,—altogether a strange figure of a prophet, and, as such, condemned to suffer at the hands of those he seeks to save.

His intuition grasped the doctrine of karma, and to no subject does he attach greater importance than the fact that effect treads upon the heels of cause. "I see that the elementary laws never apologise." He knows of "no possible forgiveness or deputed atonement," and declines to separate one part of life from every part. In the *Song of Prudence*, which it is interesting to read and compare with Emerson's *Compensation*, he maintains that :

All that a person does, says, thinks, is of consequence ;  
 Not a move can a man or woman make, that affects him or her  
 In a day, month, any part of the direct lifetime, or the hour of death,  
 But the same affects him or her, onward, outward,  
 Through the indirect lifetime.

And again :

The spirit receives from the body just as much as it gives to the  
 body if not more,

Who has been wise receives interest—

The interest will come round—all will come round.

Every good thought, word, deed, on any part of the globe, "on any of the wandering stars, or on any of the fixed stars, by those there, as we are here," have their everlasting effect. "I suspect their results curiously await in the yet unseen world, counterparts of what accrued to them in the seen world."

I believe of all those men and women that fill'd the unnamed lands,

Every one exists this hour here or elsewhere, invisible to us,

In exact proportion to what he or she grew from in life, and out

Of what he or she did, felt, became, loved, sinn'd in life.

Next, in the matter of religion, it is emancipation from the letter that killeth that he seeks. Creeds and dogmas must eventually vanish, together with "materialistic, bat-eyed priests" preaching a material heaven and hell, "sad, hasty, unwaked somnambules walking the dusk," as he calls them. But goodness remains, and love of humanity can console.

"The priest departs, the divine literatus comes." He does not say bibles and religions are not divine, "but it is not they who give the life, it is *you* who give the life."

He says in *November Boughs* (1888): "The people, especially the young men and women of America, must begin to learn that religion (like poetry) is something far different from what they supposed. It is, indeed, too important to the power and perpetuity of the New World to be consign'd any longer to the churches, old or new, Catholic or Protestant—Saint this or Saint that."

Love, Democracy, Religion he claims to be sufficient, and to the sufficiency of this new old gospel a striking tribute is paid by a great English man of letters, whose life was long a struggle with suffering, mental and bodily. "For my own part, I may confess it shone upon me when my life was broken, when I was weak, sickly, poor and of no account: and that I have ever lived thenceforward in the light and warmth of it. In bounden duty towards Whitman, I make this personal statement; for had it not been for the contact of his fervent spirit with my own, the pyre ready to be lighted, the combustible materials of modern thought awaiting the touch of the fire-bringer, might never have

leapt up into the flame of life-long faith and consolation. During my darkest hours it comforted me with the conviction that I too played my part in the illimitable symphony of cosmic life. When I sinned, repined, sorrowed, suffered, it touched me with a gentle hand of sympathy and understanding, sustained me with the strong arm of assurance that in the end I could not go amiss (for I was part, an integrating part of the great whole): and when strength revived in me, it stirred a healthy pride and courage to effectuate myself, to bear the brunt of spiritual foes, the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.”\*

Many another will be ready to subscribe to this. Whitman's influence for good will be found incalculably great, a seed growing silently and in the dark, perhaps, as yet, but none the less sure of bearing a plentiful harvest in due season. Yet Whitman is no mere optimist, owing his cheerful creed to health and strength, and closing his eyes to the darker side of nature. He also felt the burden of the mystery of life; to him, as to all, occurs the same old question of whence, what, and whither? As the ocean of life rolls mysteriously round him, “as I ebbd with the ocean of life,” he feels but as “a little washed-up drift,” that he has not once had the least idea of what he really is. “What am I after all,” he asks, “but a mere name?” Yet thus much he can see, that the little that (so far) is Good, is steadily hastening towards immortality, and that the vast all that is called Evil is hastening to merge itself and become lost and dead. After balancing up all that he has learnt in life, he gives the answer, bravely deciding to do and endure: “That you are here—that life exists and identity, that the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse.”

With advancing years came inevitably that sympathy with suffering and ignorance, that large and tender pity for mankind which the young cannot feel, that consciousness, ever increasing, of the real behind the apparent real, of “thy body permanent, the body lurking here within thy body,” together with a greater sensitiveness to the unseen influences around, that feeling of which Jefferies† with true intuition, writes: “This hour, rays or undulations of more subtle mediums are doubtless pouring on us

\* John Addington Symonds, *Whitman*, p. 35. † *Story of my Heart*, cap. 11.

over the wide earth, unrecognised, and full of messages and intelligences from the unseen."

Though he still sings of life, he "minds him well of death," and knows that "grand is the seen but grander far the unseen soul of me."

My body done with materials, my sight done with my material eyes,  
Proved to me this day beyond cavil that it is not my material eyes  
Which finally see, nor my material body which finally loves,  
Walks, laughs, shouts, embraces, procreates.

Hence he will leave, he hopes, his "excrementitious body" and seek his real body, for the soul to him is real, not by proof and reason, but by growth; this soul he likens, in its efforts to guide the animal, to a "noiseless patient spider, testing and venturing and throwing out its web" till the needed bridge be formed. In an hour of anguish, when the burden of the flesh is heavy, he cries aloud for emancipation, almost in the words of Paul :

O to disengage myself from these corpses of me,  
Which I turn and look at where I cast them,—  
To pass on (O living ! always living ! ) and leave the corpses behind.

He firmly believes in the endless change, the πάντα ῥεῖ of Heracleitus, the flux and reflux in all vehicles of life.

They are alive and well somewhere;  
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,  
And if even there was it led forward life,  
And does not wait at the end to arrest it,  
And ceased the moment life appeared.  
All goes onward and onward, nothing collapses,  
And to die is different from what anyone supposed, and luckier.

A singer of the commonplace, of health to be acquired by all not organically diseased, of simple life, clean food, pure drink, a worshipper in a bodily temple, swept and garnished and made a fit dwelling-place for the great sojourner within, he drank his fill of the cup of life, never despairing "however seeming woe may be," for "all will be well in the infinite capacity"; confident that his teachings would sooner or later be found to be true, and mocking the farce called death, he laid him down with a will, for the house of his creed was fashioned on a rock :

My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite.  
I laugh at what you call dissolution  
And I know the amplitude of time.

Of Whitman we may aptly say, in the words of one who shared the spirit of his teaching: "He who sees in this world of manifoldness, that One running throughout it all; in this world of death he who finds that one infinite life; and in this world of insentience and ignorance, he who finds that one light and knowledge, unto him belongs eternal peace. Unto none else, unto none else."\*

Depart upon thy endless cruise, old sailor.

F. L. WOODWARD.

## "CHARITY AND DUTY TO ONE'S NEIGHBOUR "

"CHARITY creates much of the misery it relieves, but it does not relieve all the misery it creates."

ON May 16th, there appeared in *The Athenæum* a remarkable review of a remarkable book (*Life and Labour of the People of London: Religious Influences*, by Charles Booth, 7 vols., Macmillan & Co.). The subject is of such enormous importance, and the problems it presents in such glaring light are so fundamental and cry so loudly for solution, that we feel we shall confer a benefit upon those of our readers who have not already seen it, by reproducing almost *in extenso* the very able summary and pertinent remarks of a periodical which prides itself on its moderation in all things, whose conservative tendencies are beyond reproach, and whose worst enemy would not accuse it of extravagance.

The first impression made by reading these seven stout volumes is of the enormous extent of the religious activity of London. In every particular district—north, south, east, and west—Mr. Booth lights upon a universal parochial system, with each parish honeycombed by agencies of some slightly varying religious denomination; with gigantic missions essaying sensational

\* Swāmi Vivekananda, *Addresses: Māyā*, No. 3, *ad finem*.



appeals, and with the more militant forms of new religions marching through the streets, beating drums or blowing trumpets or haranguing at every corner. The general result is of an almost physical sense of noise. One half of London seems engaged in entertaining the other half with soup and bread with a view to its subsequent spiritual edification. In a very real meaning the impression is driven home that if but a fraction of the energy expended in London had been expended in Tyre and Sidon they would have repented in sackcloth and ashes.

It is only when by the use of imagination one can place all this noisy effort in the midst of the desolation of London's immensity that one is able to understand the possibility of the general somewhat sombre impression in which Mr. Booth sums up his conclusions. These centres of spiritual aspiration are embedded in a grey indifference which forms, as it were, the matrix of which London's working populations are composed. In every quarter of the city the same lesson is repeated. "They try by this plan and that to reach the people, but mostly in vain"—his verdict on the more specific East-End—might be written as a summary of the whole investigation. "Much that is done seems rather to do harm than good, and, on the whole, all the effort results in disappointment," comes from one district. "All have empty churches, and the general attitude of the people is that of complete indifference," is the summary of another. "Of the other churches some are High and some are Low, but all are about equally inoperative," is a dismal statement concerning the centre. "The people have ceased to reckon with anything but the material side of life" is from an increasing suburb. "All tell the same story: 'the work is hopeless,'" is from another. "Those of the poor who attend religious services are mostly bought" is a succinct summary from a local minister. The final impression is of a vast mass of the people tolerant and even sympathetic to the perplexing activities of church and mission; willing in many cases to absorb relief, and in others to participate in organised social activity; but opposing a contented and stubborn indifference to the efforts of all the various religious bodies to awaken spiritual aspiration.

One or two common delusions, fostered by the deplorable nature of too many mission appeals, are effectually dispelled by these volumes. The most insistent of these is the conception of the poorer parts of London as vast, neglected areas, where people, almost heathen, are beyond the reach of any religious organisation. Mr. Booth, on the other hand, discovers over the whole town a persistent and somewhat undignified struggle between competing religious bodies; and in any particular choice slum area a competition, rising into an almost open warfare, for possession of the field. Round the city he finds the whole population visibly tainted by the corrupt influence of competitive charity:

"'Irreligion,' said one incumbent, 'is the result of all this bribery; we are all in it, church and chapel are equally bad. It begins with the children;

buns to come to Sunday School, and so on, so that they grow up with the idea that the Church is simply a milch cow for tracts and charity."

The typical East-End, the happy hunting-ground of the slummer, is " over-done with religion and relief." In St. Luke's he finds on Sunday afternoon " visitors from five different agencies in the buildings, bribing the people to come to their meetings." In Soho, " nowhere is the clash of rival doctors so great as here." But even the far-off regions at the limits of the city tell a similar tale. In Deptford " the poor parts are indeed a regular Tom Tiddler's ground for missions, and we hear of one woman, busy at the wash-tub, calling out, ' You are the fifth this morning.' " In Greenwich there is " too much competition for the moral health of the people." In Woolwich the inhabitants are " fought over by the various religious bodies with more than common vivacity." Even in the new districts, whose development almost immediately into slum areas is one of the most appalling revelations of Mr. Booth's book, the same astonishing competition is shown. Down in Wandsworth " religious activity takes the shape very largely of missionary efforts, competing with each other, not without mutual recrimination." In Kilburn " there are four churches after every poor family," and the observer wonders at the strange struggle " fought over men's bodies for their souls." Something different from lack of presentation or monetary contribution, or the offer of all the varied forms of religion, must be discovered to account for the indifference everywhere displayed. " The outcast who has never heard of Christ," states Mr. Booth, quoting a more than usually blatant mission appeal, " does not exist in London."

These competitive charities become most pernicious when they are definitely used to wean adherents from a rival faith. It is a somewhat dismal commentary on the nature of the forces behind the distribution of modern charities to find that while a particular mission in a neglected district fails to evoke particular support, a mission planted down to combat the influence of some rival Christian body never seems to lack money or adherents. This is especially true of the opposition to the new Ritualistic energies which in the past twenty years have swept into all the poorer quarters of London. " The record of the Evangelical mission," says Mr. Booth of one district, and a similar commentary is repeated all through the volumes, " is simply that of a struggle with the High Church for the souls and bodies of the children. It is *dole versus dole* and *treat versus treat*, and the contest openly admitted on both sides, while people taking the gifts with either hand explain how careful they must be when attending service that the other side knows nothing about it."

" This atrocious system," as Mr. Booth rightly calls it, is a very distressing revelation of the superior power of religious rivalry to religious charity.

The general conclusions of the different phases which the religious life of London assumes under different social conditions present no very startling differences from the commonly accepted opinion. The well-to-do and those

with social aspirations, including the West of London and the wealthier suburbs, are mainly members of the Church of England, generally of that "moderate" variety which makes no very great claim upon time or energy. The middle classes as a whole, especially that vast pool of them which covers the hills of North London, are strongly Evangelical, whether gathering into extremely Low churches or into the big Congregational and Baptist tabernacles. The working classes remain contentedly indifferent to all forms of religious appeal; but men of strong personality manage to gather round them isolated groups here and there. These are especially of the new High Church views, developing mainly in the growing working-class suburbs. The poor are found either clinging to the small Primitive Methodist tabernacles and other groups of sects scarcely represented by any class above them, or are indifferent. The one exception is among the Catholic poor, who seem, according to Mr. Booth, to retain devotion to that one among all the churches which possesses the secret of transcending the limits of class divisions. And at either extreme the very rich and very poor—those indecently dowered with wealth or the lack of it—remain in London, as always, as a whole impervious to any kind of religious or spiritual influence.

It will be seen that this book opens up large problems for the solution of which we seem not to have obtained even a glimmer of light. There is, for example, the continual emphasis upon this enormous stream of charity flowing down through the various religious agencies from the rich to the poor. In the aggregate it must amount to millions; no district is untouched by its efforts. We hear of mission funds with incomes of ten or twenty thousand a year; some businesslike, some not audited at all, or "audited in heaven"; 25,000 children fed in one winter by one mission; over a million men having received shelter, cocoa and bread from another; in a third to all comers a free night refuge: these are the kind of entries that appear in successive pages. Yet the problem of poverty is no nearer solution. Nor do the attempts to bring men within the reach of the Gospel by means of the offer of food and gifts appear to create permanent results. That the whole system does more harm than good is the verdict of those familiar with its results. One would think it was almost time for a definite and united appeal to the members of the different churches and the charitable rich seriously to consider the harm that is being done by the cruelty of their kindness. . . .

A kind of despair is likely to seize upon the social reformer as he sees all the evils that, with enormous expenditure and heroic effort, are being checked in central districts, flourishing with a kind of fungus-like growth in regions on the outskirts of the town that seem equally neglected by God and man. The problem of expanding London with "its horrible creations going on under our very eyes" is one that may well demand the attention of statesmen who have abandoned as insoluble the problem of the central congestion.

Behind all this, and perhaps more important, is the question of the survival of the religious life of the people; and one naturally enquires if Mr. Booth has any reason to advance for the failure of the enormous efforts put forth by the various churches. Here he is very cautious in his pronouncements. On the one hand he sees that the churches themselves fail to provide any uniting effort towards the realisation of a visible kingdom of God. With all their charity they are very chary in appeals for justice. They have come to be regarded as the resorts of the well-to-do and of those who are willing to accept the charity and patronage of people better off than themselves. Their tone is felt to be opposed to the idea of advancement. They are considered on the whole as representing an attempt of the wealthier classes to inculcate among the poorer patience, contentment, satisfaction with present social arrangements; to buy off any effort towards reform that might prove explosive with gifts of meat and coals and a vision of a better world in the future. Mr. Booth also emphasises the extent to which the divergence between principles and practice found among employers of labour who sweat their workers or combine an unctuous rectitude with a keen business instinct causes repudiation of the whole thing as an organised hypocrisy among the more independent artisans. At the same time he is not blind to the other side of the picture. The indifference to religion is largely accompanied by indifference also to any intellectual effort, to political and social action, to the advancement of any ideal cause, and to anything except the crudest forms of excitement and animal pleasure. "It was supposed," he says of one place, "that as men would not come to church they would go to the hall of science. Not a bit of it. Of the two they would perhaps prefer the church, but what they really want is to be left alone."

"What they really want is to be left alone." This is the final verdict on the investigation of thirty years into the life of the incalculable unknown populations that make up the congestions of the labour cities round the capital of the empire. The reading of this monumental work will at least serve to break up the complacency that holds that the highest flower of progress has been attained at the centre of the Anglo-Saxon world, and will show the vastness of the problems of civilisation and democracy in their larger meaning that here challenge the efforts of the coming century.

What a terrific indictment; and still we expend millions yearly on sending out thousands and maintaining tens of thousands of missionaries among the "heathen." What is the root of the error, for error it plainly is? We do not pretend to sufficient wisdom to say, but if we might venture to prescribe from the medicine chest of the healers of the soul we would hazard a small dose of Chuang Tzū as a preliminary sedative.

Chuang Tzū belongs to the fourth and third centuries B.C.

He was a disciple of the great sage of the seventh century B.C. who is now commonly spoken of as Lao Tzū, who taught men to return good for evil and to look forward to a higher life. More than this he professed to have found a clue to the solution of the riddle of existence. He declared that this could not be put in words as a system, that those who spoke did not know, and that those who knew did not speak. Such doctrines as these were not likely to appeal to the sympathies of a practical people like the Chinese, and in the sixth century, shortly before Lao Tzū's death, there appeared another sage, known to the West as Confucius, who taught that charity and duty to one's neighbour, charitableness of heart, justice, sincerity and fortitude were the whole duty of man. In opposition to Lao Tzū he professed to know nothing of a God, of a soul, or of an unseen world, and declared that these things were better left alone.

In course of time the sublime ethic of Confucianism became swamped by materialism; against this Chuang Tzū arose, and in inspiring terms pointed out the weak spots in the system of China's most venerated prophet. Chuang Tzū is regarded as an arch-heretic by the literati, but he did not preach a new doctrine, he, as Confucius, did not invent, he handed on the doctrine of his master Lao Tzū.\*

In the chapter "On Letting Alone," (pp. 119 ff.) we read :

There has been such a thing as letting mankind alone; there has never been such a thing as governing mankind.

Over-refinement of charity leads to confusion in virtue; over-refinement of duty to one's neighbour leads to perversion of principle.

Be careful not to interfere with the natural goodness of the heart of man. Man's heart may be forced down or stirred up. In each case the issue is fatal.

By gentleness the hardest heart may be softened. But try to cut and polish it, it will glow like fire or freeze like ice. In the twinkling of an eye it will pass beyond the limits of the Four Seas. In repose, profoundly still; in motion, far away in the sky. No bolt can bar, no band can bind—such is the human heart.

Of old, the Yellow Emperor first caused charity and duty to one's neighbour to interfere with the natural goodness of the heart of man. In conse-

\* The above information and the following quotations are taken from *Chuang Tzu, Mystic, Moralist, and Social Reformer*, translated by Herbert A. Giles. (London: Quaritch; 1889)—a book beloved by all Theosophists who have read it.

quence of which, Yao and Shun wore the hair off their legs in endeavouring to feed their people. They disturbed their internal economy in order to find room for charity and duty to one's neighbour. They exhausted their energies in framing laws and statutes. Still they did not succeed.

Those who see what is to be seen,—of such were the perfect men of old. Those who see what is not to be seen,—they are the chosen of the universe.

Low in the scale, but still to be allowed for,—matter. Humble, but still to be followed\*—mankind. Of others, but still to be attended to,—affairs. Harsh, but still necessary to be set forth,—the law. Far off, but still claiming our presence,—duty to one's neighbour. Near, but still claiming extension,—charity. Of sparing use, but still to be of bounteous store,—ceremony. Of middle course, but still to be of lofty scope,—virtue. One, but not to be without modification,—TAO. Spiritual, yet not devoid of action,—God.

Therefore the true Sage looks up to God, but does not offer to aid. He perfects his virtue, but does not involve himself. He guides himself by TAO, but makes no plans. He identifies himself with charity, but does not rely on it. He extends to duty towards his neighbour, but does not store it up. (He responds to ceremony (without taboing it.) (He undertakes affairs without declining them.) He accommodates himself to matter and does not ignore it.

While there should be no action, there should also be no inaction.

He who is not divinely enlightened will not be sublimely pure. He who has not clear apprehension of TAO will find this beyond his reach. And he who is not enlightened by TAO,—alas for him!

What then is TAO?—There is the TAO of God, and the TAO of man. Inaction and compliance make the TAO of God: action and entanglement the TAO of man. The TAO of God is fundamental: the TAO† of man is accidental. The distance which separates them is great. Let us all take heed thereto!

The Master I serve succours all things, and does not account it *duty*. He continues his blessings through countless generations, and does not account it *charity*. Dating back to the remotest antiquity, he does not account himself old. Covering heaven, supporting earth, and fashioning the various forms of things, he does not account himself skilled. He it is whom you should seek (p. 88)

"I am getting on," observed Yen Hui to Confucius.

"How so?" asked the latter.

"I have got rid of charity and duty," replied the former.

"Very good," replied Confucius, "but not perfect."

Another day Yen Hui met Confucius and said, "I am getting on."

\* Rather than guided.

† Does Tao=Dharma? Chuang Tzu called the clue Tao, or the Way, and explained that the word was "to be understood metaphorically, and not in a literal sense as the way or road upon which men walk."

"How so?" asked Confucius.

"I have got rid of ceremonial and music," answered Yen Hui.

"Very good," said Confucius, "but not perfect."

On a third occasion Yen Hui met Confucius and said, "I am getting on."

"How so?" asked the Sage.

"I have got rid of everything," replied Yen Hui.

"Got rid of everything!" said Confucius eagerly. "What do you mean by that?"

"I have freed myself from my body," answered Yen Hui. "I have discarded my reasoning powers. And by thus getting rid of body and mind, I have become ONE with the Infinite. This is what I mean by getting rid of everything."

"If you have become ONE," cried Confucius, "there can be no room for bias. If you have passed into space, you are indeed without beginning or end. And if you have really attained to this, I trust to be allowed to follow in your steps" (pp. 89, 90).

Intentional charity and intentional duty to one's neighbour are surely not included in our moral nature. Yet what sorrow these have involved. Divide your joined toes and you will howl: bite off your extra finger and you will scream. In one case there is too much, in the other too little; but the sorrow is the same. And the charitable of the age go about sorrowing over the ills of the age, while the non-charitable cut through the natural conditions of things in their greed after place and wealth. Surely then intentional charity and duty to one's neighbour are not included in our moral nature. Yet from the time of the Three Dynasties downwards what a fuss has been made about them.

Those who cannot make perfect without arc, line, compasses, and square injure the natural constitution of things. Those who require cords to bind and glue to stick, interfere with the natural functions of things. And those who seek to satisfy the mind of man by hampering with ceremonies and music and preaching charity and duty to one's neighbour, thereby destroy the intrinsicity of things (pp. 101, 102).

In the days when natural instincts prevailed, men moved quietly and gazed steadily. At that time there were no roads over mountains, nor boats, nor bridges over water. All things were produced, each for its own proper sphere. Birds and beasts multiplied; trees and shrubs grew up. The former might be led by the hand; you could climb up and peep into the raven's nest. For then man dwelt with birds and beasts, and all creation was one. There were no distinctions of good and bad men. Being all equally without knowledge, their virtue could not go astray. Being all equally without evil desires, they were in a state of natural integrity, the perfection of human existence.

But when Sages appeared, tripping people over charity and fettering with

duty to one's neighbour, doubt found its way into the world. And then with their gushing over music and fussing over ceremony, the empire became divided against itself (pp. 107, 108).

Confucius began to expound the doctrine of his twelve canons, in order to convince Lao Tzu. "This is all nonsense," cried Lao Tzu, interrupting him. "Tell me what are your criteria."

"Charity," replied Confucius, "and duty towards one's neighbour."

"Tell me, please," asked Lao Tzu, "are these part of man's original nature?"

"They are," answered Confucius. "Without charity the superior man could not become what he is. Without duty to one's neighbour he would be of no effect. These two belong to the original nature of the pure man. What further would you have?"

"Tell me," said Lao Tzu, "in what consists charity and duty to one's neighbour?"

"They consist," answered Confucius, "in a capacity for rejoicing in all things; in universal love, without the element of self. These are the characteristics of charity and duty to one's neighbour."

"What stuff!" cried Lao Tzu. "Does not universal love contradict itself? Is not the elimination of self a positive manifestation? Sir, if you would cause the empire not to lose its source of nourishment—there is the universe, its regularity is unceasing; there are the sun and moon, their brightness is unceasing; there are the stars, their groupings never change; there are birds and beasts, they flock together without varying; there are trees and shrubs, they grow upwards without exception. Be like these; follow Tao; and you will be perfect. Why then these vain struggles after charity and duty to one's neighbour, as though beating a drum in search of a fugitive. Alas! Sir, you have brought much confusion into the mind of man" (pp. 166, 167).

"If I do not know," said Nan Yung, "men call me a fool. If I do know, I injure myself. If I am not charitable I injure others. If I am, I injure myself. If I do not do my duty to my neighbour, I injure others. If I do it I injure myself. My trouble lies in not seeing how to escape from these three dilemmas."

"When I saw you," said Lao Tzu, "I knew in the twinkling of an eye what was the matter with you. And now what you say confirms my view. You are confused, as a child that has lost its parents. You would fathom the sea with a pole. You are astray. You are struggling to get back to your natural self, but cannot find the way. Alas! Alas!" (pp. 298, 299).

"Wisdom manifests itself in the external.\*

"Courage makes itself many enemies. Charity and duty towards one's neighbour incur many reproaches.

\* Whereby the internal suffers.



"To him who can penetrate the mystery of life, all things are revealed. He who can estimate wisdom at its true value,\* is wise. He who comprehends the Greater Destiny, becomes part of it. He who comprehends the Lesser Destiny, resigns himself to the inevitable" (p. 433).

G. R. S. M.

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## WILL, DESIRE, AND EMOTION

(CONTINUED FROM P. 438)

### THE NATURE OF DESIRE

WHEN the Monad sends forth his rays into the matter of the fifth, fourth, and third planes, and appropriates to himself an atom of each of these planes (see Paper II. on the Evolution of Consciousness), he creates what is often called his "reflection in matter," the human "Spirit," and the Will-aspect of the Monad is mirrored in the human Âtmâ, whose home is on the fifth or âtmic plane. That first hypostasis is indeed lessened in powers by the veils of matter thus endued, but it is in no way distorted; as a well-made mirror produces a perfect image of an object, so is the human spirit, Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, a perfect image of the Monad, is, indeed, the Monad himself veiled in denser matter. But as a concave or convex mirror yields a distorted image of an object placed before it, so do the further reflections of the spirit in, or involutions into, yet denser matter show but distorted images thereof.

Thus, when the Will, in its downward progress, veiling itself farther on each plane, reaches the world immediately above the physical, the astral world, it appears therein as Desire. Desire shows the energy, the forth-going, the impelling characteristics of Will, but matter has wrenched away its control, its direction, from the Spirit, and has usurped dominion over it. Desire is Will disrowned, the captive, the slave of matter. It is no longer Self-determined, but is determined by the attractions around it.

\* Sc. at nothing.

This is the distinction between Will and Desire. The innermost nature of both is the same, for they are verily but one energy, the outward-pushing energy of the Âtmâ, the one motor-power of man, that which impels to activity, to action on the external world, on the Not-Self. When the Self determines the activity, uninfluenced by attractions or repulsions towards surrounding objects, then Will is manifested. When outer attractions and repulsions determine the activity, and the man is drawn hither and thither by these, deaf to the voice of the Self, unconscious of the Inner Ruler, then Desire is seen.

Desire is Will clothed in astral matter, in the matter which by the second life-wave was formed into combinations, the reaction between which and consciousness would cause sensations in the latter. Clothed in this matter, the vibrations of which arouse sensations in consciousness, Will is modified into Desire. Its essential nature of giving motor-impulses, surrounded by matter which arouses sensations, answers by outward-going energy, and this energy, aroused through and acting through astral matter, is Desire.

As in the higher nature Will is the impelling power, so in the lower nature Desire is the impelling power. When it is feeble the whole nature is feeble in its reaction on the world. The effective force of a nature is measured by its Will-power or its Desire-power, according to the stage of evolution. There is a truth underlying the popular phrase, "The greater the sinner the greater the saint." The mediocre person can be neither greatly good nor greatly bad; there is not enough of him for more than petty virtues or petty vices. The strength of the Desire-nature in a man is the measure of his capacity for progress, the measure of the motor-energy whereby that man can press onwards along the way. The strength of a man's reaction on his environment is the measure of his power to modify, to change, to conquer it. In the struggle with the Desire-nature which marks the higher evolution, the motor-energy is not to be destroyed but transferred: lower Desires are to be transmuted into higher, energy is to be refined while losing nought of its power, and finally the Desire-nature is to vanish into Will, all the energies being gathered up and merged into the Will-aspect of the Spirit, the Power of the Self.

No aspirant, therefore, should be discouraged by the storming and raging of desires in him, any more than a horse-breaker is displeased with the rearings and plungings of the unbroken colt. The wildness of the young untrained creature, and his rebellion against all efforts to control and restrain, are the promise of his future usefulness when disciplined and trained. And even thus are the strainings of Desire against the curb imposed by the Intelligence, the promise of the future strength of Will, of the Power-aspect of the Self.

Rather does difficulty arise where desires are feeble, ere yet the Will has freed itself from the trammels of astral matter; for in such case the Will to Live is expressing itself but feebly, and there is little effective force available for evolution. There is some obstacle, some barrier, in the vehicles, checking the forth-going energy of the Monad, and obstructing its free passage, and until that barrier is removed, there is little progress to be hoped for. In the storm, the ship drives onward, though there be peril of wreck, but in the dead calm she remains helpless and unmoving, answering neither to sail nor helm. And since, in this voyage, no final wreck is possible, but only temporary damage, and the storm works for progress rather than the calm, those who find themselves storm-tossed may look forward with sure conviction to the day when the storm-gusts of Desire will be changed into the steady wind of Will.

#### THE AWAKENING OF DESIRE

To the astral world we refer all our sensations. The centres by which we feel lie in the astral body, and the re-actions of these to contacts give rise to feelings of pleasure and pain in consciousness. The ordinary physiologist traces sensation of pleasure and pain from the point of contact to the brain-centre, recognising only nervous vibrations between periphery and centre, and in the centre the re-action of consciousness as sensation. We follow the vibrations further, finding only vibrations in the brain-centre and in the ether permeating it, and seeing in the astral centre the point at which the re-action of consciousness takes place. When a dislocation between the physical and astral bodies occurs, whether by the action of chloroform, ether, laughing gas, or other

drugs, the physical body, despite all its nervous apparatus, feels no more than if bereft of nerves. The links between the physical body and the body of sensation are thrown out of gear, and consciousness does not respond to any stimulus applied.

The awakening of Desire takes place in this body of sensation, and follows the first dim sensings of pleasure and pain. As before pointed out\* pleasure "is a sense of 'moreness,' of increased, expanded life," while pain is a shutting in or lessening of life, and these belong to the whole consciousness. "This primary state of consciousness does not manifest the three well-known aspects of Will, Wisdom and Activity, even in the most germinal stage; 'feeling' precedes these, and belongs to consciousness as a whole, though in later stages of evolution it shows itself so much in connection with the Will-Desire aspect as to become almost identified with it." "As the states of pleasure and pain become more definitely established in consciousness, they give rise to another; with the fading away of pleasure there is a continuation of the attraction in consciousness, and this becomes a dim groping after it"—a groping, be it noted, not after any pleasure-giving object, but after a continuance of the feeling of pleasure—"a vague following of the vanishing feeling, a movement—too indefinite to be called an effort—to hold it, to retain it; similarly with the fading away of pain there is a continuation of the repulsion in consciousness, and this becomes an equally vague movement to push it away. These stages give birth to Desire, the first differentiated aspect in consciousness—Desire to continue or to experience again the pleasure; Desire to avoid the pain. And here it should be noted that this arising of Desire as an aspect of consciousness faintly marks off the two remaining aspects, memory of past pleasure and pain indicating the germination of thought, and this stimulating the germ of Activity."

This arising of Desire is a feeble reaching out of the life in search of pleasure, a movement of the life, undirected, vague, groping. Beyond this it cannot go, until Thought has developed to a certain extent, and has recognised an outer world, a Not

Self, and has learned to relate various objects in the Not-Self to the pleasure or pain arising in consciousness on contacting them.

But the results of these contacts, long before the objects are recognised, have caused, as above indicated, a division in, a forking of, Desire. We may take as one of the simplest illustrations the craving for food in a lowly organism ; as the physical body wastes, becomes less, a sense of pain arises in the astral body, a want, a craving, vague and indeterminate ; the body, by its wasting, has become a less effective vehicle of the life pouring down through the astral, and this check causes pain. A current in the water that bathes the organism brings food up against the body ; it is absorbed, the waste is repaired, the life flows on unobstructed ; there is pleasure. There results from this that Desire is cloven in twain. From the Will to Live arose the longing to experience, and in the lower vehicle this longing, appearing as Desire, becomes on the one hand a longing for experiences that make the feeling of life more vivid, and on the other a shrinking from all that weakens and depresses. This attraction and repulsion are equally of the nature of Desire. Just as a magnet attracts or repels certain metals, so does the embodied Self attract and repel. Both attraction and repulsion are Desire, and these are the two great motor-energies in life, into which all desires are ultimately resolvable. The Self comes under the bondage of Desire, of attraction-repulsion, and is attracted hither and thither, repelled from this or that, hurried about among pleasure- and pain-giving objects, as a helmless ship amid the currents of air and sea.

#### THE RELATION OF DESIRE TO THOUGHT

We have now to consider the relation that Desire bears to Thought, and see how it first rules and then is ruled by the latter.

The Pure Reason is the reflection of the Wisdom-aspect of the Monad, and appears in the human Spirit as Buddhi. But it is not the relation of Desire to the Pure Reason with which we are concerned, for it cannot, in fact, be said to be directly related to Wisdom, but to Love, the manifestation of Wisdom on the astral plane. We are to seek rather its relation to the Activity-

aspect of the Monad, shewing itself on the astral plane as sensation and on the mental as thought. Nor are we even concerned with the Higher Mind, which is creative Activity, Manas, in its purity; but with the distorted reflection of this, the lower mind. It is this lower mind which is immediately related to Desire, and is inextricably intermingled with it in human evolution; so closely joined, indeed, are they, that we often speak of Kâma-Manas, Desire-mind, as of a single thing, so rare is it, in the lower consciousness, to find a single thought which is uninfluenced by a desire. "Manas verily is declared to be twofold, pure and impure; the impure is determined by desire, the pure is desire-free."\*

This lower mind is "thought" on the mental plane; its characteristic property is that it asserts and denies; it knows by difference; it perceives and remembers. On the astral plane, as we have seen, the same aspect that on the mental plane is thought appears as sensation, and is aroused by contact with the external world.

When a pleasure has been experienced, and has passed away, Desire arises to experience it again, as we have seen. And this fact implies *memory*, which is a function of the mind. Here, as ever, are we reminded that consciousness is ever acting in its threefold nature, though one or other aspect may predominate, for even the most germinal desire cannot arise without memory being present. The sensation caused by an external impact must have been many times aroused before the mind will establish a relation between the sensation of which it is conscious and the external object which has caused the sensation. At last the mind "perceives" the object, *i.e.*, relates it to one of its own changes, recognises a modification in itself caused by the external object. Repetitions of this perception will establish a definite link in memory between the object and the pleasurable or painful sensation, and when Desire presses for the repetition of pleasure, the mind recalls the object which supplied that pleasure. Thus the mingling of Thought with Desire gives birth to a particular desire, the desire to find and appropriate the pleasure-giving object.

This desire impels the mind to exert its inherent activity. Discomfort being caused by the unsatisfied craving, effort is made to escape the discomfort by supplying the object wanted. The mind plans, schemes, drives the body into action, in order to satisfy the cravings of Desire. And similarly, equally prompted by Desire, the mind plans, schemes, drives the body into action in order to avoid the recurrence of pain from an object recognised as pain-giving.

Such is the relation of Desire to Thought. It rouses, stimulates, urges on, mental efforts. The mind is, in its early stages, the slave of Desire, and the rapidity of its growth is in proportion to the fierce urgings of Desire. We desire, and thus are forced to think.

#### DESIRE, THOUGHT, ACTION

The third stage of the contact of the Self with the Not-Self is Action. The mind having perceived the object of desire, leads to, guides and shapes the action. Action is often said to arise from Desire, but Desire alone could only arouse movement, or chaotic action. The force of Desire is propulsive, not directive. Thought it is that adds the element of direction, and shapes the action purposively.

This is the ever-recurring cycle in consciousness—Desire, Thought, Action. The propulsive power of Desire arouses Thought; the directive power of Thought guides Action. This sequence is invariable, and the clear understanding thereof is of the profoundest importance, for the effective control of conduct depends on this understanding, and on its application in practice. The shaping of Karma can only be achieved when this sequence is understood, for evitable and inevitable action can only thus be discriminated.

It is by Thought that we can change Desire, and thereby change Action. When the mind sees that certain desires have impelled to thoughts that have directed actions which were productive of unhappiness, it can resist the future promptings of Desire in a similar direction, and refuse to guide actions to a result already known as disastrous. It can picture the painful results, and thus arouse the repellent energy of Desire, and can

image the blissful outcome of desires of the opposite kind. The creative activity of Thought can be exerted in the moulding of Desire, and its propulsive energy can be turned into a better direction. In this way Thought can be used to master Desire, and it may become the ruler instead of the slave. And as it thus asserts control over its unruly companion, it begins the transmutation of Desire into Will, changing the governance of the outgoing energy from the outer to the inner, from the external objects that attract or repel to the Spirit, the inner Ruler.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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## AT THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN

MOST of the things we say . . . are not necessary.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

"THE low sun makes the colour"—it lit the smooth green fastnesses of the Downs with changing hues of splendour. The flat juniper bushes were dark; so were the great yews the hand of a wandering God had planted there to make the white hawthorns fairer in blossoming time. There was much gorse abloom, and far below the hill-top where the four men sat (for they rested among the gorse and juniper bushes under a little crooked tree fettered with traveller's joy), they could see a white ribbon-like road, a glimmering pool fringed with alder and willow, and an old house in the hollow of the hills; it had a brick-walled garden formally laid out in the Dutch fashion, and planted with old box trees. The smell of the box might have been carried to them if the hour had been noon, and the sun smiting the boughs with his strength. There was no sound save the wind in the grass, and the clang of a far-off sheep-bell. High on the hill above the house was a ruin; the ruin of a tiny chapel. The four men were a naturalist, a doctor, a young Anglican priest and a playwright.



"There is a holy well, still hung with votive offerings, where the chapel is," said the naturalist. "It was a place for pilgrimage ; a sort of Lourdes."

"Those miracles of healing are queer facts in nature," said the doctor.

"You grant them to be facts ?" said the priest.

"As much facts as hysteria," replied the doctor drily.

"You see the house below," remarked the naturalist. "It has been bought by a health-cult."

"I beg your pardon ?" said the doctor. He spoke with a severity not intended for the naturalist, but due to the fact that his mental eye was resting upon the health-cult.

"They are a set of people who have retired from the world in order to gain healthiness of body. They try to simplify life, they aim at good thoughts and gentle emotions as therapeutic agents. They eat pure food, breathe pure air, drink pure water, rise early, bathe twice a day in winter, and thrice in summer, in order that their bodies may be strong. They do not frequent cities, or engage in what people call the active work of the world, while the world persists in remaining in so insanitary a condition, physically, mentally and morally."

"This pursuit of health as the highest goal is weakness," said the young priest. "It is as much a sin as the self-indulgence and luxury which cause so much disease. The old worshippers of the pagan battle-gods had a stronger, manlier faith :

For on earth they thought of My threshold, and the gifts I have to give ;  
Nor prayed for a little longer, and a little longer to live."

This man was giving himself body and soul in a fight with the darker side of that power which shows itself forth in great cities as well as on green downs. He who lives the faith that is in him, even if he be partly mistaken in his faith, as indeed all men must be, wields a power greater than his who believes a truth, and lives it not. The priest's voice stopped the talk for a few minutes. Only the wind whispered to them of wisdom. The doctor spoke first.

"That is all very well," he said, "but healthiness of body, if it can be arrived at without using quack methods, is very desirable."

"You'd rather die in orthodoxy than be cured by quackery, wouldn't you?" said the playwright.

Mild and soft was his voice, but the doctor, very properly, did not answer him.

"An attitude of mind that promotes health is desirable," he said. "A vigorous body is worth having, even in the interests of the soul, if you believe you have a soul."

"It is not life's goal," replied the priest. "It is not worth any sacrifice."

"Perhaps," said the playwright to him, "you would be interested to hear of a set of people I met in the far North last year; a queer little community they were! These tended their souls as some enthusiastic gardeners do their gardens. But they were very separative—though not intentionally or consciously so. Each man and woman was set upon developing the latent powers—mystical powers—of his or her soul. The outer affairs of the world hardly touched them. Those people didn't appeal to me—except as 'freaks.'"

"They would not do so," said the naturalist. "Your business is to hold the mirror up to nature—present-day human nature. Your interest is in the developed organism, not in the germ."

"I should rather like an explanation of that saying," said the playwright.

"Have you never thought," said the naturalist, "that certain new characteristics, embryonic forces of the future in fact, are beginning to develop here and there in the race? The pioneers of that new development would strike the present growth as 'freaks.'"

"But they are, so far as I can see, a less admirable and effective set of people. Your 'forces of the future' should unite the old powers with the embryonic, shouldn't they?"

"Look at it in this way," said the naturalist. "Pure speculation all of it, of course! Let's suppose a power at the back of all Nature trying to make itself seen and known. Let's suppose it to be complex; in other words possessed of all possibilities of powers to be made manifest in course of time. Bit by bit—one by one—it calls them forth; and then they are seen. It is willing

to be placed at a passing disadvantage in order to bring out a new power. Suppose each man or woman to be a phase, an attempt, more or less successful, to express a selection of the infinite varieties of possibilities which are out of sight, but capable of becoming visible. The more 'effective' people will be those in whom a well-practised, matured power common to a large section of the race, a force of the present in short, is showing itself. The less effective (such as your soul-cult people) are instances of the same power trying to take a new departure. Not always so. A savage isn't that kind of person; but your soul-gardener sometimes is. Then you may get a third type. The people who halt between two opinions. They feel in their souls the pressure of the power that wants to make this new departure; but the strong building which that central power fashioned in the past for its own ends, fights because it feels as though it were being stripped of life and consciousness. When the power grows a little stronger it compels to that new departure; sometimes the man seems to be the weaker in consequence."

"Why or how?"

"Because when the outer man has given consent, the power takes up new tools, and lays the old wholly out of sight. Then the outer man is sometimes despised and laughed at by those who do not understand, and indeed he is often stupid, self-absorbed, and without sense of humour. But what would you have? If you were wholly absorbed in learning to see a cabbage garden, you wouldn't notice heaven's harmonies, though you might happen to be a Wagner. The power behind doesn't mind. He's learned to hear, he hasn't learned to see; he doesn't mind people laughing and criticising; he knows you can't make an apprentice into a skilled workman all at once."

"The view is interesting," said the doctor. "It assumes a good deal, however. But to me your 'soul-gardeners' are a morbid type. They are selfish, too, more selfish than the natural human sinner."

"I hope," said the young priest, earnestly, "you are not bitten by that modern mania of whitewashing sin, that most immoral doctrine that nothing is in itself immoral unless it be so in the eyes of the sinner."

"I trouble myself little with these questions," said the doctor. "It is my business to cure bodies, not to save souls. I am too hard worked to be a sinner myself, or a saint either. I work, I don't live."

The priest looked distressed. The playwright, who saw this, spoke with a view of lessening that distress.

"The 'modern mania' is the doctrine of non-morality," said he. "I am, as you know, a very average person as regards conduct. I am neither much more nor much less, selfish, greedy, covetous, and bad-tempered than other people. But of this I am sure: to be successfully non-moral one must be *great*. Short of greatness you only succeed in being immoral. What is your business? To be good. That is a business more than sufficient for most of us."

"I think you are right," said the naturalist. "But sometimes you will meet a man or woman who is like a reed-pipe for the breath of the Gods. I mean a great force sweeps out into the world through them; such people don't bother about their souls because they have forgotten they have them. They can no more be soul-gardeners or partisans than Nature can; they do not say 'I am of Paul' or 'I am of Apollos'; for them the universe they are trying to build grows 'I.' They are never introspective."

"That is very much my meaning," said the playwright, "I have known men with high moral standards, and men whose standards were low. I have met with but two really non-moral men, and they were both of them great; supremely great in their own lines. Non-morality is not for the little folk, nor for the moderate-sized ones, nor even for the great who fight for their own hand; if they do dabble in it they'll hurt themselves—*badly*."

"People sometimes learn by being hurt," said the doctor.

"I don't deny it," answered the playwright. "I only remark that some of us would prefer comfortable ignorance to painful instruction; and it is well we should know what price we must pay for our knowledge."

"That is a point to remember," said the naturalist. "If you" (to the priest) "wish to fight this 'whitewashing' doctrine successfully, don't deny its truth. Preach the shifting moral

standard, and point out this fact. No man breaks the commandments, either the simple Judaic code, or the more complex modern one, without paying pain as the price. It doesn't matter whether he knew the commandments or not; he will dispel his ignorance by its wages—pain. Say to us, who talk philosophically of the Power that is neither good nor evil, and all the rest of it: Remember this; when the savage does not see the sins of the civilised as sin, it is because he is a savage. Note that fact, when you start the 'whitewashing' process because your conscience is a little lazy. Last year I discussed this 'good and evil' question with a man who declared there was an ultimate and final criterion of good, which he seemed to identify with harmony and beauty. He said: Good is the governing law of the highest imaginable form; it is only when you go beyond form that there is neither good nor evil."

"Nonsense!" said the doctor. "What is the use of talking of what you don't understand."

"Very little," said the playwright. "Save that it might get on our nerves to live in a silent world. Let me tell you of my two non-moral men. One was an artist who saw God as Beauty, and fell so in love with his vision that he saw nothing besides. This man did not know he had a soul. The other was a saint who was lost in what Maeterlinck calls 'the spirit of the hive'; he founded a religious house for the glory of God, and saw that house as though it were his own soul through which the power of God might flow to the world. He never thought whether he had a separate soul at all. But a man must grow a soul, aye! and 'save' it too, before he can ignore it as that man did."

"I've met a non-moral person of another type," said the doctor. "Non-moral because she honestly confused her own sensations with the laws of the universe. She was simple, too; for she imputed those sensations to others, and thought she understood human nature."

"If our friend here is right," said the playwright, "she probably took her sensations for the workings of the 'power beyond.'"

"And would be partially correct in her opinion," said the naturalist. "Many sensations probably lie rooted in the 'sub-

conscious self,' which is a kind of 'power beyond,' but not the ultimate power."

"This kind of analytical research into the nature of the promptings of your 'power beyond,' is the curse of the present day," said the doctor. "Those who ignorantly worship the method, backed up and abetted by persons like yourself" (to the playwright) "cherish the delusion they are enlarging other people's views of life. Ah! It is a neurotic age!"

"I suppose you think you have explained the problem by your last five words," said the playwright, for it is but human to retaliate.

"I daresay you observe a good many interesting phases of human nature in your profession," said the naturalist.

"Unfortunately the 'seal of the confessional' binds me as it does our friend here. But I will tell you of a case which did not come under my professional observation. It was that of a girl; she was clever, quick, sympathetic, very ready to notice and understand other people's difficulties; but she had a bad bringing up. Her mother was a dreadful old woman, and her father wasn't exactly a pattern to youth. The girl was pretty; but ladies looked disapprovingly at her and said she was frivolous, 'bad style,' 'fast,' and so on. This poor child was riding, when her horse bolted and she was flung against a wall. She lay for seven days unconscious. When she grew better a change was noticed in her; she would lie for hours murmuring prayers to herself; she refused meat and wine; when it was suggested she should go out for a drive, or be carried to the garden she was distinctly 'shocked.' Her vows, she said gently and rebukingly, would not suffer her to go abroad. She was perceptibly shocked by her mother's dress and tone; she was kind to her, and after a while she offered her grave and gentle spiritual advice, as from an admitted superior to an undoubted inferior. Her mother became first furious, then hysterical and afraid of her. She did the same thing to her father. He was surprised; and then grew to be rather impressed, conscious-stricken, and repentant. Till her death, that is to say during six years, she lived the life of an ' anchoress,' eating frugally, fasting often, giving really helpful and searching advice to many,

rising at night to pray, refusing to talk of worldly matters, or to have luxurious clothes and furniture. At times a strange phase asserted itself; she was seized by a strong desire for the amusements or pursuits of the world; she would spend hours in weeping because she wished for 'the life she had left.' Gradually the memory of her 'frivolous' life asserted itself as a vague sense that she had not only desired but partaken of these pleasures; and she was bowed down with remorse. A lunatic I know who believes in reincarnation thought the girl remembered a past life (a phase stored away in a sub-conscious self), a past life in which she had secretly indulged in longings for pleasures, innocent in themselves, but forbidden by her vows."

"A *lunatic* you know!" said the playwright. "I believe in reincarnation myself. Most sane people do."

"I cannot agree with you there," said the young priest. "The Church has never taught such a doctrine."

"Are you sure of that?" replied the playwright.

"This at least must be said," observed the naturalist. "It is a reasonable doctrine, even though some lunatics may hold it. There are moreover analogies in Nature which seem to support it."

"The only man I ever knew, barring yourself, who held such a view, was an undoubted lunatic," said the doctor to the playwright. "He was an anti-vivisectionist, for one thing."

"*That* stamped him," said the playwright, with a tone in his voice as though his sub-conscious self was laughing, unobserved by his serious waking consciousness. "'Fore God, sir, you are one will not serve God if the devil bid you.' My soul-gardeners believed in reincarnation, but even that fact does not prevent me from accepting a doctrine which appeals to my sense of reason and justice."

"It is a mere hypothesis," said the doctor.

"So is your existence to me," said the playwright. "I infer you exist because of certain impressions which are made on my consciousness. I postulate you, therefore, in order to account for them.' There is nothing unscientific in a belief in reincarnation. It is the evolutionary hypothesis pushed a little further, into the realm of soul:

I might forget my weaker lot ;  
For is not our first year forgot ?  
The haunts of memory echo not.  
Moreover, something is or seems,  
That touches me with mystic gleams,  
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams.

"That's poetry," said the doctor. "Life is prose. Tennyson is not my gospel."

"You can with equal truth say Life is poetry," replied the playwright.

"I have a practice in the West-end," observed the doctor, "and I am a visiting physician at an East-end hospital. I make no further remark."

"Find me the ugliest bit of prose you choose in West or East," retorted the playwright, "I will bet you anything you please I find the poetry in it. I don't say you can always feel the poetry in life; I say it is there, and can be seen. You may take your prose poetically, or your poetry prosaically."

"It is so," said the naturalist. "See the setting sun. And think of the noontide. The sun is an excellent machine for ripening peaches for the market in the view of the gardener. The sun is God made visible to other eyes. There is no question but that the gardener is right. But is the other view therefore wrong?"

"Everything is true," said the playwright sententiously.

"I cannot agree with you there," said the priest quietly.

"Nor I," said the doctor. "Some things are blatantly and patently false."

"That also is true," said the playwright, unabashed.

"You know you have flatly contradicted yourself, I suppose?" remarked the doctor.

"Certainly," said the playwright. "Thus one arrives at truth. For me, I worship 'holy Folly.' These things are a question of mental standpoint and the experience of the moment. You believe in evolution, I suppose."

"Of course," said the doctor.

"There's no 'of course' about it. I know a man who says there is no such thing. There is but one inexplicable all-consciousness, and—appearance. There is, in short, nothing but consciousness."



"He was a crank, I suppose," said the doctor, who was, like all mankind, ignorant in many directions.

"I don't see," observed the naturalist, "why these two views, the evolutionary and non-evolutionary, should not both be true."

"That is what I am trying to say," replied the playwright. "For us these Downs *are*, and all living forms on them are in process of development or decay. But suppose we were shifted to some state in which we could pass freely to and fro in 'solid' matter, then we should feel the formerly real world to be unreal. We might carry that upwards higher and higher along an almost infinite chain of developing forms; step by step as we went the step below would become the unreal appearance; from the highest or innermost point we might arrive at an unchangeable position to which all was mere appearance, perceived simultaneously; and evolution would be pure illusion."

"That means," said the priest, "God is the only reality; He is unchangeable, and all else mere symbols of Him."

"You can put it so if you choose," said the playwright.

"What do you mean by a symbol?" asked the naturalist. "Heaven itself may be as much a symbol as earth; all things visible and invisible that stand between you and the Changeless, between you and yourself if you like the phrase, may be symbols; but that does not imply that they are not living truth; nay, they may be in very fact that which they symbolise."

"That is an impracticable, paradoxical statement," said the doctor. "It means nothing."

"Where there is nothing there is God," replied the naturalist.

"Do you know what you mean by that statement?" said the doctor.

"I do," replied the naturalist. "I mean that the things best worth knowing can never be told. I mean that there are some things—those which lie deepest—which can only be thought of in contradictions and paradoxes."

"It is better not to think or speak of them, then," said the doctor.

"Therein," answered the naturalist, "I am disposed to agree with you."

The priest had risen and walked away ; he leaned against the rough bark of a yew, turned his face to the West, and his thoughts to the God Who weaves the weft and warp of souls. He was praying, but not for himself ; he prayed for the infants, both babes and grown men, crying dumbly in the darkness. The priest was giving for these mind, soul, body, all he had to give. He ate coarse, scanty food that he might have wherewith to feed the starving ; he drank no wine lest he should cause his brother to offend ; he turned his face, year in and year out, from the beauty and grace of life ; he toiled unpraised, unknown, unapplauded, for love of those "for whom Christ died" ; so consumed was he by the love of God in this, that he never stopped even to count his soul gains, even to think whether he was renouncing aught.

The priest closed his eyes, and was conscious there is a God Who judgeth the earth. The naturalist was conscious the sun was going down, and the peace of sleep was stealing over the great Downs. The doctor and the playwright were conscious of each other. Perhaps they were all conscious of the same great fact—the one Fact.

The land grew dark ; a night-jar began to purr in the big box tree by the house below ; a light shone from the window ; a great white miller-moth floated by ; a bat flickered between the dark smooth curves of the Downs and the pale arch of the twilight sky. A market cart jogged slowly along the ribbon-like white road ; it was driven by a girl ; she and her companions were singing :

Thy Hand Creation made and guides ;  
Thy Wisdom time from time divides.  
By this world's cares and toils opprest,  
O give our weary bodies rest.  
That while in frames of sin and pain  
A little longer we remain,  
Our flesh may here in such wise sleep  
That watch with Christ our souls may keep.\*

"Through the clamour of chattering tongues, and wrangling minds," said the naturalist, "through complexity and theorising

and hypotheses, and all the cumbrous machinery of life, we shall find our way back to a simplicity which is Wisdom."

"Else we had better never have been born," said the playwright. "I only theorise and semi-psychologise from a vice of the mind. Also I make my living thus."

"The wood in which I live has taught me this at least," said the naturalist. "There are a great many paths through it, but all of them lead to the same gate."

"So with life," observed the doctor. "The paths lead to the same gate—death."

"A gate that leads nowhere," replied the playwright, "would not be worth making."

The voices of the girls died away in the distance. The night was so still that the bubble of water in the garden fountain could be heard; it was very dark, but they saw the glimmer of white lilies against the old box trees.

"The dew is thick on the turf," said the naturalist. "The day is past and over. Let us go home."

"Let us go home," echoed the young priest. "But let us go in silence."

"So a man learns," replied the playwright, "all that he ever knows."

Therefore in silence they went down the hill, and breathed the perfume of the dew-wet downs. From very far away the carillon of a little village church played the tune of a hymn. It was like a voice that sang a lullaby over the sleeping earth; and when it died into silence the soft rush of the night wind took up the burden of the cradle song.

MICHAEL WOOD.

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MAN is called a child by a daimon just as a child is by a man.—  
HERACLITUS.

## THE SOUL ERRANT.

THE Soul was discontented, for the Body fettered her, therefore she prayed the Lords of Life that for a while she might be free to wander over the Earth as she would, and her prayer was granted.

"I will return soon to you, my Body," said she, "but for a while I have leave to go forth and spread my immortal wings, and see with clearer eyes than those of flesh."

"But you must come back soon," said the Body wistfully. "Indeed, it were best you did not go at all. I have strange forebodings."

But the Soul would not hear, and smiling spread her wings, which, however, seemed weaker than she had hoped.

How good it was to be free of that heavy clog!

"Now, indeed, I can do good and not evil," she thought.

Up, up she soared, leaving even the ecstatic larks far below, till she remembered that men dwell on the green earth, not in the blue skies, and therefore she drifted reluctantly downward.

In her slow and slanting descent she spied a field thick with tall yellow corn which was falling beneath the sickles of the reapers. A noisy bell clanged forth noon and the men ceased their toil for an hour. They flung themselves down in the shade and ate and drank in silent content. Here surely in the midst of sunshine and plenty was innocence and happiness.

But in the corner of the field by the gate leading into the hollow lane the Soul with her new-purged vision beheld the making of a tragedy.

A tanned, powerful man pleaded vainly with a slip of a girl. Her heart ranged itself on his side but her puny vanity urged against sweet surrender. "Bring him to your feet," it whispered.

"O foolish maid! On you depends a man's soul for good or ill," said the Soul in passionate remonstrance.

But, alas ! her voice had no force to reach the foolish heart to which it spoke, and the ears to which it was addressed were too dull for aught spiritual. A human voice alone would have had power to penetrate them, and the Soul, thwarted and defeated of her kindly purpose, could but sigh and turn her flight elsewhere.

But wander where she would it was ever the same. Her gentle voice could be heard but by ears sensitive to the whisper of conscience and attuned to things spiritual. The fiery curses of hate, the vapid laughter of folly, the lying voice of flattery overwhelmed her soft notes. The cry of the oppressed was not the more audible in that the Soul lifted up her voice. Her broad wings hung unused, how could she soar selfishly aloft and leave men unaided in their sin and misery ?

"I was wrong," she mused sadly, after many days had passed and she had spent her strength for naught. "The Body was right ; I must deal with men as a man. I will return, and, it may be, do good now that I have learned wisdom."

So she returned to the Body she had left so long ago.

The Body was at ease and dwelt prosperously in the land, and all men spoke well of him. True, he had mourned the Soul's departure, but that was long ago, and now it irked him to be reminded of his loss.

"I have returned to you, my Body," said the Soul, "and it had been well if I had never left you."

"But I no longer need you, O Soul," replied the Body. "I have never been so happy and free from care as without you."

"It is Death which benumbs you, not Life," said the Soul, and her voice rang so true that it carried conviction to the Body, whose heart still beat sound, and thrilled at the voice of the Soul.

So the Lords of Life were merciful to the Soul, and permitted her to return, humbler and wiser, to her erstwhile diligent servant and now unwilling partner the Body, for she had learned the lesson that the one without the other "shall not be made perfect."

E. D. FARRAR.

## TRANCE, POSSESSION AND ECSTASY\*

WE have now reached the concluding chapters of Mr. Myers' work, and it is in the pages now to be considered, that we find the most conspicuous advance as compared with the position which he occupied ten years ago, an advance due to the steadily growing volume and cogency of the evidence which has been brought together. But before passing to the evidence for the actual occurrence of "Spirit Possession," it will probably be both useful and instructive to follow Mr. Myers through his discussion of the notion of Possession itself.

Defined in the narrowest way, Possession is a more developed form of motor automatism, but in describing it more fully, the special import of the term implies the claim that the automatist, in the first place, falls into a trance, during which his spirit partially "quits his body," or at any rate enters into a state in which the spiritual world is more or less open to its perception, and in which also—and this is the novel element—it so far ceases to occupy the organism as to leave room for an invading spirit to use it in somewhat the same fashion as its owner is accustomed to use it.

The brain being thus left temporarily or partially uncontrolled, a disembodied spirit sometimes, but not always, succeeds in occupying it; and occupies it with varying degrees of control. In some cases (*e.g.*, Mrs. Piper) two or more spirits may simultaneously control different portions of the same organism—*e.g.*, the voice and the hand, one control producing automatic writing, another speaking through the medium.

The controlling spirit proves his identity mainly by reproducing, in speech or writing, facts which belong to *his*

\* *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, by Frederick W. Myers. See the articles "Science and the Soul," "Man's Deeper Self," and "The Problem of Post-Mortem Communications," in the last three numbers.

memory and not to the automatist's memory. He may also give evidence of supernormal perception of other kinds.

His manifestations may differ very considerably from the automatist's normal personality. Yet in one sense it is a process of selection rather than of addition ; the spirit selects what parts of the brain machinery he will use, but he cannot get out of that machinery more than it is constructed to perform.

This theory of possession, Mr. Myers remarks, cannot be said to be inconsistent with any of our proved facts. We know absolutely nothing which negatives its possibility. Nay more, it actually supplies us with a powerful method of co-ordinating and explaining many earlier groups of phenomena, if only we will consent to explain them in a way which, at first sight, seemed extreme in its assumptions—seemed unduly prodigal of the marvellous. And he goes on to say that he thinks that the Moses-Piper group of trance-phenomena cannot be intelligently explained on any theory except that of Possession.

Reviewing our earlier groups of phenomena, Mr. Myers points out that the theory of Possession connects itself naturally with the alternating use of brain centres by alternating personalities, which thus appear as one link in the chain leading up to the Possession of the organism by an invading spirit. Genius, again, as we saw, suggested a sort of Possession of the brain centres by the subliminal self; while in sleep we found that the spirit sometimes appears to travel away from the body and perceive distant scenes clairvoyantly.

In the hypnotic trance or in spontaneous somnambulism, we often find a quasi-personality occupying the organism, while the sensitive's own spirit often claims to have been absent elsewhere, and sometimes exhibits real clairvoyant power.

In the study of telepathy, again, we meet with an influence which suggests an intelligent and responsive external presence, and telepathy with the living leads on to telepathy from the dead ; a fact implying that the communication does not depend on vibrations from a material physical brain. But when motor automatism develops into Possession, there is apparently no communication between the discarnate mind and the *mind* of the automatist, but rather with the brain only of the latter.

Even in ordinary cases of telepathy, the percipient's brain may sometimes be influenced by his own mind and sometimes by the agent's; and veridical hallucinations likewise show traces of the spiritual and physical elements mingling in various degrees as we pass from clairvoyant visions to collective apparitions. The same stages, again, are to be seen in the case of apparitions of the dead—leading up to complete possession of the automatist's brain by an extraneous spirit.

It should, however, be remembered that Possession by spirits is difficult to distinguish from cases of secondary personality, where the organism is controlled by another synthesis of its own spirit, and hence we must be careful not to ascribe to spirit-control cases *where no new knowledge is shown in the trance state*. And, further, we should expect spirit-control to be subject to the same limitations that we find in controls by secondary personalities; *e.g.*, the external spirit is not likely to be able to produce utterance in a language unknown to the automatist. We must also note that in both sets of cases, and also in dreams, memory seems to fail and change in a capricious way; also it is always difficult to get into continuous colloquy with a somnambulist, who generally follows his own train of ideas, so that we should not be surprised to encounter similar difficulties in conversing with spirit-controls.

On the whole, therefore, our expectations must thus be very different from the commonplace or even the poetic notion of what communication with the dead is likely to be; and as a matter of fact the actual phenomena fail to comply either with the orthodox or traditional line of expectation or with romantic anticipations, or even with the notion that they should subserve some practical purpose. This is in itself an argument of some weight for the natural and really spontaneous character of the phenomena, which pretty conclusively disposes of the often used argument that they are due, wholly and entirely, to either imagination or expectation.

On the other hand, the problems of Possession form the natural sequence of our earlier problems; the actions of the possessed organism show the furthest stage of motor automatism, while the incursion of the possessing spirit exhibits the completest form of telepathic invasion.



Mr. Myers now enters on a brief discussion of what are usually spoken of as the "physical phenomena" of spiritualism ; but he does not go fully into the subject, since it lies outside the main line of his own argument. In an appendix, however, he gives an extremely ingenious and suggestively interesting sketch of a "Scheme of Vital Faculty," which should be of great assistance and value to future investigators.

Mr. Myers then takes the reader through a few specimen cases, leading up to a discussion of the trance-manifestations of Mr. Stainton Moses and Mrs. Piper.

It is impossible here to enter into any detailed discussion of these cases, and any brief account would be both misleading and wholly inadequate. The reader must therefore be referred to Mr. Myers' work itself for the former, and for the latter to the able and voluminous discussion of them in the S.P.R. reports, which is still actively proceeding. But it must be added that another case, in many respects even more remarkable than Mrs. Piper's, has been under observation for several years, and when the time comes for its publication in detail, it will probably strengthen considerably Mr. Myers' conclusions.

Indeed this whole chapter was still unfinished at his death, but he had evidence enough before him, in his own opinion at least, to warrant his writing as follows :

We must now remember that this series of incidents does not stand alone. The case of Mrs. Piper is, indeed, one of the most instructive in our collection, on account of its length and complexity, and the care with which it has been observed. But it is led up to by all our previous evidences, and I will here state briefly what facts they are which our recorded apparitions, intimations, messages of the departing and the departed, have, to my mind, actually proved.

(a) In the first place they prove survival pure and simple : the persistence of the spirit's life as a structural law of the universe ; the inalienable heritage of each several soul.

(b) In the second place they prove that between the spiritual and the material worlds an avenue of communication does in fact exist ; that which we call the despatch and receipt of telepathic messages, or the utterance and the answer of prayer and supplication.

(c) In the third place they prove that the surviving spirit retains, at least in some measure, the memories and the loves of earth. Without the persistence of love and memory should we be in truth the *same* ? To what extent has any philosophy or any revelation assured us hereof till now ?

Passing now from the study of Possession to a consideration of Ecstasy, I cannot do better than quote Mr. Myers himself on the subject, and then add a very few from the fine passages in his Epilogue, in which he, as it were, condenses the outcome of his life's labours.

Among the cases of trance discussed in this chapter we have found intimately interwoven with the phenomena of possession many instances of its correlative—ecstasy. Mrs. Piper's fragmentary utterances and visions during her passage from trance to waking life—utterances and visions that fade away and leave no remembrance in her waking self; Moses' occasional visions, his journeys in the "spirit world" which he recorded on returning to his ordinary consciousness; Home's entrancement and converse with the various controls whose messages he gave;—all these suggest actual excursions of the incarnate spirit from its organism. The theoretical importance of these spiritual excursions is, of course, very great. It is, indeed, so great that most men will hesitate to accept a thesis which carries us straight into the inmost sanctuary of mysticism; which preaches a "precursory entrance into the most holy place, as by divine transportation." Yet I think that this belief, although extreme, is not, at the point to which our evidence has carried us, in any real way improbable.

To put the matter briefly, if a spirit from outside can enter the organism the spirit from inside can go out, can change its centre of perception and action, in a way less complete and irrevocable than the change of death. Ecstasy would thus be simply the complementary or correlative aspect of spirit-control. Such a change need not be a *spatial* change any more than there need be any spatial change for the spirit which invades the deserted organism. Nay, further: if the incarnate spirit can in this manner change its centre of perception in response (so to say) to a discarnate spirit's invasion of the organism, there is no obvious reason why it should not do so on other occasions as well. We are already familiar with "travelling clairvoyance," a spirit's change of centre of perception among the scenes of the material world. May there not be an extension of travelling clairvoyance to the spiritual world? a spontaneous transfer of the centre of perception into that region from whence discarnate spirits seem now to be able, on their side, to communicate with growing freedom?

The conception of ecstasy—at once in its most literal and in its most lofty sense—has thus developed itself, almost insensibly, from several concurrent lines of actual modern evidence.

It must still, of course, be long before we can at all adequately separate—I can hardly say the objective from the subjective element in the experience, for we have got beyond the region where the meaning of those words is clear—but the element in the experience which is recognised and responded to by spirits other than the ecstatic's from the element which belongs to his own spirit alone.

In the meantime, however, the fact that this kind of communion of ecstasy has been, in preliminary fashion, rendered probable, is of the highest importance for our whole inquiry. We thus come directly into relation with the highest form which the various religions known to men have assumed in the past. It is hardly a paradox to say that the evidence for ecstasy is stronger than the evidence for any other religious belief.

Of all the subjective experiences of religion, ecstasy is that which has been most urgently, perhaps to the psychologist most convincingly, asserted; and it is not confined to any one religion. From a psychological point of view, one main indication of the importance of a subjective phenomenon found in religious experience will be the fact that it is common to all religions. I doubt whether there is any phenomenon, except ecstasy, of which this can be said. From the medicine-man of the lowest savage up to St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul, with Buddha and Mahomet on the way, we find records which, though morally and intellectually much differing, are in psychological essence the same.

At all stages alike we find that the spirit is conceived as quitting the body; or, if not quitting it, at least as greatly expanding its range of perception in some state resembling trance.

Observe, moreover, that on this view all genuine recorded forms of ecstasy are akin, and all of them represent a real fact.

We thus show continuity and reality among phenomena which have seldom been either correlated with each other or even intelligibly conceived in separation. With our new insight we may correlate the highest and the lowest ecstatic phenomena with no injury whatever to the highest. The shaman, the medicine-man—when he is not a mere impostor—enters as truly into the spiritual world as St. Peter or St. Paul. Only he enters a different region thereof; a confused and darkened picture terrifies instead of exalting him. For us, however, the very fact that we believe in *his* vision gives a new reality to strengthen and aid our belief in the apostle's vision of "the seventh heaven." "Whether in the body or out of the body," whether the seer's spirit be severed for the time from his organism or no, such inlet and introgression does occur.

It is these subjective feelings of vision and inspiration which have to many men proved the most impressive and fruitful moments of life. While not allowing an objective truth to their revelations, we shall now be prepared to admit a reality in the subjective experience. There is no special point at which we must assume a barrier interposed to the inward withdrawal and onward urgency of man.

We need not deny the transcendental ecstasy to any of the strong souls who have claimed to feel it;—to Elijah or to Isaiah, to Plato or to Plotinus, to St. John or to St. Paul, to Buddha or Mahomet, to Virgil or Dante, to St. Theresa or to Joan of Arc, to Kant or to Swedenborg, to Wordsworth or to Tennyson. Through many ages that insight and that memory have wrought their work in many ways. The remembrance of ecstasy has inspired religion,

has forwarded philosophies, has lifted into stainless heroism a simple girl. Yet religions and philosophies—as these have hitherto been known—are but balloon-flights which have carried separate groups up to the mountain summit, whither science at last must make her road for all men clear. It is by *breach of continuity*, by passing from one element to another, that they have been able to soar so high. For science, on the other hand, the *continuity* of the Universe is, in fact, its key.

The task of our race in its maturity must be to rise to those same heights with that steady tramp as of legions along a Roman road which has already gathered in the earthly knowledge of earlier ages within the *pomerium* of scientific law. The continuity of the universe, that is to say, so far as by us comprehensible, must needs be a continuity of *objective*, and for that very reason of symbolic manifestation. All the objective is symbolic; our daily bread is as symbolic as the furniture of Swedeborg's heavens and hells. To our embodied souls the matter round us seems real and self-existent; to souls emancipated it is but the sign of the degree which we have reached, and thus the highest task of science must be to link and co-ordinate the symbols appropriate to our terrene state with the symbols appropriate to the state immediately above us. Nay, one might push this truth to paradox, and maintain that of all earth's inspired spirits it has been the least divinised, the least lovable, who has opened the secret path for men.

Religions have risen and died again; philosophy, poetry, heroism, answer only indirectly the prime need of men. Plotinus, "the eagle soaring above the tomb of Plato," is lost to sight in the heavens. Conquering and to conquer, the Maid rides on through other worlds than ours.

Virgil himself, "light among the vanished ages, star that gildeth yet this earthly shore," sustains our spirit, as I have said, but indirectly, by filling still our fountain of purest intellectual joy. But the prosaic Swede—his stiff mind prickly with dogma—the opaque cell-walls of his intelligence flooded cloudily by the irradiant day—this man as by the very limitations of his faculty, by the practical humility of a spirit trained to acquire but not to generate truth—has awkwardly laid the corner-stone, grotesquely sketched the elevation of a temple which our remotest posterity will be up-building and adorning still. For he dimly felt that man's true passage and intuition from state to state depends not upon individual ecstasy, but upon comprehensive law; while yet all law is in fact but symbol; adaptation of truth timeless and infinite to intelligences of lower or higher range.

The concluding portions of this chapter, left, as already remarked, uncompleted by Mr. Myers at his death, deal with the problems of Precognition and Retrocognition, of Time, Foreknowledge, Free-will and Destiny. But although the discussion contains some fine and suggestive thoughts, it does not seem to me that we have as yet a sufficient accumulation of facts and

careful observations to render the enquiry very profitable. Let us pass on therefore to the Epilogue, from which I propose to make a brief series of extracts, which will serve to complete the picture I have been endeavouring to give in this REVIEW, of the scope and character of Mr. Myers' work :

I need not here describe at length the deep disquiet of our time. Never, perhaps, did man's spiritual satisfaction bear a smaller proportion to his needs. The old-world sustenance, however earnestly administered, is too unsubstantial for the modern cravings. And thus through our civilised societies two conflicting currents run. On the one hand, health, intelligence, morality,—all such boons as the steady progress of planetary evolution can win for man,—are being achieved in increasing measure. On the other hand this very sanity, this very prosperity, do but bring out in stronger relief the underlying *Welt-Schmerz*, the decline of any real belief in the dignity, the meaning, the endlessness of life.

There are many of course who willingly accept this limitation of view and who are willing to let earthly activities and pleasures gradually dissipate and obscure the larger hope. But others cannot thus be easily satisfied. They rather resemble children who are growing too old for their games ;—whose amusement sinks into an indifference and a discontent for which the fitting remedy is an initiation into the serious work of men.

A similar crisis has passed over Europe once before. There came a time when the joyful naïveté, the unquestioning impulse of the early world had passed away ; when the worship of the Greeks no more was beauty, nor the religion of Romans Rome. Alexandrian decadence, Byzantine despair, found utterance in many an epigram which might have been written to-day. Then came a great uprush or incursion from the spiritual world, and with new races and new ideals Europe regained its youth. . . .

What the age needs is not an abandonment of effort, but an increase ; the time is ripe for a study of unseen things as strenuous and sincere as that which Science has made familiar for the problems of earth. For now the scientific instinct,—so newly developed in mankind,—seems likely to spread until it becomes as dominant as was in time past the religious ; and if there be even the narrowest think through which man can look forth from his planetary cage, our descendants will not leave that chink neglected or unwidened. The scheme of knowledge which can commend itself to such seekers must be a scheme which, while it *transcends* our present knowledge, steadily *continues* it ;—a scheme not catastrophic, but evolutionary ; not promulgated and closed in a moment, but gradually unfolding itself to progressive enquiry.

And then, passing to a Provisional Sketch of a Religious Synthesis, we find Mr. Myers writing :

. . . We may divide the best religious emotion of the world in triple fashion; tracing three main streams of thought,—streams which on the whole run parallel, and which all rise, as I believe, from some source in the reality of things.

First, then, I place that obscure consensus of independent thinkers in many ages and countries which, to avoid any disputable title, I will here call simply the Religion of the Ancient Sage. Under that title (though Lao Tzū is hardly more than a name) it has been set forth to us in brief summary by the great sage and poet of our own time; and such words as Natural Religion, Pantheism, Platonism, Mysticism, do but express or intensify varying aspects of its main underlying conception. That conception is the co-existence and interpenetration of a real or spiritual with this material or phenomenal world; a belief driven home to many minds by experiences both more weighty and more concordant than the percipients themselves have always known. More weighty I say, for they have implied the veritable nascency and operation of a "last and largest sense"; a faculty for apprehending, not God, indeed (for what finite faculty can apprehend the Infinite?) but at least some dim and scattered tokens and prefigurations of a true world of Life and Love. More concordant also; and this for a reason that till recently would have seemed a paradox. For the mutual corroboration of these signs and messages lies not only in their fundamental agreement up to a certain point, but in their inevitable divergence beyond it;—as they pass from things felt into things imagined; from actual experience into dogmatic creed.

The Religion of the Ancient Sage is of unknown antiquity. Of unknown antiquity also are various Oriental types of religion, culminating in historical times in the Religion of Buddha. For Buddhism all interpenetrating universes make the steps upon man's upward way; until deliverance from illusion leaves the spirit merged ineffably in the impersonal All. But the teaching of Buddha has lost touch with reality; it rests on no basis of observed or of reproducible fact.

On a basis of observed facts, on the other hand, Christianity, the youngest of the great types of religion, does assuredly rest. Assuredly those facts, so far as tradition has made them known to us, do tend to prove the superhuman character of its Founder and His triumph over death; and thus the existence and influence of a spiritual world, where men's true citizenship lies. These ideas, by common consent, lay at the origin of the Faith. Since those first days, however, Christianity has been elaborated into codes of ethic and ritual adapted to Western civilisation;—has gained (some think) as a rule of life what it has lost as a simplicity of spirit.

From the unfettered standpoint of the Ancient Sage the deep concordance of these and other schemes of religious thought may well outweigh their formal oppositions. And yet I repeat that it is not from any mere welding of these schemes together, nor from any choice of the best points in existing syntheses, that the new synthesis for which I hope must be born.

It must be born from new-dawning knowledge ; and in that new knowledge I believe that each great form of religious thought will find its indispensable—I may almost say its predicted—development. Our race from its very infancy has stumbled along a guarded way ; and now the first lessons of its early childhood reveal the root in reality of much that it has instinctively believed. . . .

The *religious upshot*, I repeat :—for I cannot here reproduce the mass of evidence which has been published in full elsewhere. Its general character is by this time widely known.

Observation, experiments, inference have led many enquirers, of whom I am one, to a belief in direct or telepathic intercommunication, not only between the minds of men still on earth but between minds or spirits still on earth and spirits departed. Such a *discovery* opens the door also to *revelation*. By discovery and by revelation—by observation from without the veil, and by utterance from within—certain theses have been provisionally established with regard to such departed souls as we have been able to encounter.

First and chiefly, I at least see ground to believe that their state is one of endless evolution in wisdom and in love. Their loves of earth persist ; and most of all those highest loves which seek their outlet in adoration and worship. We do not find, indeed, that support is given by souls in bliss to any special scheme of terrene theology. Thereon they know less than we mortal men have often fancied that we knew. Yet from their step of vantage-ground in the Universe, at least, they see that it is good. I do not mean that they know either of an end or of an explanation of evil. Yet evil to them seems less a terrible than a slavish thing. It is embodied in no mighty Potentate ; rather it forms an isolating madness from which higher spirits strive to free the distorted soul. There needs no chastisement of fire ; self-knowledge is man's punishment and his reward ; self-knowledge, and the nearness or the aloofness of companion souls. For in that world love is actually self-preservation ; the Communion of Saints not only adorns but constitutes the Life Everlasting. Nay, from the law of telepathy it follows that that communion is valid for us here and now. Even now the love of souls departed makes answer to our invocations. Even now our loving memory—love is itself a prayer—supports and strengthens those delivered spirits upon their upward way. No wonder ; since we are to them but as fellow-travellers shrouded in a mist, “neither death, nor life, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature” can bar us from the hearth-fire of the universe, or hide for more than a moment the inconceivable oneness of souls. . . .

Nay, as to our own soul's future, when that first shock of death is past, it is in Buddhism that we find the more inspiring, the truer view. That Western conception of an instant and unchangeable bliss or woe—a bliss or woe determined largely by a man's beliefs, in this earthly ignorance, on matters which “the angels desire to look into”—is the bequest of a pre-

Copernican era of speculative thought. In its Mahomedan travesty, we see the same scheme with outlines coarsened into grotesqueness;—we see it degrade the cosmic march and profluence into a manner of children's play. . . .

The sacred tale of Buddha, developed from its earlier simplicity by the shaping stress of many generations, opens to us the whole range and majesty of human fate. "The destined Buddha has desired to be a Buddha through an almost unimaginable series of worlds." No soul need ever be without that hope. "The spirit-worlds are even now announcing the advent of future Buddhas, in epochs too remote for the computation of men." No obstacles without us can arrest our way. "The rocks that were thrown at Buddha were changed into flowers." Not our own worst misdoings need beget despair. "Buddha, too, had often been to hell for his sins." The vast complexity of the Sum of Things need not appal us. "Beneath the bottomless whirlpool of existences, behind the illusion of Form and Name," we, too, like Buddha, may discover and reveal "the perfection of the Eternal Law." Us too, like Buddha, the cosmic welcome may await, as when "Earth itself and the laws of all worlds" trembled with joy "as Buddha attained the Supreme Intelligence, and entered into the Endless Calm."

I believe that some of those who once were near to us are already mounting swiftly upon this heavenly way. And when from that cloud encompassing of unforgetful souls some voice is heard—as long ago—there needs no heroism, no sanctity, to inspire the apostle's *ἐπιθυμία εἰς τὸ ἀναλῦσαι*, the desire to lift our anchor, and to sail out beyond the bar.

What fitter summons for man than the wish to live in the memory of the highest soul that he has known, now risen higher;—to lift into an immortal security the yearning passion of his love? "As the Soul hasteneth," says Plotinus, "to the things that are above, she will ever forget the more; unless all her life on earth leave a memory of things done well. For even here may man do well, if he stand clear of the cares of earth. And he must stand clear of their memories too; so that one may rightly speak of a noble soul as forgetting those things that are behind. And the shade of Hēraklēs, indeed, may talk of his own valour to the shades, but the true Hēraklēs in the true world will deem all that of little worth; being transported into a more sacred place, and strenuously engaging, even above his strength, in those battles in which the wise engage." . . .

Science, then, need be no longer fettered by the limitations of this planetary standpoint; nor ethics by the narrow experience of a single life. Evolution will no longer appear as a truncated process, an ever-arrested movement upon an unknown goal. Rather we may gain a glimpse of an ultimate incandescence where science and religion fuse in one; a cosmic evolution of Energy into Life, and of Life into Love, which is Joy. Love, which is Joy at once and Wisdom;—we can do no more than ring the changes on terms like these, whether we imagine the transfiguration and apotheosis of conquering souls or the lower, but still sacred, destiny which may be some



day possible for souls still tarrying here. We picture the perfected soul as the Buddha, the Saviour, the *aurai simplicis ignem*, dwelling on one or other aspect of that trinal conception of Wisdom, Love, and Joy. For souls not yet perfected but still held on earth I have foretold a growth in *holiness*. By this I mean no unreal opposition or forced divorcement of sacred and secular, of flesh and spirit. Rather I define holiness as the joy too high as yet for our enjoyment; the wisdom just beyond our learning; the rapture of love which we still strive to attain. Inevitably, as our link with other spirits strengthens, as the life of the organism pours more fully through the individual cell, we shall feel love more ardent, wider wisdom, higher joy; perceiving that this organic unity of Soul, which forms the inward aspect of the telepathic law, is in itself the Order of the Cosmos, the Summation of Things. And such devotion may find its flower in no vain self-martyrdom, no cloistered resignation, but rather in such a pervading ecstacy as already the elect have known; the vision which dissolves for a moment the corporeal prison-house, "the flight of the One to the One."

"So let the soul that is not unworthy of that Vision contemplate the Great Soul; freed from deceit and every witchery, and collected into calm. Calmed be the body for her in that hour, and the tumult of the flesh; ay, all that is about her, calm; calm be the earth, the sea, the air, and let Heaven itself be still. Then let her feel how into that silent heaven the Great Soul floweth in. . . . And so may man's soul be sure of Vision, when suddenly she is filled with light; for this light is from Him and is He; and then surely shall one know His presence when, like a god of old time, He entered into the house of one that calleth Him, and maketh it full of light." "And how," concludes Plotinus, "may this thing be for us? Let all else go."

We have now completed our analysis of Mr. Myers' work and have endeavoured on the one hand to give our readers some idea of the cogency and close-knitted character of his arguments and evidences, as well as on the other to indicate the deep earnestness, the lofty fervour, the magnificent language and style which give to the work a distinction and a quality very rare indeed in these days. It only remains, therefore, for us in a concluding article of this series to touch upon some of the points of contact between Mr. Myers' thought and our own conceptions and to indicate a few of the problems upon which further investigation and fuller light are needed.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

## THE VOICE OF THE DRUM

I CANNOT tell you the name of the country wherein the events, about which I am going to write, happened, for it is unknown to me; nor can I say with any authority whether it is near or afar off. Some hold it is here, some there, while others again say, with wise-sounding words: "What matter! That which is true of one country is likewise true of another, since there can be but one truth, and one wheel of life, with its alternate spokes of gladness and sorrow, whether it be at the north, the south, the east, or the west." But these latter are chiefly mystics, and there are few among us who understand the language which they speak, or care to understand it.

On the borderland of this country there lies an immense range of snow-clad mountains, along whose base a winding river flows. This river, so the people of the country maintain, has its source among the mountains, but no man has ever yet traced it to its limit, and come back to tell the tale. Its waters, which are as clear as crystal, and as cool as snow, are called by the people the "waters of oblivion," since those who taste of them, or bathe therein, are plunged into a deep sleep, which is as unfathomable as death itself.

Across the mountain range people are continually passing into the nameless country, but, since they must pass through the waters of oblivion ere they reach it (for no man has ever yet been able to build a bridge across the river), they are unable to tell anything of the country which lies beyond the mountains, and from which they have come.

There is also a tradition among the people of the nameless country, that, after death, the souls of those who have crossed the mountains return to the land whence they came, but, since none can return to the nameless country, after once passing the mountains, to tell whether these things be true or not, there are many among the people who hold it but as a fable,

Now, when the people who come from beyond the mountains awake out of the deep sleep into which they have been thrown by crossing the river of the waters of oblivion, they must first of all learn to speak the language of the people among whom they have come, for it is strange to them, as, indeed, are all the manners and customs of the people.

To this nameless country there came, at the time about which I write, a man whose name is unknown to me, despite the fact that ere long all the country rang with stories of his learning, and of his great love for the people among whom he had come.

Now it happened that when this man had learned all there was to know about the people who dwelt in the nameless country, and had read their books, and heard their traditions, he was not satisfied with the amount of his knowledge, but burned with an eager desire to know more about the country whence he had come, and about the country wherein he dwelt, and about the river of the waters of oblivion, of which no man had found the limit, and ever as he pondered upon these things, there sounded in his ears the muffled beating of a distant drum, which seemed to bid him leave his life of ease by the river bank, and wander on and on, seeking he knew not what of knowledge about the things which were to him, and to all other men in the nameless country, as a sealed book.

And so, ere long, he left his home by the river-side, and set forth to explore the nameless country, and to ponder upon those things which were unknown to him; and ever as he went the distant rumbling of the drum sounded clearly in his ears, and led him away from those things which were dear to his heart, forward and onward—he knew not why, he knew not whither.

Before he left his home by the river bank, he filled a flask with water from the river of the waters of oblivion, for he knew not what sort of country he might wander in, nor when he might need such a draught.

Now this man was not the only one who was journeying through the nameless country, but many others were travelling by the same road, some of them led on by the beating of the drum, which others could not hear. He spake not to any man about the things whercof his soul was full by reason of their

mystery, for his lips would not give utterance to those things which he longed to express, and so he journeyed alone.

Now the country through which he passed was marvellously beautiful. By the roadside grew flowers and fruits in tropic profusion. The land was a land of many waters, of mists and refreshing dews, and ever and anon along the banks of the streams grew vegetation more wondrous than he had ever yet dreamed of, crystal lakes gleamed before his eyes, like opals in the sunlight, and snow-capped mountains reflected the glories of the setting sun. Beautiful song-birds filled the air with their throbbing music, and delighted his eyes with their glorious plumage.

Now as the man looked about him he felt thrilled to the soul by the beauties which he saw, and he longed to tarry among them, and drink deep of their delight, but ever as he paused the muffled beating of the drum sounded in his ears, and bade him linger not.

Then was the man torn asunder by his desires, and by that other thing which led him forward, willy-nilly, he knew not where, and as he went he reasoned within himself thus :

“Why do I long with such a bitter, cruel longing for these things which are within my reach, when there is that which seems to warn me against them, as from evil? Is beauty, then, evil?”

And lo! the distant beating of the drum seemed to resolve itself into words, which answered him, saying :

“These things which thou seest are but things of the moment; their beauty will fade. Go thou forward to those better things which yet await thee, and whose beauty is eternal!”

But as he wrestled with himself upon these things there came to the man's mind some words which he had read in a book belonging to the people of the nameless country, and whose rhythmic beauty had haunted him. The words were these :

Some for the glories of this world, and some  
Sigh for the prophet's paradise to come;  
Ah! take the cash, and let the credit go,  
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum.

And the man paused by the wayside, and his soul was disquietened within him.

Once more the voice of the drum sounded in his ears, saying :  
“ Prove all things ; hold fast that which is good.”

But from the depths of the man's memory came more sweetly cadenced words :

The bird of time has but a little way  
To flutter ; and the bird is on the wing.

And so the man closed his ears to the voice of the drum, and wandered from the pathway he had been following, and filled his soul with the beauties which surrounded him, and drank deep of their delights. But lo ! as he drank he found many dregs of bitter where he had at first thought all was sweet ; and many of the flowers which had looked so enchanting from the roadside were bruised, and the fruits were worm-eaten at the core, and upon the faces of the men and women who surrounded him, he saw traces of tears, and lines of sorrow, where at first he had seen naught but joy.

And the man struggled to return to the road which he had left, for he was filled with loathing for all those things which were not what they seemed, but his head grew dizzy, and his feet were heavy, and he groaned in spirit that he had ever left the roadway.

Now while he was struggling to return to the road he had left, and while his spirit was anguished within him, further words which he had read in his home by the banks of the river of the waters of oblivion returned to his mind :

Drink ! for you know not whence you come, nor why :  
Drink ! for you know not why you go nor where.

And so he remembered the flask which he had brought with him, filled with water from the river of the waters of oblivion, and he drew it forth, and tasted thereof, so that he fell asleep where he was, and many people saw him from the roadway, and passed him by, saying : “ He is drunken with wine,” and their souls were filled with loathing for him.

Now it happened that as they spake these words, and passed along their way, the voice of the drum sounded fainter in their ears than it had done before, and some of them wandered from the road, though they knew it not, but cried saying : “ Follow us, and we will lead you to the place you fain would reach ! ”

But one among the people who journeyed along the road stopped beside the fallen man, and carried him to a place of comfort, and tended him while he slept; but as the man opened his eyes once more in consciousness he who had cared for him passed along his way (so that the man knew not who had helped him), and lo! as he went the voice of the drum sounded clear and joyful in his ears.

Now when the man came to ponder upon the things which had befallen him, he was broken in spirit, and sore ashamed that he had ever been drawn from his purpose, and he flung away what yet remained to him of the water in the flask, and resolved henceforward to let no happening draw him from his path.

And behold, the man's soul was filled with love for him who had helped him in his need, and he longed to be like him, and his heart beat with a great, strong pity for all who faltered by the way, and ever as he went spake he words of comfort to those who were in need of it, and spake of his own suffering to those who were tempted away by the beauties which they saw, and no one who was in need or in sickness ever asked of him in vain. And the man's face grew in beauty, and his eyes shone with a clear and steady light, and children paused in their play to look at his face as he passed, and to wonder at his beauty.

And the voice of the drum sounded clearer and clearer in his ears, foretelling joys which awaited him; and sorrow and suffering became to him as things of naught.

Now years went by, and the man's strength began to fail him, and though he had never ceased to ponder upon those things which he understood not, he knew no more about them than when he had left his home by the bank of the river of the waters of oblivion, but though his limbs were racked with pain, because of his age, he journeyed on, gladly following the voice of the drum which led him, for sorrow and joy and pain had become to him as one and the same thing.

Now as he journeyed a strange thing befell; for as he looked about him it seemed as though all that he saw were familiar to him, though he did not know the country he was in. This feeling grew more and more intense as he became weaker in body, and he said: "It is but an old man's fancy," but even as he

spoke he recognised the bank of the river of the waters of oblivion where he had first crossed it into the nameless country, and this sight filled his soul with a great sickness, that he had spent all his life in vain, and had only returned to the point from which he had departed, for, in his humility, he counted as naught those good deeds which had made him famous among the people.

And the words of a long-forgotten poem sounded once more in his ears, saying :

. . . The phantom caravan has reached  
The nothing it set out from. . . .

And with a great cry he fell upon his face, and stretched forth his hand and dipped it into the river of the waters of oblivion, and drank of the water thereof.

When the people of the nameless country found him lying dead upon the river bank, they digged a grave and buried him where he lay. They placed no stone to mark the spot, for they did not know his name, but deep in the hearts of the people of the nameless country is engraved a grateful elegy for a man who once wandered among them, and who had ever shown a great strong love toward his fellow-men.

M. E. WILKINSON.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### VICARIOUS SUFFERING\*

THE members of the Theosophical Society forming a body of students and not of doctrinaires, I am glad to learn that Mr. Powis Hoult did not find in my "Thoughts on Vicarious Suffering" any of that hard-and-fast dogmatic teaching which he rightly deprecates from the theosophical standpoint in another part of his paper. The extension of the subject has been supplied by Mr. Hoult in a manner entirely satisfactory to me, and I hope to other readers of the REVIEW; that is to say, what the priest calls in St. Lydwine's *Life* "the law of the solidarity of evil," Mr. Hoult proceeds to show is the same idea as the

\* See the papers "Vicarious Suffering" and "Notes on Vicarious Suffering in China" in the June issue.

solidarity of good, as shown in the exercise of mercy and help towards one another that lies within the power of the meanest, according to his ability. The law of the one is the law of the other. Why Mr. Houlst thinks I am bound to give my conclusions when I only intended to throw out a suggestion is a puzzle to me. What do the readers of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW care for the opinion of Miss Kislbury, or why should I do their thinking for them?

Surely it is better to present for their consideration facts which appear to be well authenticated and which have not perhaps come within the ken of every one; it even seems to me that the accumulation of such transcendental facts is just one of the reasons for which the Theosophical Society exists. The notes on the beliefs in China furnish most interesting evidence towards the same end.

I should like to be allowed to add another incident related by the late Augustus Hare in one of the early volumes of his book entitled, I think, *Memorials of my Life*. When his adopted mother, really his aunt, Mrs. Julius Hare, to whom he was deeply attached, was seriously ill, Mr. Hare went down to St. Peter's (they were living in Rome at the time) and offered at the tomb of the Apostles with great fervour of devotion to sacrifice a certain number of the years of his own life if they might be added to that of his mother. Mrs. Hare forthwith recovered, but of course we do not know whether Mr. Hare's life was shortened in consequence, as no one can say how long he would have lived. Perhaps *he* knows it now.

The question that I put in my paper has remained untouched, namely, *why* one physical life must be taken when another is given. Is it that the life-principle (Prâṇa) is limited in quantity, as oxygen and other elements are supposed to be an unalterable quantity? Can any one answer this?

At the end of his paper Mr. Houlst professes to have made only a suggestion. Here we are on a par, and I hail a fellow-student.

• E. KISLBURY.

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THERE are few in the world who attain to the teaching without words and the advantage arising from non-action.—T'AO TEH KING.



## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## THE DATE OF JESUS

Did Jesus live 100 B.C. ? An Enquiry into the Talmud Jesus Stories, the Toldoth Jeschu, and Some Curious Statements of Epiphanius—Being a Contribution to the Study of Christian Origins. By G. R. S. Mead. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1903. Price ? 9s. net.)

IN this book Mr. Mead takes up another branch of his life-work, the study of the Christian origins; this time sifting the polemical writings of the Jews against the Christians, for the grains of truth which may seem to be mixed with the indubitable inventions of which they mostly consist. There is nothing so important to keep in mind in this connection as that Judaism as we now see it is, if anything, younger instead of older than Christianity. What took place in the first century A.D. is precisely analogous to what happened to the old Hinduism at the rise of Buddhism, to the Catholic Church at the time of the Reformation; in the presence of a young and active "heresy" the old religion crystallised and hardened itself that it might not be swept away in the flood. The process so graphically described by the Rabbins as "making a fence round the Torah," the process to which we owe the faith and ritual of the Jewish nation as it now presents itself, was carried out with direct reference to the Christian religion then being formed and shaped in the midst of the adherents of the older faith. The "fence" was, to a very considerable extent, intentionally and avowedly a fence against the Christians; and we might expect, therefore, to find in the Talmuds and other Jewish documents a good deal of information as to what the hated Reformation actually believed and taught, mixed up with the inevitable strong language, and to gain some confirmation or otherwise of the Gospel histories of the life of Jesus.

From the very thorough examination Mr. Mead has made of his materials no very great result of this kind is arrived at. Those who look for unintentional testimonies to the truth of the popular Christian

Lives of Jesus will be much disappointed. But the picture drawn by the Jewish controversialists of the Christ himself is one of really enormous interest to Theosophists. In the first place they know nothing of him as the simple carpenter's son of the Gospels; he is to them the favourite pupil of the greatest teacher of the Law in their most brilliant period, about 100 B.C.; possessed, according to one story, of the highest secrets of Egyptian magic, according to another, of the Ineffable Name of Jahwe Himself, the Name the knowledge of which gave him almost all power in earth and in heaven. It seems to account for much of the horror and indignation with which the new religion was received—to the Jews he was no unknown Galilean, but their own greatest and best man, who had, alas, gone wrong and set himself up for God. Now, we know that Jesus himself did not do this; but we also know that almost immediately after his death the tendency to make him the equal of God began to show itself in the Church, and it is evidently against this the Jewish statements are directed. Similarly Mr. Mead regards (with great probability) the scandalous stories about his birth as the Jewish reply to the story of the Virgin birth which began to shape itself about the end of the first century (the *original* Gospel did not contain it, and it is due to theological necessities, not to any historical tradition). But the most curious thing of all is that there is from beginning to end of the Jewish sources no word of the crucifixion! All they know is the older story which peeps out in the Acts in the speech of Peter at Joppa—that "he was slain and hanged upon a tree"; that is, that he was stoned and his body exposed on a tree till evening. The story that "he was crucified under Pontius Pilate," the Jews (who ought to know) do not even take the trouble to deny.

Now it is true that these main points are surrounded by a luxuriant growth of fable of all kinds, and hence are, for the ordinary reader, to a certain extent discredited; but we Theosophists are aware that they are precisely the very statements made by those of our body who are able to see for themselves what actually did happen, and to us they are confirmations of a view at first sight so strikingly improbable as that suggested by Mr. Mead's title. Fifty years ago even to ask such a question as "Did Jesus live 100 years B.C.?" would have been impossible; but the freedom of treatment of the Gospel narratives by even the most conservative of modern critics has changed the situation. Only those who have followed the later criticism can know how great a relief it would be to have another

hundred years between the Teacher himself and the state of things described in the Acts as existing almost immediately after his death ; a state of things absolutely impossible then. For an example we need only take the developed Christian community Saul found at Damascus—according to the received chronology, within a year or two of Christ's death. Quite the greatest difficulty we find in framing for ourselves a picture of the Christian origins is (upon the supposition that Jesus himself taught the old Wisdom religion and no other) to account for the apparently universal conviction of his followers to the contrary at a time when, according to the ordinary statements, his personal teaching could not possibly have been forgotten.

But any investigation of this would take us too far from our immediate subject, and we return to Mr. Mead's book. In his "Foreword" he draws attention to the profound modifications produced in the new religion by the complete acceptance by its earlier followers of the prevailing Jewish belief of the divine authority of the so-called Law of Moses ; a belief apparently shared by the Teacher himself, if we give credence to the traditions contained in our present Gospels. He shows how interesting a study it *should* be to modern Christians to know how the Jews themselves spoke of Jesus and what was the view taken of him by the immediate successors of those among whom he lived and to whom he preached. There are, of course, many to whom any enquiry of this kind will seem simple blasphemy, as a century back it would have been to all. In answer, our author says :

"When, then, we take pen in hand to review part of the history of this great strife between Christian and Jew in days gone by, we do so because we have greater faith in present-day humanity than in the inhumanity of the past. Let us agree to seek an explanation, to confer together, to sink our pride in our own opinion. . . . But this book is not intended for the man whose 'Christianity' is greater than his humanity, nor for him whose 'Judaism' is stronger than his love of human kind ; it is not meant for the theologian who loves his preconceptions more than truth, or for the fanatic who thinks he is the only chosen of God. It is a book for men and women who have experience of life and human nature, who have the courage to face things as they are ; who know that, on the one hand, the Churches of to-day, no matter how carefully they strive to disguise the fact, are confronted by the gravest possible difficulties as to doctrine ; whilst many of the clergy are becoming a law unto themselves, or, because

the terrorism of ecclesiastical laymen, are forced to be hypocrites in the pulpit; and, on the other hand, that Judaism cannot continue in its traditional mould without doing the utmost violence to its intelligence."

For readers who answer this description there will be nothing but pleasure in following Mr. Mead through the chapters in which he examines the evidence, internal and external, for the ordinarily received date of Jesus. After these comes an interesting account of the origin and nature of the Talmud, in the course of which he brings out fully the view I have already referred to, that as Christian "orthodoxy" was first brought into existence by the Fathers, so there had been much freedom of belief amongst the Jews until the faith was fixed by the Mishnaic Rabbis of the early centuries after Christ. In a chapter on its later history he details the shameful and sorrowful way in which, over and over again during the Middle Ages, the Jewish books were condemned and destroyed by Christian authorities who could not read a single word of them. Next comes the discussion of the Talmud's references to Jesus, and what external evidence can be gathered in their support; then the Talmud Mary stories; those of the magical powers he is said to have gained in Egypt; references to him apparently under the name of Balaam; and finally the directions given in the Talmud as to the treatment of his followers by the orthodox. After this we have a full discussion of that exceedingly curious and disgraceful libel known as the *Toldoth Jeschu*, which has furnished much occasion to the enemy to blaspheme, but which cannot be excluded from the plan of a treatise like the present.

The Jewish authorities having been thus exhausted, our author turns to the Christians; and we shall certainly not complain that here he has given us much interesting matter which does not quite further the strict purpose of his book, in the shape of an examination of some curious statements of the Church-Father Epiphanius. It begins under the heading "On the Tracks of the Earliest Christians" and discusses the origin of the names "Christian" and "Nazarene," referring under the last to the exceedingly attractive suggestion that the birthplace of Jesus was in fact the Bethlehem of the Nazareth country, that the nativity in Bethlehem of Judea is a blunder and that a town of Nazareth did not, at that date, exist. From this we pass to certain strange particulars of various sects denounced by Epiphanius, who was a heresy-hunter of the most furious type, but who sometimes

lets drop a valuable hint amidst his wild flood of words. From these and other sources it becomes quite clear that the assumption of the present race of biblical critics that "Gnosticism" was unknown until the second century—the presumed fact by which they undertake to settle the dates of all the earlier writings—is quite unfounded, spite of the positive statement of the Church-Father on whom they rely. Gnosticism, a true portion of the Eternal Wisdom, was not *invented* in the second century A.D., and did not come into existence as a "heresy" of the then novel Christian faith; and until this is clearly understood, scholars will always be at sea in examining the Origins. Curiously enough, Epiphanius records certain stories then current, which, in Mr. Mead's hands, seem to be wholly inexplicable except as records of a tradition, still surviving in the fourth century, that Christ was indeed born, as the Jews have it, one hundred years B.C.

Our author's well-known dislike to seeming to press what appear to him conclusive arguments beyond the validity which his opponents might fairly recognise is well shown in the "Afterword," which sums up his results and compares them with the incomplete revelations received from our clairvoyant seers to which I have already alluded. He is content to leave his question without authoritative decision, but presses upon his readers with great earnestness that the secret of Christianity, as of the elder religions, is not in the physical facts of the Founder's life, but in the inner, spiritual meaning for the manifestation (in the veiled and half-secret way in which such manifestation is alone possible) of which the facts exist. Of what that spiritual meaning of the life of the great Teacher Jesus may be, Mr. Mead gives us a valuable hint in the following passage:

"I have heard it suggested that the genesis [of the Gospel story which criticism is endeavouring to recover in the form of the 'common document' is to be traced to the sketch of an ideal life which was intended for purposes of propaganda, and which could be further explained to those who were ready for more definite instructions in the true nature of the Christ mystery. To a certain extent it was based on some of the traditions of the actual historic doings of Jesus, but the true historical details were often transformed by the light of the mystery teaching, and much was added in changed form concerning the drama of the Christ mystery; allegories and parables and actual mystery doings were woven into it, with what appears now to be a consummate art which has baffled for ages the intellect of the world, but which at the time was regarded by the writer as a modest effort

at simplifying the spiritual truths of the inner life, by putting them forward in the form of what we should now call a 'historical romance,' but which in his day was one of the natural methods of Haggada and Apocalyptic."

After discussion of the statements made on this subject in Mr. Leadbeater's book, *The Christian Creed*, our author proceeds—in words to which we would draw the reader's attention as the kernel of the book, expressing, as they do, the main fact which seems to dawn through the confusion :

" This view, then, can only remain as a speculation until objective research into the nomenclature and thought-atmosphere of the early mystic schools, convinces us that the main secret of Christian dogmatics is almost entirely hidden *in the mysteries of the inner experience*. At present this latter view is repugnant to most minds engaged on the study of Christian origins, but that it is a very legitimate view I am myself becoming more and more convinced with every added year of study bestowed on the beginnings and earliest environment of Christianity.

" And in this connection I would venture to say that the actual objective physical history of Jesus himself is one thing ; the continued inner presence of the Master whose love and wisdom and power were in the new dispensation first made externally manifest through Jesus, is another matter. The former is mainly a question of pure objective history, though psychologically it becomes complicated with mysterious influences with which our present very limited knowledge of psychic science is not competent to deal, while the latter is a question of subjective activity, of vision and spiritual experiences, of an energising from within, a divine leaven working in the hearts and minds of disciples of every class of society and range of ability, the actual inner history of which no purely objective research can ever reveal.

" From all this there emerged in course of time a view of history and dogma that gradually shaped itself into ever more and more rigid uniformity ; a sameness which we cannot discover in the days when the leaven was most actively working. In earlier times this later special view—let us call it Nicene Christianity—was at best one of a number ; nay, in the earliest days it would have been probably unrecognisable as the view of any circle or group of immediate disciples of the Master."

One may add, in taking leave of this valuable work, that it is just in the view here suggested that we find the needful transition from the

popular stories to the explanations given by our seers. If we clearly understand that neither to those who wrote the Gospels nor to those who received them were the actual facts of any consequence except as to the lessons they taught ;—that what we now require as “ historical accuracy ” was unknown to all and would have been utterly uncared for if it had been known ;—that the “ truth ” of the historical romances baptised by the names of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John depends (just as that of “ Michael Wood’s ” tales in the *REVIEW*) solely upon their inner meaning, the deep secrets of the inner life which they partially reveal and partially veil ;—we shall then be prepared to take our share in the work which lies before the Christianity of the twentieth century—the new development of its faith on the lines from which it was unhappily so long ago drawn aside by the materialistic ignorance and party rancour of the Fathers of the Nicæan Council.

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

#### “ BLACK MAGIC ” IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

*The Shambles of Science.* By Lizzy Lind af Hageby and Leisa K. Schartau. (London : Ernest Bell ; 1903. Price 1s. net.)

THE first effect on the reviewer who read this book was a feeling of regret at the lack of any “ swear words ” in the available vocabulary of society, strong enough to express indignation at the state of things it reveals. The next was a fervent wish that some “ invisible helper ” would make it his or her nightly business “ to poke an astral finger ” into the physiological pie by mercifully putting an end to the tortures of the miserable victims of laboratory experiment who are left to suffer “ for further examination.” But such effects are impracticable, and the third result was to send for a dozen copies in order to distribute them—not to sympathetic friends but—to honest waverers who still linger shivering on the brink and fear to plunge their souls into a denunciation of twentieth century “ black magic.”

*The Shambles of Science* has been written by two young Swedish ladies, students of physiology, who vouch for the accuracy of the statements it contains. They came to England for the express purpose of finding out the truth for themselves, and entered upon a regular course of study at various London laboratories. “ We have given our full names and addresses,” they write, “ and paid our fees. Whenever medical students have spoken to us about vivisection, we have made no secret of our opinions. . . . We now think that

some of the things we have heard and seen in England may be of interest to English anti-vivisectionists, and we have therefore decided to compile part of our notes and reflections and to publish them." So the things of which we read in this volume are done, not by some remote continental experimenter in the dim past, but here, in our own city, and in the immediate present. Every experiment described is capable of verification, for the name of the laboratory and date are given in each case. The authors write: "The names of the lecturers and demonstrators have been omitted in the accounts of the experiments, as this is not meant to be a personal attack, but an indictment against the system."

Nothing could be more straightforward than the method of attack which these intrepid women have made upon the system of teaching physiology in our Medical Schools, and we think that the most special of special pleaders will be hard bested to explain it away. We should rejoice to believe that this book may do the same service for the humanity of the twentieth century that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did for that of the nineteenth. What we want is *to know*; to have light thrown into dark places; to have evidence at first hand. It has often been said that the testimony of one eye-witness is worth any amount of the negative testimony of those who have *not* seen. In this book we have the signed testimony of those who have investigated for themselves, and a terribly damning piece of evidence it is. Not because it gloats over the descriptions of horrors—for the details are clothed in the decency of scientific language—but because it tears away that flimsy veil of "anæsthesia" which is so often thrown like a cloak of charity to hide a multitude of sins from the eyes of a too inquiring section of the British public.

This is no place to enter into particulars as to the actual things seen; no one who has suffered from sciatica or neuritis, or sat in a dentist's chair and had him touch with the most delicate sympathy the exposed nerve of a tooth, can fail to imagine some trifle of what it may mean to have nerves dissected out and stimulated by the electric current, while some prominent organ of the body (such as the kidney or spleen), dragged from its place, has been enclosed in a box but still attached by nerve and vascular connections to its owner's agonising frame. All this to get records of blood pressure which may (or may *not*, for the valuelessness of the varying results are frequently quoted from the lecturer's own lips) result from such abnormal conditions.



In addition to the exposure of the anæsthesia fraud, the most vital lessons to be learned from this volume are: first and foremost the degrading and deteriorating effects on the professors, students and laboratory attendants themselves. The joking, smoking and laughter which often accompany these demonstrations are frequently recorded, and it is pretty obvious that however much the vivisector may suffer on public platforms and in the pages of public journals, from the "painful necessity which *compels* him to stifle his humane feelings for the sake of a diseased humanity," he exhibits no such traces of repugnance to his work in the lecture theatre.

Experiment, experiment, experiment, is the cry, and what was said of Magendie—that he substituted experiment for thinking—is true of many of his followers. "It is much more inconvenient to give careful thought and meditation to difficult problems presented by the living organism than to 'thrust in the knife and see what will come of it.'"

The second important fact, which the authors demonstrate, is the inexactitude of results. This is well indicated in a chapter of notes taken down from the lips of the professors during demonstrations. They are truly effective. The same may be said of the section on "Frogology," which exposes "the uncertainty, want of logic and clear definition" of all the text-books on "reflex movement," which is another of those "blessed words" used to hoodwink a too confiding public.

In conclusion, for the work these ladies have done we warmly thank them, on the ability and restraint they have shown we heartily congratulate them, and for the success of their effort towards the uplifting of the human race we sincerely pray.

E.

#### A PRENTICE MULFORD PRÉCIS

The Gift of the Spirit. A selection from the Essays of Prentice Mulford, with an Introduction by A. E. Waite. (London: Philip Wellby; 1903.)

THE writings of Prentice Mulford, either in the six-volumed edition of the White Cross Library or in the first edition of the above English selection, are familiar to most of our readers. Their merits are evidenced by the steady demand which has made a new edition imperative, even amid the flood of more or less imitative literature which

recent years have brought upon the market. Their faults are hardly less obvious, and some of them are frankly pointed out by Mr. Waite in the able Preface and Introduction which he has furnished to the selection now before us. There are eighteen essays in the volume and they represent the pith of Prentice Mulford's work. Readers who make his acquaintance in this volume are spared the repetition and reiteration which become a wearisome feature of the fuller edition of his writings. Theosophists will find much that is familiar in thought stated in original and forcible ways, for Mulford's ideas on re-embodiment, thought-transference, other forms of consciousness, etc., were in many ways similar to our more systematised views, but with turns and twists which render them peculiar to himself and evidence the fact that his were original inspirations, bearing the impress of the personal channel through which they came, and to some minds these very imprints of individuality carry a message with added force. "He that hath ears to hear" let him hearken to the spiritual message of Prentice Mulford as set forth in these pages.

The publisher is to be congratulated on the improved dress in which he has clothed the new edition. E. W.

#### THE "S.P.R." AND ITS WORK

The Society for Psychical Research. By Edward T. Bennett.  
(London: Brimley Johnson; 1903. Price 1s.)

IN this chatty and well-written little book, Mr. Bennett gives us an account in outline of the formation and work of that Society for Psychical Research to which Myers, Gurney and others devoted so much of their lives. Having been its Assistant Secretary for twenty years, Mr. Bennett writes with a peculiarly intimate acquaintance with its working and the results attained, and no one can glance through his account without being forced to realise how much has been done under the Society's auspices, and how real, how pressing, how vitally important are both the problems themselves with which it is concerned and the methods by which these problems are being attacked.

Mr. Myers' posthumous work gives us the very quintessence of the twenty years' labours of the organisation; but its perusal is a laborious task and needs some preparatory acquaintance with the subject, and as a general introduction, an outline sketch, no one could do better than read this pamphlet of Mr. Bennett's and—take up the study of these matters in right earnest. B. K.

## MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

*Theosophist*, June. "Old Diary Leaves" have nothing of general interest this month. Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on the "Heaven World" follows; then H. Prasad speaks on "Universal Brotherhood"; C. Kofel gives an interesting summary of Prof. Bose's researches on the manifestation of life in metals and plants; W. G. John undertakes a difficult task in discussing the precise relations between the mind and the body which it temporarily occupies. We should ourselves be inclined to demur to his fundamental principle, which he thus lays down: "Whatever lines of argument my mind may suggest to me, I shall never attempt to free myself from the never-failing operation of the law that, whatever the *appearances* may point to, the body of any particular man in his totality of character up to date, looking at him all round, will infallibly be in exact keeping with the points of progression of the real man himself." Now, to our mind, the assumption of such a law is purely arbitrary, and the facts do not confirm it. The first elementary, foundation principle is that a man's body expresses, *not* his progression up to date, but (on the contrary) only so much, or so little, as the karma of his *past* life permits, and this may be, and frequently is, entirely inadequate to the expression of his present self. To take Mr. John's own example, the case of Socrates. Here, there can be no question that the satyr's face represented precisely the predispositions he brought over with him from his last incarnation. As he himself said of it, it showed his *nature*—what he might have been, but for the "philosophy" which taught him to starve out the lower propensities; and we may be quite sure that in his *next* incarnation it would not reappear. A lack of full grasp of this confuses an otherwise thoughtful and valuable study. Next, S. Stuart begins a "Cyclic Retrospect" of the last 2,000 years; and the discussion of Mrs. Besant's *Avatiras* is continued by M. C. Sutariya and T. Ramachandra Row.

*Central Hindu College Magazine*, June. The Report of the Movement is a very satisfactory one, and shows that the system of the College is taking root in the Hindu mind and that similar institutions are multiplying. The literary contents of the Magazine are well up to its mark.

*Theosophic Gleaner*, June. This magazine continues on its new plan, and gives an interesting selection of new and old.

*The Dawn*, May, concludes Sister Nivedita's vigorous protest against the Missionary misrepresentations of the condition of women

in India. She says: "Probably no single fact has tended to widen the distance between the races in India like this of Missionary slander. Certainly nothing has so deepened our contempt. The only class of Europeans who have been admitted to Hindu homes at all, and have made a business of reporting what they saw there, have been Protestant missionaries, medical and other. It seems as if to them nothing has been sacred. In all lands, doctors and clergymen see the misfortunes of the home and professional honour keeps their lips sealed. But here all has been put upon the market!" Sister Nividita forgets that the living and the future of the missionary and his wife and family depend on the reports he sends home. As long as the English and American "religious world" require such reports they must be provided. Did not a leading minister, after having been kindly received in India, go home and tell his congregation: "The Hindus have no religion and no morality except what they have learned from the missionaries!" He knew well what they wished to hear from him, and that he *must* say it.

Also from India: *The Arya*, April, with a very good paper on the education of Hindu girls; *Siddhanta Deepika*; *Indian Review*, June; and a particularly good number of *East and West* for June. It is difficult to choose the best of its articles, but one (unsigned) entitled "Forty Years Ago," and giving the writer's experience when a boy at Surat, should not be missed. It gives a picture of social relationships between white and brown at that time, not only pleasing in itself, but suggestive of serious thought for those who have the future welfare of India at heart.

*The Vahan*, July, has an interesting account of the Memorial Service for the late Miss Louisa Shaw and a notice of her life by her colleague, Mr. Hodgson Smith. The "Enquirer" contains answers to questions on the experiences of physical life indispensable for the development of the Ego; on the three Aspects of the Self, given by Mrs. Besant as "Knowing, Willing, and Energising"; on "The Aspect of Knowledge"; and the distinction between the Subjective and Objective Mind.

*Lotus Journal*, July, keeps up its interest. The more solid portions are "Science Talks," by W. C. Worsdell, and the continuation of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "The Law of Cause and Effect."

*Bulletin Théosophique*, July, reports good results from the President-Founder's recent visit to Geneva.

*Revue Théosophique*, June. This number has a report of a rather

elaborate service (as we can hardly help calling it) in Paris on White Lotus Day, and the continuation of Mr. Leadbeater's "Invisible World," of Dr. Pascal's "Law of Destiny," and M. Revel's "Mystic Silence."

*Theosophia*, June, has an editorial upon White Lotus Day, short papers by C. J. Schuwer on "Mary Worship," and by M. J. Vermeulen on "Purity"; together with translations from Mr. Sinnett and Mr. Leadbeater.

*Théosophie* for July reproduces notes from M. Kohlen's lectures and a short but valuable instruction by Dr. Pascal on "Heaven and Hell."

*Luzifer*, July, contains a paper by the Editor on "Initiation and the Mysteries," the continuation of the Mlle. M. v. Siver's interesting discussion of Mrs. Besant's *Autobiography*, Dr. Huebbe-Schleiden's "Ideals of Life," and an elaborate study of Goethe's "God and the World" in the light of Theosophy, by Julius Engel.

*Sophia*, June, continues R. Urbano's paper on "Mystery," and E. Gonzalez-Blanco's "Hylozoism," and has an interesting account of "The Magician, Don Ilan of Toledo," by V. D. Pérez. Also translations from Maeterlinck and Mrs. Besant.

*Teosofisk Tidskrift*, for June, has translations from Mrs. Besant and Miss Edger, and a lecture, "Easter Meditation," by Herman Thaning.

*South African Theosophist*, June, concludes the Editor's paper on "Easter" and W. Wybergh's valuable "Hints on Study." The "Enquirer" has a capital "getting round" the common objection that Theosophy is antichristian; and when the "Activities" can tell us of nineteen new members for the month (making in all 106), it is no wonder that the President found the "Old Country" surprised and pleased!

With the June number *Theosofisch Maandblad* of Semarang completes the second year of its useful existence. *Theosophy in Australasia*, for May, and the *N.Z. Theosophical Magazine* for June, both speak hopefully of the future, and furnish interesting and instructive reading for the present.

Also received: *Mind*, for July, with a valuable study on "Reincarnation," by Frank D. Mitchell; *Modern Astrology*, July, in which Mrs. Leo continues her exposition of the "Wisdom-Religion"; *La Nuova Parola*, July, where P. Ravaggi gives a very important study of the "Idea of Continued Existence of the Soul amongst Modern Poets," which we should be glad to see in English; *Light*; *Dharma*; *The Anglo-Russian*; *The Light of Reason*.













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